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SYDNEY



P E T R O V.



... Rhapsody in Furs ...

# "HERE Come the LYONS!"

Vivid Stories of Their Visit to Palace, Irish Trip, and London Life

From GEORGE WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of *The Australian Women's Weekly*—By Beam Wireless.

So many Australian people have had Irish parents or grandparents that the visit to Ireland by Mr. Lyons at the invitation of President de Valera is of particular interest.

*What is Ireland like to-day? Here are my impressions of the Ireland which the Prime Minister of Australia, the Hon. J. A. Lyons, has just visited officially—leaving London in the middle of the Jubilee in order to do so.*

**C**HILDREN. Everywhere children. Many of them ragged, but all of them healthy-looking. In streets, in parks, in remotest villages. Playing, laughing, happy children, children. That is Ireland to-day. A reservoir of future men and women.

And what an amazing contrast Dublin presented to Mr. Lyons and his party coming direct from the Jubilee decorations and splendor of London. In Dublin so completely was the Jubilee boycotted that even newsmen of Jubilee events were not shown at picture theatres.

Even stronger was the contrast offered by Northern Ireland. While Mr. de Valera was welcoming Mr. Lyons in Dublin Castle, the Duke of Gloucester was entering Belfast to inaugurate Ulster's Jubilee celebrations. So fervid were Northern people that even the footpaths in Belfast were painted red, white, and blue.

Disturbances occurred in Belfast during the celebrations, and the curfew was instituted in troubled quarters of the city in order to prevent further clashes. Details of these affairs filled newspapers in Dublin during Mr. Lyons' visit.

Mr. Lyons personally witnessed no unpleasantness. In fact, as far as the Free State is concerned, the official dinner given him was marked by unheard-of political harmony. Enemies of many years standing attended the dinner and shook hands for the first time with Mr. de Valera.

IT is true that on the evening Mr. and Mrs. Lyons arrived a Dublin soldier was shot. Shooting occurred outside a house in which I, myself, was staying, but neither Mr. Lyons nor myself knew of the incident till we read the papers next day. These affairs are confined to small, organised groups, and do not affect the general public.

Prior to the official visit, Mr. Lyons paid a private visit to Ireland, in which he sought out the old homes of his the Irish nation.

parents. Accompanied by Mrs. Lyons, he travelled all through the country. They saw the island in all its moods—sunny and green in Wicklow, moist and soft in Killarney, bleak and forbidding in the west.

## Land of Contrasts

THE Australian visitor to Ireland, even when not of Irish descent, finds the people and country full of interest.

What are the people of Ireland like to-day? Political turmoil has been so constant that the rest of the world cannot help picturing Ireland as a kind of Balkan State, with armed men and blackened ruins on every hand. But the real picture is of a verdant land of lovely villages and light-hearted people. Ireland is truly a poet's country of hedgerows and stiles and doting Irish mothers, who spoil their tall, handsome sons. To-day, I heard a ploughman singing "Boys of Wexford" as he ploughed.

One of the things that impressed Mr. and Mrs. Lyons was the improvement being made in housing. The Government has been very busy demolishing beautiful but unhygienic cottages and replacing them with brick and concrete.

Mrs. Lyons, after her visit to Ireland, was more than ever convinced of the value of large families. "Children of large families are often better trained, spiritually and socially, than children of small families," she said.

CERTAINLY, in Ireland, children are children. They play together in old-fashioned games. Older ones mind younger and laughter echoes in the poorest cottage. Ireland is a country where money is scarce compared with Australia. But somehow, the people seem to take life more easily, and a door and gloom face is rare.

Mr. Lyons was farewelled to the strains of "Advance, Australia" and "The Soldier's Song"—the latter being



"IT'S GOOD to have Dad home again!" Australia had one of the greatest thrills in its history when Sir Charles Kingsford Smith ran into trouble over the Tasman last week. But here he is, safe and sound at home with his bonny son. This special study was taken by the A.W.W. photographer on the morning after his terrible ordeal.

## "GIVE ME a Floor to POLISH," Sighs MRS. LYONS

Having a Fine Time in London  
But Glad to Come Home

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Jubilee Representative in London.

Mrs. Lyons has just returned to London after her tour of the West Country and Ireland. She was taken ill in Dublin.

"Nothing serious," she assured me. "Perhaps a little too much rushing about!" However that may be, she was in bed some days, and Mr. Lyons had to finish his trip through Northern Ireland without her.

MINGLING with Royalty, being feted and entertained, has not changed Mrs. Lyons at all. She is just as sweet and charming and natural as ever.

She still has the loveliest possible smile and the sort of manner that makes you feel that you are the one person in the world she wants to see. She is gay, enthusiastic, pretty, and full of brains. One feels that she is the ideal Prime Minister's wife.

The sitting-room of her hotel where we chatted looks out over the Embankment garden on to the river where busy tugs pull great strings of barges to and fro and the launches at anchor bob up and down in the wash they make.

To the west through the haze we could see Westminster Abbey and Big Ben. "It is so lovely here in the evening," Mrs. Lyons told me. "At sunset there is often a sort of opal light on the river."

The room itself was turned into "home" by vases of beautiful flowers, great pink and gold tulips, white irises, and a bowl of deliciously scented crimson roses.

On the mantelpiece was a mosaic plaque of a kookaburra, and on one small table there was a photograph of part of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons with their five youngest children.

Mrs. Lyons was revelling in the family mail which had just arrived. "We are hoping to be back in Australia for my birthday in July," she said. "In our family mother's birthday is always a great occasion."

Mrs. Lyons has some interesting comment to make on English life.

"The police dogs occupy in English homes simply amaze me," she said. "They seem to take the place of children in many families, and in others they command even greater deference than children."

"I was astonished to see a notice on the door of the dining-room of a famous hotel, 'Dogs Not Admitted.'

"Why, no one in Australia would dream of taking a dog into an hotel dining-room, let alone taking them shopping and into tea-rooms as people do here."

### Child Welfare

"I don't think we in Australia have very much to learn about child welfare," Mrs. Lyons declared in answer to my questions. "Though in the nurseries I visited here things were very up to date."

"What has struck me very much is the affection that exists between nurses and children. There is no sense of repression. But, for all that, the children don't look as fit as our sturdy youngsters."

"Another thing that has puzzled and impressed me very much is the difference in vitality between the English and Australians."

"Women in England, for instance, would positively faint if I told them of the difficulties under which I brought up my large family; the lack of decent help; the small supply of money; and the public work I did as well."

"They don't seem to have learned here yet that physical work is the greatest possible help to mental work. An hour's

solid work in the garden at home clears my mind of cobwebs at once. I do miss it here where I have nothing more strenuous to do than letter-writing or sightseeing."

"At home I can at least polish a bit of floor if I want to, or rearrange the furniture to make me physically tired."

"I'm sure that sort of effort's good for everyone. I fancy that, somehow, physical labor gives one a sort of healthy optimism. The way one faces up to a job makes all the difference."

"If one sits down beside it and means the thing becomes ten times worse than if it had been tackled at once. I don't know how to explain it, but Australians seem much more able to throw off their worries and troubles..."

"And, oh, I do hate the tipping system here. When I tip anyone I always feel as though I were deliberately taking away some of that person's self-respect and dignity."

### Class Distinctions

I FEEL strongly that the number of social grades and class distinctions in England leads nowhere. Surely it is better to have all children educated in the same kind of schools—everyone then starts on an equal footing, with a straight back and the will to succeed.

"We are going to educate our children in Australia," she continued. "They will probably spend their lives in Australia, and I'm quite convinced that children should be brought up in the land where they are going to live."

Mrs. Lyons' lovely eyes sparkled when we turned to the subject of fashions and the Jubilee. She is frankly thrilled by the thought of driving in the great procession.

"I'm wearing a dress in a shade of saxe blue," she said. "And you'll laugh when I tell you . . . I had the frock made in Melbourne before I left. However, I've bought a coat and hat here to match it."

"Since I've been here you've no idea how hard it has been to find time for shopping that I'm longing to do."

"I asked her what it felt like to dine with the King and Queen, and she answered that she was a little overawed at first, but she is naturally shy."

She showed me the charming gown in which she had dined at Windsor Castle. It is of very fine white martenin, with an under-dress of palest peach-pink. The bodice is embroidered in crystal, which also ornaments the lovely circular girdle.

Mrs. Lyons is making a delightful impression wherever she goes. Perhaps her naturalness and her keen sense of humor are the secrets of her charm.

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**Let's Talk Of  
Interesting  
People**



PAN-PACIFIC PRESIDENT.

MRS. EMILY BENNETT has worked for over twenty years for the betterment of woman's position, socially and politically. She first became a member of the executive of the Woman's Reform League, then later was elected the New South Wales president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, in which capacity she has done much to advance woman's interests.

Mrs. Bennett is also New South Wales president of the Pan-Pacific Conference, president of the Women's Union of Service, and president of the City Girls' Amateur Sports Association.

Mrs. Bennett is striving to unite women's organisations with similar aims into one large organisation which, she feels, would be a more powerful force for woman's advancement than a number of smaller organisations such as exist at present.



RAYMOND SAWYER.

MISS BARBARA TRIBE, who recently won the Travelling Arts Scholarship for 1935, intends leaving Sydney in July to further her studies abroad.

Although Miss Tribe is only in her early twenties, and until quite recently attended the Sydney Technical College, she has held her own Art exhibitions. Her latest one, at the Sydney Art Gallery, at which a full life-size nude was exhibited, showed that Miss Tribe's talents were most outstanding. This exhibit was one of the determining factors that won for her the scholarship.

Miss Tribe studied under Rayner Hoff and assisted him in the work of the Sydney Anzac Memorial.



MOVIE "SNOOPER."

GWEN HELLER has a unique job in the fashion publicity department of Warner Brothers films. "Snooping" is what Miss Heller calls her job, and a first-class "snooper" she appears to be, locating new items, watching the reaction of women to certain designs, and choosing just the right garments for Warner Brothers' stars.

Miss Heller is positive that there is room for more women in fashion, work of all kinds, and especially in motion pictures.

# WORLD Adores THESE BABIES



THE FAMILY CIRCLE of Dionne quintuplets—Emilie, Marie, Yvonne, Annette, and Cecile. This is the first of an exclusive series of photos of the Dionne quintuplets. Further exclusive pictures of the world's most interesting babies will appear in following issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Women's Weekly's Exclusive Pictures of Dionne Quintuplets

The picture on this page of the famous Dionne quintuplets, the world's five most interesting babies, is the first of a series which has been secured exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Exceptional care has been taken by the guardians of the babies to prevent their exploitation in any manner, and the most scrupulous supervision has been exercised with regard to the channels through which publicity and pictures concerning them may be made available to the public.

The Australian Women's Weekly is very proud of the fact that it is able to present in Australia these exclusive pictures of the famous babies.

Over thirty photos of the quintuplets have been received by us by air mail, detailing many fascinating incidents in their lives. Commencing with this issue they will be published in series during the coming weeks. Each series represents a classic of babydom, and these are undoubtedly the most remarkable pictures of infants ever published by any Australian paper.

TUESDAY next, May 28, marks the first anniversary of the birth of the quintuplets, the most-talked-of babies in the world.

Their birth in Canada to parents in the humblest of circumstances created a world sensation. Since the day of their birth

they have been guarded day and night.

At one time special legislation was mooted to deprive the parents of the custody of the babies as it was suggested that the parents themselves might commit the United States, where huge fortunes would have been made out of them by showmen.

Everyone in Australia is tremendously interested in these five babies, and now The Australian Women's Weekly has secured the exclusive rights of the pictures of the children.

This is a feature that no other Australian journal can copy, and the rights of these pictures entailed the expenditure of a considerable outlay.

Make sure of your copy of next week's paper for these interesting pictures.

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# BLAZE Of Jewels At JUBILEE OPERA!

London Lavishly Celebrates First Big Social Event of Season

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Jubilee Representative in London—  
By Air Mail

Dripping with jewels, like branches of apple-blossom after rain, the "young lovelies" of England's aristocracy converted Covent Garden Opera House into a garden of splendor at the opening night of the season.

*Every second person you bumped against in the incredibly glittering throng was a duchess or a countess.*

*True, there were a few women present who were just plain "Mrs.", but they made up for it by an extra display of gems and ermine. An American woman was stated to be worth a cool million dollars as she stood.*

THE opening night of the Covent Garden opera season is always a high spot in London's social season. This year it was more than ever an "occasion," as it was the first big event of the Jubilee season.

It is hard to say whether a stranger would be more impressed by the brilliance of the performance itself, the splendor of the jewels and furs, and frocks of the women, or the list of aristocratic names "among those present."

But he might have been even more impressed by the terrific price of the seats, or the fact that the performance lasted five hours—commencing at 7 o'clock, and not finishing till midnight.

Even more entertaining still to the stranger might have been the sight of tiara-ed and bejewelled women, and immaculate men, fighting round the supper buffet exactly like a Melbourne Cup race crowd round a hot-dog stall.

As the opera started at seven, and Sir Thomas Beecham threatened to lock out late comers, most of the audience arrived without dinner. In the first interval, therefore, there was a not very dignified rush for the buffet.

## Rush for Buffet

The buffet consisted of a small counter in the corner of a richly-carpeted ante-room. Down the wide stairways swept the hungry debutantes and down-agers with their equally-famished men-folk. But the buffet, with a single attendant, and a couple of plates of sausages and ham sandwiches, was a tragic disappointment. Early comers got a bit, but the others were left to mill round in a tight jam beneath the great chandelier, and lament that they had not brought iron rationals.

"Such a lousy buffet," one charming madame-like lady of rank called across the heads of the crowd to a friend. But I saw at least one woman in a rich tiara eating sandwiches out of a handbag!

There is a private dining-room attached to the Royal box, so that the King and Queen, when they attend the opera, are saved from the indignity of having to fight for a place at the buffet. But everybody else joins in the scramble and seems to like it.

**Special Air Mail pictures from Our London Office showing the Jubilee Celebrations—See Page 27!**

attracted every eye in her new Schiaparelli "sari" head drapery, cut all in one with her dress of golden colored crepe. So colorful and brilliant were the stoles and toques that even the magnificence of the "Lohengrin" wedding scene in the second act seemed only an extension of the auditorium. When the last curtain went down at midnight, a battalion of Rolls-Royces whisked off the glittering audience to cabarets and supper parties that would last in some cases till dawn.

## Dramatic Touches

AND what about the opera? Yes, of course, there was an opera. A brilliant performance, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting and Lotte Lehmann and Lauritz Melchoir in the leading roles.

There was a dramatic touch about the appearance of Melchoir. He took on part twenty minutes before the curtain went up. The new German tenor, Max Hirsel, who was cast for the role of Lohengrin, was forced by a heavy cold to throw in the sponge half an hour before the curtain went up.

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# CRAVEN "A"

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AFTERNOON TEA at the end of a world flight. An exclusive study of Jean Batten in London, specially obtained for The Australian Women's Weekly.

## JEAN BATTEN Flew ... to PUT N.Z. on the MAP

### Exclusive London Interview with Famous Girl Flier!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE — By Air Mail

Once, and not so long ago, the only time women brought the name of their country into prominence was when they won a beauty competition or figured in a sensational divorce case. Now things are different.

*Just how different can be gauged by the amount of publicity New Zealand has obtained from one of its greatest fliers, and that flier a woman—Jean Batten!*

THREE years ago a New Zealand girl determined to make a solo flight and beat the record to Australia. This was the twenty-five-year-old Jean Batten, who has just accomplished the astounding feat of flying from England to Australia and back again entirely alone.

When I saw her I could scarcely believe my eyes. She is tiny and slim with a lovely, rather pale complexion, a boyish smile, a determined chin, and quite the daintiest little feet and ankles I have ever seen. Her speaking voice is

soft and rather deep with a charming lilt in it.

Miss Batten is very modest. She will take very little credit for her great achievement. "I owe any success I have had to three great factors," she told me, "first to Lord Wakefield, who has rightly been called the patron saint of flying. He believed in me when I was eager and enthusiastic but quite untried.

"Secondly, I owe it to my little machine. She has been absolutely splendid from start to finish, and weathered every storm and all the differences in climate on the route. She was fifth-hand when I got her, and she certainly is a gem.

"And last, but certainly not least, I

owe these records to my mother who, with her financial aid and moral support, has made everything possible. She put fresh heart into me when I was so depressed after that first attempt of mine which ended so stupidly with engine trouble, and she was who encouraged me to try again only forty hours after my return from my second attempt which failed through my own silliness.

"I heard in Marseilles that the weather was bad, and, of course, I would go on, only to encounter terrible head winds which were the cause of my smashing both my wings and my propeller when I landed at midnight in Rome. The loan of wings and propeller from an Italian airman saved the situation, and, as I said, in less than two days I was back in England and off again, this time to accomplish my heart's desire."

## "Was Worth While"

MISS BATTEN was very reticent about her recently-broken engagement. "It was all a mistake," was all she said.

"I haven't any plans yet," she told me. "I only knew when I was in Australia that I wanted to fly back to England for the Jubilee.

"Why did I begin this kind of flying in the first place . . . well, perhaps because I wanted to put New Zealand on the flying map. Anyway, the marvellous kindness I received everywhere and the splendid welcome I had in Australia and in New Zealand, and the scarcely deserved enthusiasm over my return to London have made all the effort, and loneliness absolutely worth while."



# AMATEUR LADY

*Can a man forget  
the conventions to  
win the woman  
he loves?*



Illustrated by  
BOOTHROYD

MAKING his first visit to the Grant menage, Philip Ransome first saw Dr. Gilead Grant, veterinary surgeon, whose talk was entirely in Bible texts. With him was Christine, the most curious and fascinating girl Philip had met. After Philip had explained his position as surveyor, Christine offered to show him round their land.

She took him to see Sandy, Gilead's son, whose mind had never grown up, and Aunt Kate, Gilead's wife, who lived in the house next door, and who nursed orphan babies back to health, dosing them with the herbs from her famous garden.

Christine told him that she herself had been one of these babies, and because of this was looked down upon by the neighbors—and her lack of background contrasted sharply with Philip's family life, his aristocratic parents, Sir John and Lady Ransome, their centuries-old house, his debutante sisters.

For all that, he thought Christine most interesting, and was surprised at the way he championed her in his mind as he rode away on his horse, Tuck.

It did not occur to Philip that he was falling in love, so wide was the gap between himself and Christine. But when he met Simon Fielding, an elderly and influential widower, who was reported to be practically engaged to Christine, he disliked him immediately.

Then Philip and Simon called on Christine on the same day, and neither enjoyed the visit. Philip grew more and more determined that he would win Christine, and Simon, used to regard Christine as his, felt anxious. Philip's first victory was when he persuaded Christine to spend the evening with him and some friends—the Rovers.

JUST after lunch on Friday, Philip turned Tuck's head again in the direction of the Grant farm. Rested and frisky, the black gelding stepped out along the grassy path that bordered the road. From the gate, when they reached the house, Philip had, a glimpse of Christine's sunny head out in the meadow.

Philip led Tuck round the barn, and found Christine and Sandy deep in conversation. He watched them a moment, Christine in faded fawn-colored riding breeches worn over a shirt once yellow, now bleached to a thin gold that emphasized the bronze lights in her hair. She took a pair of pigskin gloves from her pocket and turned to smile at him, lifting up one bootied foot as she spoke.

"Sandy did them for me this morning, and we've been arguing about whether they should be polished even more. I think they look fine."

"They do," Philip agreed, smiling at Sandy. "Couldn't be better. That really is a fine-looking pair of boots, Christine."

"Aren't they handsome?" She looked at them with pardonable pride. Gilead ordered them for me four years ago from some famous English bootmaker. They cost him a small fortune, I suppose, but I'll probably be wearing them when I take my last ride about the age of eighty-five. They were a lot lighter when they were new, but I love this deep russet-red they've taken on."

"Philip looks nice, too," Sandy observed, turning to look at Philip, whose riding habit made him look very tall and slim.

"Gentleman rider, at your service," Philip answered, with a bow; and

## Our Splendid New Serial

Sandy laughed, liking the comradeship of the tone.

"I'm riding Fortune this afternoon," Christine remarked, laying her hand on the shining neck of a deep bay mare. "She's Sandy's horse, his one good one, and it's really an offering to you that Sandy is making in return for helping him to put that skunk out of his misery last Sunday."

"Can she beat Tuck?" Philip challenged.

"We'll show you our heels later on," Christine promised.

They mounted, Sandy opened the gate, and Christine led off across the meadow.

"Can you take the fence?" she called to Philip, then at his nod let Fortune spread her heels. Philip checked Tuck a moment to watch her take the jump.

"Like a bird flying," he thought ad-

*She stood up, and at the same time he rose from his chair. They confronted each other like enemies.*

miringly as horse and girl rose easily and gracefully over the fence. He followed, amused that Christine should turn her head to see them safely over. He caught up with her and felt the wind against his face as they cantered over a second field, cleared another fence, then slowed to a walk on a soft, miry road.

"No pavement from here on," Christine said gladly, "and roads instead of bridges in most places. It's about two miles to the stretch where we can let them out in a race." She pulled Fortune to a walk. "I'm going to save my steed. There's about a mile and a half of straight road with a red clay top. Can Tuck stand a mile and a half?"

"I think so. If we cool them off afterwards."

"There's a spring a little above the bend where the straight road ends. We'll walk them to that when the race is over and dismount there for a rest."

They walked along towards the straight stretch, Christine seeming to Philip to carry some quality of light with her even into the shady places. As they rode they talked and laughed like two children on holiday. At one side a clear mountain stream bubbled and sang, and at the other the hills rose blue-green and lofty to a sky whose white clouds drifted lazily, making changing shadows on the mountain slopes.

JUST ahead," Christine said presently. "A glass of cider against whatever kind of drink you like best that Fortune can beat Tuck."

Philip pulled Tuck to a stop.

"No. Wrong bet. The horses are about evenly matched, years, height, condition—everything except in rider's weight. I'm heavier than you and, as

Philip caught her hand.

"You—that's sweet of you—Christine," he said, his voice unsteady.

She anointed her hand away.

"Here's the spring," she said abruptly. "Time for a rest."

They drank and let the horses crop the short, tender grass. Christine lay back and stared into the sky. Philip sat leaning against a boulder, watching her, thinking that he had seen nothing so soft and tender as the curve of her throat. A feeling of quiet elation possessed him. The winning of that race became symbolic of their position to each other. He wondered if Christine felt it, too, and was answered by having her sit up suddenly and say loudly:

"Men ought to be stronger in some things."

Then before he could reply she had mounted again and trotted a few steps up the road, where she turned. Fortune's head to wait for Philip to collect Tuck and ride after them. At last the horse came into view.

They sat their horses a moment to look at the house. An L-shaped building, of hewn timber, facing out across a low valley to a view of a beauty that changed every hour of the twenty-four. It stood staunch and sturdy against the weather. A flower garden, a veranda with deep chairs, stone chimneys, gave it an air of home. Someone was playing a piano.

"That's probably Vera Godwin, she was a fine musician when she married Jerico," Christine remarked.

They walked on, the sound of their horses bringing tall young John Rogers out to the gate to meet them.

"Nice to see you," he said, as they dismounted. "Leave the horses here, Miss Grant, and Ransome and I will take them to the stable later. Eleanor's in the music-room with the baby. She's convinced that Melissa is going to be a famous pianist because she doesn't howl when Vera plays Beethoven."

By...  
**Barbara WEBB**

*Author of "Three Who Were Strong"*

They went through a room that combined the functions of dining-room and sitting-room into a long, beamed, chestnut panelled one with a fireplace and a grand piano at the far end.

"Company for supper," John called.

The music ceased abruptly. Eleanor came to greet her guests, while Vera, after smiling at Christine, sat quietly on the piano stool watching them. Christine took the baby when Eleanor had shaken hands, and held Melissa while John took Philip over to meet Vera. They grouped themselves round the fireplace, tilted now with a squat jar of red and white pebbles.

Philip watched Christine anxiously. If she felt ill at ease she showed nothing of it, busy now with the baby, who laughed and snatched at her hair.

"This really is a lovely room," he said to Eleanor.

"Isn't it?" she turned to him. "It has a funny history. We wanted a piano and John commissioned Donald Matthews, a friend of his in Montreal, to buy it for us. Donald found one, a great bargain, he wrote us, and sent down this huge thing. It crowded our living-room till we could hardly move about in it, so we just built this room to hold the piano."

"And we've had to live up to the darned thing ever since it got here," John grumbled. "Vera uses it most, for neither Eleanor nor I ever got past the chop-sticks stage in our musical education."

"It's a lovely instrument," Vera said shyly.

Philip looked at Vera with interest, thinking he had never seen a face so mobile, so deeply marked by experience, with brown eyes that had seen all manner of living yet had kept a rare sweetness of character, a tolerance for all things.

"You and your husband must make a very tuneful family," he said. "I've heard he's a fine fiddler."

"I like Jerico's music better than he likes mine," Vera responded. "He plays mountain songs and old tunes, you know. But it's wonderful how he can

## My Favorite Poem

### Worth-While

It is easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while is the  
man who will smile  
When everything goes dead  
wrong.

For the test of the heart is  
trouble,  
And it always comes with the  
years.

And the smile that is worth the  
praises of earth,  
Is the smile that shines  
through tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Sent in by Mrs. J. H. Williams,  
Granville, N.S.W.

take something he hears me play, since John and Eleanor got their piano, and weave it in with some of the old melodies and make it sound finer than anything I could do."

"You'll have to hear Jerico play some day," John remarked to Philip.

"I've never heard him play, either," Christine offered.

It was her first voluntary remark, and, insignificant as it was, Philip felt glad that she had spoken.

Eleanor smiled at her.

"I'm coming down again this summer to see your aunt's herb garden. She promises me some cuttings when I was there before."

"I brought you a few to-day," Christine replied, and they went on from that into easy, friendly talk, while Philip turned to a discussion of his work in the hills with Vera and John.

An hour passed, an hour of lazy, caressing talk. The baby Melissa crowded and looked at them solemnly in turn; Vera went once to the piano to play a mountain melody John mentioned to Philip; Christine spoke of Sandy's invalid animals. It was all so home-like and unaffected that at last Philip stretched himself with a sigh and said:

"This makes me feel like home. We all used to sit round like this and gossip before supper, mother, dad, everybody chipping in."

Christine looked at him rather wistfully, and Eleanor smiled and said:

"I hope that means that you'll come here often."

Please turn to Page 42

# WAX WORKS

Draw close the curtains before you settle down to enjoy this thrilling breath-taking story



**S**ONIA made her first entry in her notebook:

"Eleven o'clock. The lights are out. The porter has just locked the door. I can hear his footsteps echoing down the corridor. They grow fainter. Now there is silence. I am alone."

She stopped writing to glance at her company. Seen in the light from the street lamp, which strained in through the high window, the room seemed to be full of people. Their faces were those of men and women of character and intelligence. They stood in groups, as though in conversation, or sat apart, in solitary reverie.

But they neither moved nor spoke. When Sonia had last seen them in the glare of the electric globes, they had been a collection of ordinary waxworks, some of which were the worse for wear. The black velvet which lined the walls of the Gallery was alike tawdry and filled with dust.

The side opposite to the window was built into alcoves which held highly moral tableaux, depicting contrasting scenes in the career of Vice and Virtue. Sonia had slipped into one of these recesses, just before closing time, in order to hide for her visit.

It had been a simple affair. The porter had merely rung his bell, and the few courtship couples which represented the public had taken his hint and hurried towards the exit.

No one was likely to risk being locked in, for the Waxwork Collection of Oldhampton had lately acquired a sinister reputation. The foundation for this lay in the fate of a stranger to the town—a commercial traveller who had cut his throat in the Hall of Horrors.

Since then two persons had, separately, spent the night in the Gallery and in the morning each had been found dead.

In both cases the verdict had been "Natural death, due to heart failure." The first victim—a local alderman—had been addicted to alcoholism, and

By a Girl of 17

## "Exaltation"

GIVE me the clean, high, decent things  
That soar aloft on stony wings.  
Give me the good, unsullied mind  
That seeks where it may never find.  
  
Give me the Man who has control  
Of mind and body, heart and soul.  
  
Who strives forever to possess  
A deep eternal cleanliness.

—Yvonne Webb.

was in very bad shape. The second—his great friend—was a delicate little man, a martyr to asthma, and slightly unshaven through unwise absorption in spiritualism.

While the coincidence of the tragedies stirred up a considerable amount of local superstition, the general belief was that both deaths were due to the power of suggestion, in conjunction with macabre surroundings. The victims had let themselves be frightened to death by the Waxworks.

Sonia was there, in the Gallery, to test its truth.

She was the latest addition to the staff of the "Oldhampton Gazette." Bubbling with enthusiasm, she made no secret of her literary ambitions, and it was difficult to feed her with enough work. Her colleagues listened to her with mingled amusement and boredom, but they liked her as a refreshing novelty. As for her fine future, they looked to young Wells—the Sporting Editor—to effect her speedy and painless removal from the sphere of journalism.

On Christmas Eve, Sonia took them all into her confidence over her intention to spend a night in the Wax-

By ...  
**Ethel Lina  
WHITE**



works, on the last night of the old year.

"Copy that," she declared. "I'm not timid and I have fairly sensitive perceptions, so I ought to be able to write up the effect of imagination on the nervous system. I mean to record my impressions, every hour, while they're piping-hot."

Looking up suddenly, she had surprised a green glare in the eyes of Hubert Poke.

**W**HEN Sonia came to work on the "Gazette" she had a secret fear of unwelcome amorous attentions, since she was the only woman on the staff. But the first passion she awoke was hatred.

Poke hated her impersonally, as the representative of a force, numerically superior to his own sex, which was on the opposing side in the battle for existence. He feared her, too, because she was the unknown element, and possessed the unfair weapon of charm.

Before she came, he had been the star turn on the "Gazette." His own position on the staff gratified his vanity and entirely satisfied his narrow ambition. But Sonia had stolen some of his thunder. On more than one occasion she had written up a story he had failed to cover, and he had to admit that her success was due to a quicker wit.

For some time past he had been playing with the idea of spending a night in the Waxworks, but was deterred by the knowledge that his brain was not sufficiently temperate for the experiment. Lately he had been subject to sudden red rages, when he had felt a thick hot taste in his throat, as though of blood. He knew that his jealousy of Sonia was accountable. It had almost reached the stage of mania, and trembled on the brink of homicidal urge.

While his brain was still creaking with the idea of first-hand experience in the ill-omened Gallery, Sonia had mixed in with her ready-made plan. Controlling himself with an effort, he listened while the sub-editor issued a warning, to Sonia.

"Bon idea, young woman, but you will find the experience a bit raw. You've no notion how uncanny these big deserted buildings can be."

"That's so," nodded young Wells. "I once spent a night in a haunted house."

Sonia looked at him with her habitual interest. He was short and thick-set, with a three-cornered smile which appealed to her.

"Did you see anything?" she asked.

"No. I cleared out before the show came on. Windy. After a bit, one can imagine anything."

It was then that Poke introduced a new note into the discussion by his own theory of the mystery deaths.

Sitting alone in the deserted gallery, Sonia preferred to forget his words. She resolutely drove them from her mind while she began to settle down for the night.

Her first action was to cross to the figure of Cardinal Wolsey and unconsciously raise his heavy scarlet robe. From under its voluminous folds she drew out her cushion and attache case, which she had hidden earlier in the evening.

Mindful of the fact that it would grow chilly at dawn, she carried on her



Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

arm her thick white tennis coat. Slipping it on, she placed her cushion in the angle of the wall, and sat down to await developments.

The gallery was far more mysterious now that the lights were out. At either end it seemed to stretch away into impenetrable black tunnels. But there was nothing uncanny about it, or about the figures, which were a tame and conventional collection of historical personages. Even the adjoining Hall of Horrors contained no horrors, only a selection of respectable-looking pollancers.

Sonia grew hot with indignation.

"What he needs to cure his complaint is a strong dose of rat poison," she declared. "What became of the poor little dog?"

"Oh, he's all right. He was a matey chap, and he soon chummed up with a mongrel of his own class."

"You?" asked Sonia, her eyes suddenly soft.

"A mongrel, am I?" grinned Wells.

"Well, anyway, the pup will get a better Christmas than his first, when

## A Long Complete Story

out for you... And now I think I'll get better acquainted with you. Familiarity breeds contempt."

She went the round of the figures, greeting each with flippancy or criticism. Presently she returned to her corner and opened her notebook ready to record her impressions.

"Twelve o'clock. The first hour has passed almost too quickly. I've drawn a complete blank. Not a blessed thing to record. Not a vestige of reaction. The waxworks seem a commonplace lot, without a scrap of hypnotic force. In fact, they're altogether too matey."

Sonia had left her corner, to write her entry in the light which streamed through the window. Smoking was prohibited in the building, and lest she should yield to temptation she had left both her cigarettes and matches behind her, on the office table.

At this stage she regretted the matches. A little extra light would be

a boon. It was true she carried an electric torch, but she was saving it, in case of emergency.

It was a loan from young Wells. As they were leaving the office together he spoke to her confidentially.

"I've an idea. Don't wait until after the holidays to write up the Wax-works. Make it a Christmas stunt and go there to-night."

"I will," declared Sonia.

**I**T was then that he slipped the torch into her hand.

"I know you belong to the stronger sex," he said. "But even your nerve might crash. If it does, just flash this torch under the window. Stretch out your arm above your head, and the light will be seen from the street."

"And what will happen then?" asked Sonia.

"I shall knock up the miserable porter and let you out."

"But how will you see the light?"

"I shall be in the street."

"All night?"

"Yes, I sleep there," Young Wells grinned. "Understand," he added loftily, "that this is a matter of principle. I could not let any woman—even one so aged and unattractive as yourself—feel beyond the reach of help."

He cut into her thanks as he turned away with a parting warning.

"Don't use the torch for light, or the juice may give out. It's about due for a new battery."

As Sonia looked at the torch, lying by her side, it seemed a link with young Wells. At this moment he was patrolling the street, a sturdy figure in old tweed overcoat, with his cap pulled down over his eyes.

As she tried to pick out his footsteps from among those of the other passers-by it struck her that there was plenty of traffic, considering that it was past twelve o'clock.

"The witching hour of midnight is another lost illusion," she reflected. "Killed by night climb, I suppose."

It was cheerful to know that so many citizens were abroad, to keep her company. Some optimists were still singing carols. She faintly heard the strains of "Good King Wenceslas." It was in a tranquil frame of mind that she unpacked her sandwiches and thermos.

Please turn to Page 37

*When Nancy decided to make John Norse*

# A PRESENT of His PAST

She did not realise she had to contend with a human fiend



NANCY told them about it at dinner, then held her breath and waited for the outcome. It came all right. The family hadn't been so upset since the time she wanted to be a ventriloquist.

"When we gave you that trip with your aunt," Mr. Porcher reminded his daughter, "you promised to be more considerate, Nancy. And here, your first day home—"

"But think of becoming a famous reporter like Vic Beaver!" Nancy's short, brown curly hair twisted eloquently. "Besides, what's wrong with newspaper work?"

"What was wrong with ventriloquism?" Mrs. Porcher wanly saluted her celery for the third time. "Or archery? Or pumping stomachs? Every month something equally impossible. When I was nineteen—"

"Nancy's too flighty to get a job selling papers, let alone reporting on one. Hutch, her brother, spoke with all the sagacity of his sixteen years. 'Anyhow, we can always pay the damage suit,' he continued grandly, 'like we did when she pumped the stomach of Miss De Jong's cat.'

"I wish it had been yours," Nancy mumbled with feeling.

"My advice," Hutch condescended, "is to ensnare some man. You're prettier than most, and flightier than any, and that's the sort we men marry."

"Speaking of men"—Nancy buttered a roll dreamily—"coming home on the train this morning, I met a perfect—"

"Darling man," Hutch squeaked. Mrs. Porcher dropped her tragic air. "I wish you wouldn't pick up with strangers. Who was he, dear? Somebody—eligible?"

Nancy sighed. "I didn't get his name. But he read mine off the tag on my bag. About twenty-seven. Tall, fair, with the smoothest tan—"

"But his eyes?" Hutch pretended breathlessness. "Did they curl?"

Nancy ignored her brother. "He's somebody important, mother. I saw his picture in one of the film maga-

designing female with him." Nancy opened her compact and gave one final dab at her nose. "Stop here, dad," she requested. "The Courier is across the street."

The editor neither rose nor removed the foul-smelling cigar from his mouth when Nancy finally reached him.

"What can I do for you?" he barked.

"I'm interested in a position." She was one hundred per cent confident. "And I'm willing to accept any sort of assignment. At least," she amended, "anything that doesn't require a visit to the mortuary or viewing messy accidents. Things like that depress me terribly."

"Oh, things like that depress you seriously, Miss—"

"Porcher, Nancy Porcher."

"Old Pembroke Porcher's girl?" His expression altered at her nod. "What made you decide to honor our humble paper?"

"Any paper that Vic Beaver works for must be good," Nancy said. "And one should always aim for the best, shouldn't one?"

She could see that the editor and the inky individual standing near were unimpressed, for they exchanged glances openly.

"Tell you what I'll do, Miss Porcher," the editor drawled after a moment's thought. "I'll give you a chance at something no other reporter in this town is able to get. Even Vic Beaver says it's hopeless. But I believe you don't know the meaning of that word. Ever hear of John Norse?"

Nancy felt nothing could be gained by confessing ignorance, so she nodded brightly.

"Well—Norse is back in town," the editor continued, "and it's rumored that he didn't return alone. You see?"

"I wish you wouldn't pick up with strangers. Who was he, dear? Somebody—eligible?"

Nancy sighed. "I didn't get his name. But he read mine off the tag on my bag. About twenty-seven. Tall, fair, with the smoothest tan—"

"But his eyes?" Hutch pretended breathlessness. "Did they curl?"

Nancy ignored her brother. "He's somebody important, mother. I saw his picture in one of the film maga-

"Mr. Norse, my paper would like your whole story. Slowly, if you please, as I am not a shorthand writer."

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me."

"But, at least," she persisted, speaking once for the Courier and twice for herself, "you might tell my paper if you are married."

"There will be no interview." The clipped tones of John Norse were interrupted by the slamming of a door.

Nancy blinched. A riotous something which at first glance baffled the eye, was charging towards her. Its face was disguised by layers of chocolate cake and it had that over-stuffed appearance so popular in furniture a few seasons ago. Still, with one's perceptions sharpened by newspaper work, it was fairly easy to classify it as a little boy of about six, obviously big game.

Nancy drew back. She wouldn't have felt squeamish about a trusty popgun, or even a water pistol, but there was something about a revolver in the hands of a small child that did not inspire confidence.

"Stop it, Chetwood! Stop it!" John Norse commanded, at the same time assuring the shrinking Nancy that the

whole time he was the father of a blood-thirsty offspring! How she was going to enjoy digging up his odious story and plastering it over every front page in the country!

Nancy approached the hotel revolving door at the same time as the nosy little man with the grates. He stared at her so curiously, she decided she had better pull herself together. If she didn't, she would never get that story. A cup of coffee might soothe

her heart pounded in her throat.

The sight of the traffic policeman at the corner was comforting. She crossed back and forth with him, wondering what to do. The policeman unfortunately had little poise. After five trips with Nancy he began signalling pedestrians and traffic to move together. An appalling mix-up followed, and she succeeded in losing the disturbing goatee.

Chetwood returned Nancy's look, and signalled instant recognition. "Ole gee-raff," he muttered, letting the hammer fly.

Nancy spent a glum evening, and appeared at breakfast crushed. She hadn't even enough spirit to protest at Hutch's division of the morning paper; the fashion page to Mr. Porcher and the advertising section to herself. Her lassie eyes wandered over the boring "Situations Vacant" column. Suddenly she emitted a delirious whoop:

"I wanna kill something," he wailed disconsolately. "I wanna see you kill something. Like you did down dere in th' jungle." No immediate attempt was made to oblige. Chetwood gave himself up to black despair. "I wanna see you kill something," he sobbed brokenly.

"All love and tenderness, isn't he?" Nancy murmured.

"Why are you waiting?" John Norse demanded rudely. Then, to the screaming child: "Come, Chetwood! Come, old fellow!"

Nancy's lip curled. "The child certainly has your charming manner." It was a neat insult. She banged the door after her.

In the lift, Nancy held her head high to keep the tears from spilling over. Flirting with her like that, when the

A LONG  
Complete  
STORY!



Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

uncanny being followed like that. He must be a lunatic! Or perhaps he was following the wrong person. Still, one would dislike being murdered by mistake. Though if he ever came within murdering distance, Nancy vowed, hopping off the bus, she would call a policeman.

A middle-aged man, with a harassed air, admitted her to 418.

"I'm Mr. Norse's secretary. Mr. Norse is out. Did you come about the position?"

Nancy was disappointed, but not defeated. She was inside the Norse suite again, and nothing short of the collapse of the building was going to get her out.

The man with the goatee sat next to her in the cafe. Of course, it was silly to think he was following her. Nevertheless—

Nancy came out and paused before a window of a freckle remover. She would give him a chance to walk on. The man stopped too. Nancy shot him a quick glance. He had no freckles.

Her heart pounded in her throat. The sight of the traffic policeman at the corner was comforting. She crossed back and forth with him, wondering what to do. The policeman, unfortunately, had little poise. After five trips with Nancy he began signalling pedestrians and traffic to move together. An appalling mix-up followed, and she succeeded in losing the disturbing goatee.

The secretary proceeded with the interview, raising his voice to be heard above the smashing of glassware in the adjoining room. Finally, he said: "Let me call little Chetwood and see what he thinks."

Chetwood appeared drenched from head to foot in orange juice, a broken cut-glass pitcher dangling from one hand.

"A slight accident," the secretary informed Nancy.

She fixed Chetwood with a cold, fishy eye. Behind him he unsuccessfully concealed a hammer, which shattered the "accident theory" somewhat.

Chetwood returned Nancy's look, and signalled instant recognition.

"Ole gee-raff," he muttered, letting the hammer fly.

Nancy ducked barely in time.

"There you are!" the secretary smirked. "Little Chetwood has taken to you already."

Nancy wondered how Chetwood would react should ever he take an intense dislike to her.

"Suppose we give it a day's trial, anyway," the secretary suggested.

Nancy was elated. John Norse would have to come home eventually, and she would be waiting for him, if she survived. Her gaze wandered towards the desk, where stood a stunning picture of John Norse and a dead tiger. She regarded it wistfully. Yes, it was worth the risk.

"I'm extremely busy," the secretary put in hurriedly. "Do you mind assuming your duties immediately?"

Nancy suspected that her main duty consisted in protecting life and limb from the gruesome designs of little Chetwood.

"Come, dear, give Nancy the hammer," she coaxed in honoured tones.

Please turn to Page 32

By Florence Ostern

If I Had Power

If I had power to mould myself  
As I would like to be,  
I'd draw out all the ugly things  
Within the heart of me.  
I'd leave the tender little thoughts  
That no one ever hears,  
Which dim my eyes with mistiness.  
That's far too sweet for tears.  
I'd cast away the jealousies  
That bitter—s—may bring.  
Rejoicing in my strength of will  
To do this wondrous thing.  
If I had power to mould myself  
As I would like to be,  
I might be good enough to live.  
But I would not be Me!  
—ELSA HOLLANDER.

ries. Taken with May de Hay and her two pet leopards. Not that it matters. I lost him in a luggage scramble at the station. And, anyway, darling, marriage and a career would never mix.

The family looked at each other. They had known Nancy to mix even stranger things.

She appeared, in her new sailor hat, next morning just as her father was leaving for the office. "I'm driving down with you, dad. I happen to be one of those early birds who's worm-conscious."

"Pembroke, be firm with her!" Mrs. Porcher moaned, but Nancy was already in the car.

"Why don't you give up this non-sensical idea?" Mr. Porcher was still pleading as the car crept through traffic.

"Look!" In her excitement, Nancy pointed. "There he is!"

"The man I met on the train. Isn't he pulse-raising? Oh—he doesn't see me!" Nancy's face fell as a lean figure in tweeds disappeared into a building. "But he's all alone, I mean," she explained to her dazed father. "There's no

one here."

"The man I met on the train. Isn't he pulse-raising? Oh—he doesn't see me!" Nancy's face fell as a lean figure in tweeds disappeared into a building. "But he's all alone, I mean," she explained to her dazed father. "There's no

# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,  
sketched by Petrov

## CLEVER Sports Wear . . . Combines CHARM and UTILITY

**O**NCE upon a time, when you thought about sports clothes, you pictured heavy, manly-looking tweeds. They were practical and warm, but dull in color and heavy, and not at all flattering to the figure.

To-day the picture is quite different. Sports clothes are still practical, but they come in lovely colors and the materials are soft and light and most becoming to any figure.

**TWEEDS** are still used for eighty per cent of sports clothes, the remainder are made from flannels, jerseys, and soft cashmeres.

The range of tweeds is wide and varied. Rough Donegal and Harris tweeds, checks and plaids and tweeds woven with colored threads and knots, pastel and brightly-colored tweeds that are sheer and pliable. These are all ideal for sporting activities and travel; they do not crush easily, and look smarter and more casual when they have been worn some time.

Perhaps the most practical part of the new sports clothes is that they are equally suitable for town wear in the mornings, for cruises, for country holidays, for spectator sports, as they are for active sports.

### Color Notes

**COLORS** are very important. A few years ago nearly all sports clothes were brown or beige, now bright and unusual shades are seen; every color is used, even black. A smart English suit

consists of a black wool skirt and a jacket of yellow whipcord, the brogues that are black, and the Ascot scarf black jersey dotted in yellow.

Grey is new and very smart—grey

tweeds with colored flecks, grey and white plaid tweeds, grey flannel.

These make suits or skirts with long coats and are worn with colored sweaters and blouses.

It does not matter how bright your sweater or blouse is. Get plenty of

color into your sports clothes, it is much

more becoming, and you won't feel any

colder. I do not mean you to appear

on the golf course in a red skirt and

cardigan, but if you study your colors

carefully you will find many unusual

and attractive combinations.

Keep the biggest part of your en-

semble more subdued than the smaller

part; for instance, instead of a royal-

blue tweed sports coat, matching skirt

and hat, have a grey coat and skirt and

a royal-blue sweater. Instead of a red

suit and navy blouse have a navy coat

and red dress. With a dark grey en-

semble wear a coral felt hat and scarf.

With a bottle-green costume wear bright

yellow. With wine color wear lime-

green. With beige wear brown, corn-

flower-blue, emerald-green or coral.

For travel there is nothing like

the informal coat of the coachman

coats sketched on this page. These

coats have wide revers, big patch pockets,

a belt across the back; they are single

or double-breasted. They are made of

checked, plaid or flecked tweeds, plain

rough woollens, or flannel.



consists of a black wool skirt and a jacket of yellow whipcord, the brogues that are black, and the Ascot scarf black jersey dotted in yellow.

Grey is new and very smart—grey tweeds with colored flecks, grey and white plaid tweeds, grey flannel. These make suits or skirts with long coats and are worn with colored sweaters and blouses.

A trim double-breasted suit is made of dark grey diagonally ribbed woollen, with dots of bright blue and red woven in it. It is worn with a red and blue scarf. A grey flannel suit can be worn with blouses or sweaters of dusty pink, yellow, navy-blue, royal blue or bottle-green.

Grey skirts are worn on the golf course with sweaters and cardigans in any of these colors. Sheer grey woollens are made into one-piece dresses worn under darker grey top coats with colored scarves and hats.

There are navy-blue tweeds flecked with white, red and yellow. There are brown tweeds with white, orange-yellow

• AN IDEAL sports coat of the coachman type, brown and white forms a checked plaid in the Harris tweed. It has a soft collar, wide revers, patch pockets, and a belted back.



• A MUSTARD-COLORED suede jacket that fits like a tweed coat is worn with a black-and-yellow plaid woollen skirt. The scarf is black printed in yellow.

• A PRACTICAL golf ensemble consists of a bottle-green tweed skirt, a light-green knitted sleeveless sweater, and a very pale-green crepe shirt.

• A SPORTS COAT with wide lapels is made of grey flannel and has a matching skirt. With it is worn a bright coral sweater and knitted cap.

• SPORTS FROCK in pale-blue jersey. The shaped collar is sewn into the shoulder seams. The sleeves, collar, and front bodice are all cut on the bias. The scarf and other accessories are navy-blue.

# WET WEATHER SMARTNESS

Wind and Rainproof Fabrics Take on  
a New Chic....



A SMART "Revolté" model in black, of windproof and rainproof material. The long cape has slits for armholes and a specially cosy collar.

THE NEWEST detachable cape is buttoned to the back of this imported Milwater model of flamingo red. Square buttons and batband of same toning give added smartness.

WITH GREY skies for a background, this all-check ensemble shows to advantage. The black and white checks of the rainproof coat are relieved by black facings on collar and cuffs. Grosgrain ribbon in black is used for band on check pull-on hat.

Photographs on this page are by the Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Photographer.  
Fashions by courtesy of David Jones.

## CHANEL SHOWS SOME NEW LINES

Latest Developments in the  
... Paris Fashion World

From Our London Office

MADAME CHANEL, of Paris, has brought the styles of the middle of 1935 up to the verge of what we shall wear in 1936. Nothing eccentric, she says, but a great deal of imagination in trimming and workmanship.

Frocks will have such touches of originality as a bow or a sash which may be knotted in several different ways, so that the wearer may have some variation and not tire of her gown, and also express to some extent her own personality or mood.

Street suits have longer jackets, and the skirts are a trifle shorter. Although many of these little street ensembles have white pique trimming, others have blouses of vivid colors con-

trasting very strongly with the black or grey or blue suit. Often these blouses are cut in one piece with the skirt, and even, in some instances, the jacket is cut in one, or rather, the effect of a jacket is given in what is really a one-piece coat-frock.

"Lady-like" is the adjective Chanel chooses to describe her afternoon, cocktail, and racing and garden-party gowns. They are all very feminine and flowing.

The evening frocks have uneven hems which give youthful but sweeping effects. The hems touch the ground in front and are longer still at back, but there are no actual trains.

Instead, there are long floating panels which may sweep the

ground with the gracious effect of a train, but may be swept up over the arm when dancing or otherwise convenient. The stiff silks which are so fashionable at the moment will be replaced by vaporous tulles and laces, transparent evening wear, and filmy skirts.

### Snug and Becoming...

THE idea of wet weather being an excuse for wearing of old and often dowdy clothes, heavy, unattractive shoes, and a weather-beaten hat is, fortunately, a thing of the past.

The modern wet weather clothes combine the smartest effects and the most modern trend in fashions. At the same time they are utilitarian and becoming, and are an indispensable part of the wardrobe of all smartly-dressed women.

Those with an aversion to carrying umbrellas have their tastes catered for by the new fold-up variety, and shoe-gloves take the place of the old-time goloshes.

For  
Coughs  
and  
Colds



HEARNE'S  
BRONCHITIS CURE

## An Editorial

MAY 25, 1935.

### MEMORY OF A QUEEN

THOUGH a new generation has arisen since the passing of Queen Victoria in 1901, her name and fame are perpetuated by the celebration of Empire Day on the anniversary of her birth.

Australia, with the other Dominions, does well to honor the great Queen and to recall what her prestige and personality stood for. It was during her reign of over sixty years that we grew from infancy to maturity as a nation.

The struggling settlements that made up Australia when Victoria came to the Throne had developed at her death into rich and populous communities standing on the verge of a continent-wide Federation. In all this period of growth the Queen's name, position, and high example meant much to her scattered Dominions.

The Victorian age was a period unique in our history. It saw a phenomenal growth of wealth and population and a corresponding advance in the arts and graces of life.

*The rank and prestige of the British Crown were immeasurably enhanced, a result due in the main to the high standard of conduct set by Queen Victoria herself.*

Both public and private life benefited by her example. Court life took on new and better phases. The affectionate loyalty shown on the occasion of her grandson's Silver Jubilee owes not a little of its warmth and spontaneity to the influences for which she was responsible.

Following Queen Victoria have come two Royal ladies, Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary, who have carried out to the full the traditions of their predecessor.

It is safe to say that for the best part of a century the Empire has been inspired as a social force, and strengthened as a civilising agent, by the three women who have occupied the Throne, either as Queen Regnant or as Consort of reigning sovereigns.

Many still living will recall the beauty and charm of the Danish Princess who came to the Throne as Queen Alexandra. No one needs to be told of the solicitude for her subjects and the unfailing graciousness and Royal dignity of Queen Mary.

For the women of Australia Empire Day has a significance all its own. In a world of change and of threatened wars and tumult, the steady influence of the Throne has been of inestimable value — an influence due, more than anything else, to the great Queen whose birthday is commemorated.

—THE EDITOR.



## POINTS OF VIEW

### Voice From The East

AMONG the bright things that come from the East, some come with the effect of surprise. This, for instance, from the Admiral of the Japanese squadron recently in Australian waters. "I believe that a great statesman of your country will steer his course that the Pacific Ocean will be peaceful for ever!"

What a chance is there, my countrymen! What an objective for the great statesman when, where, and howsoever he shall arise! What an incentive for you, and me, and all of us — to make the Pacific peaceful for all time!

You note that the Admiral gives the job to an Australian statesman, not to an American, a Chinese, or a Japanese, though all have their millions bordering on this, the world's largest ocean. If he had had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Lyons or with Mr. Scullin —

We reject, with scorn, the suggestion that the grave and distinguished visitor was pulling Australia's leg.

### For Her Own Good

IT is always for her own good, you notice, that the average man wants to prevent woman advancing into new fields. It would be too dreadful to place her among men in a jury box! Think of the unpleasant things she might have to hear! And how they did object to her being pushed into the rough and tumble of politics!

There are plenty of die-hards still fighting a losing battle against cigarettes, cocktails, and cosmetics for women. Doubtless they have the best of motives, and they are not all of one sex.

Remember the pained protest of Browning to the woman who had failed him:

"Would it were I had been false, not you —  
I that am nothing, not you that are all!"

The same point of view, more delicately expressed. Even the privilege of changing one's mind should be reserved for men!

### The Super-Fliers

KINGSFORD SMITH, Hinkler, Ulm—if you were asked the three men who have done most for aviation in Australia, you would probably name them in that order. These are three who are entitled to rank with the great ones "whom from his vintage rolling Time has pressed"—and two of them, also, have, like Omar's heroes,

"Drunk their fill a round or two before

And one by one passed silently to rest."

For an hour or two on Wednesday of last week, all Australia held its breath. It was poised, inarticulate, terrified—expectant of a silence that would have proclaimed the passing of the third of the famous three.

There are a few men who, in their lifetime, capture the imaginations of their countrymen, and Kingsford Smith is one of them. He has done more than enough for honor; will he now take the rest he has earned?

### Writer as Governor-General

INTERESTING possibilities are suggested by the selection of a man of letters, in the person of John Buchan, as Governor-General of Canada. It is something new in the way of Vice-Regal appointments. One wonders who was responsible, and why the choice fell on Buchan, who is a novelist of distinction, but not of outstanding or super-eminent quality.

If it had been Rudyard Kipling now, or Sir James Barrie, or one or other of the writers who have become Empire figures! But you don't associate the greatest authors with Vice-Regal jobs.

Whether we are keen enough on letters to desire a novelist as Governor-General of Australia is another question.

### Lyric of Life

#### Question

Are we nearly there?  
Are we soon to arrive?  
Or are there yet a million million years  
to go  
Until purpose is complete,  
And Time, no more?  
Or is there no destiny of man,  
But a purposeless, eddying tide of  
animal  
In a universe  
Entirely physical?

—P. Duncan-Brown.

### FROM SUE TO LOU

### A Bright Girl's Letters



## 2000 Dancing Feet for Annual Contest

"One Night of Love," "Stay as Sweet as You Are," and "Here Come the British," will be played over and over again ad nauseam in ballrooms in six States for the next few months.

They are the dance numbers chosen for the heats of the Australian amateur dance championship this year.

Standard numbers are selected so that competitors may buy records of them and practise at home.

DANCING contests are now dignified exhibitions of the best styles in ballroom dancing. When the championship was first introduced in 1925, competitors often gave a display that was more gymnastics than ballroom dancing. Partners were often flung in the air or half-way across the floor and caught neatly on the rebound.

These passes could always be depended upon to warm the hearts of the voting public, but competitors nowadays are more eager to win the approval of the judges.

THE dignity of present-day competitive dancing is largely due to the influence of overseas teachers brought regularly to Victoria and to the orthodoxy of the English style demanded by the judges.

The trend towards dignity has also banished the "dance halls" and replaced them with "ballrooms."

Apart from the prizes for State heats amounting to £250, the winning pair receives £50 and a gold cup each. Expenses of State finalists are paid to the State where the finals are held—this year in Adelaide.

Nearly 1000 couples compete every year for the championship—the largest number being in Victoria.

### In All States

IN last year's championship 250 couples entered in Victoria, 150 in N.S.W., 100 in Queensland, about 150 in W.A., nearly 200 in S.A.; and in Tasmania, which competed for the first time, there were 50.

In all States except W.A. the competition is conducted with preliminary heats of six or more couples. In W.A. each dancing school selects its best couple for the elimination test.

The Australian Dancing Championship is a contest of youth. None of the competitors are more than 25 years old, and most of them are considerably younger.

Dancing often takes the place of regular exercise for these young people, most of whom work in offices during the day and cannot spare the time for regular sport.

They begin intensive training in May, and practice earnestly and stoically until the finals. One young man, who is now a well-known professional, danced six nights a week for six years!

VICTORIA has a reputation for being the most dance-conscious State in the Commonwealth, partly because its climate provides a longer dancing season and partly because a demonstrator comes from England every year.

Since the championship was introduced ten years ago, Victoria has won it seven times, N.S.W. twice, and Queensland once.

As ballroom proprietors believe that new dances like the charleston, the rumba, and the can-can are of passing popularity, such dances are not included in the championship.

The waltz, the fox-trot and quick-step are the three dances chosen for the competition every year.

Nearly every winner of the championship has turned professional, and many of our best-known teachers started their careers by winning the Australian championship and a number of smaller competitions.

### Gossiping by Wireless

GOSIPPING on the telephone is a well recognized amusement. In the coastal cities it has been popular for a long while. In Central Australia they know a better game. There they do their gossiping by wireless. They chat about the weather and the mails; they tell each other over the air how the children's health is progressing, and how many eggs they have gathered that morning.

The authority for this information is Rev. J. A. Barber, a Presbyterian clergyman of the inland Mission. Wireless sets worked by a foot-pedal are a possession, he says, of many outback homes. Where two wireless sets are separated by less than 300 miles, it is possible to conduct a wireless telephone conversation.

In breaking down the isolation of women in the outback these sets are a godsend. There is just one drawback—or should one say advantage?—you can't indulge in personalities out there for fear of someone listening in.

# LOOPING the LOOP on the SKATING RINK

Lower Tells of Thrills and Spills  
while Ski-ing on the Alps

By L. W. LOWER  
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by  
WEP

**D**O I know anything about ace-skiing? (Hold her! Something wrong.) Do I know anything about ice-skating? My girl, when I was just learning to toddle, I could skate, do the figure eight, and also sixteen. They couldn't keep me out of the ice-chest.

*Later, when I was allowed out of doors, I learned to skate on a bicycle. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ripley used to follow me about to see what I'd do next.*

I EXCEL at all winter sports. Ski-ing (that's how I came to get married), I Sockey. (You play it with a ocky stick), Curling (it's a kind of Marcelle wave you do with iron balls with handles on), and another winter sport I invented myself. It's very easy to learn.

You stay in bed and you have a gallon of rum and a cup of water alongside you. The object of the game is to see who goes to sleep first. This makes it very interesting because everyone has to keep awake to see if the others are asleep. In the event of a tie, the player with the most water left wins. You try it.

When I first went to the Glaciarium Ice Rink (I like the Glaciarium part. It has a nice slippery, greasy, sound about it), I spent

a long time on the ice. I became quite expert at getting up off the floor, and found out that I could do the splits with the greatest of ease, whether I liked it or not.

I am really better at ski-ing than I am at skating, although that may sound ridiculous to those who have seen me skate. I can do the Telemark swing or the Christiana swing. I frequently do them both together in combination with the Lennie Lower Loop, after which I have to be dug out and fed on St. Bernard dogs.

Wep won the men's prize at Kosciusko last winter, but then he didn't know he'd won until they picked him up and forced brandy down his throat. Forced it down his throat! What a lie!

I have read in the Encyclopaedia of Sport that "in most

competitions and tests in the international style, the competitor,

in addition to the compulsory figures set, has to skate small exhibitions of from three to five minutes' duration, during which he executes all the special combinations of figures with which he is familiar. The aim should be a varied programme. Large spirals at high speed make good entrances, followed by combinations of rockers, threes, mohawks, choctaws, grape vines, spread eagles, with perhaps a special star figure and one or two jumps intermingled."

## Fancy Skating

WELL, after that, I reckon you could call it a day. I am hot stuff on spread eagles and grape vines, but I think the one or two jumps is a misprint. They probably mean bumps.

The remarkable part of all this fancy skating is that a quite inexperienced person can do the whole works and not know it until informed by his anxious relatives.

The last time I was in the Swiss Alps, giving an alping hand, so to speak, in the dog-kennels of the St. Bernard monastery and filling up the little barrels of rum without which no dog is complete, pictures of the same hanging on the wall at Granny's place to this day (I'm afraid I'm getting a bit excited. I'll finish this sentence next week). The monks said to me, "Brother, you should have been an Alpinist. You should live on the Alps all the time. You're wasting your time at writing."

And strange to relate, the editor said the same thing later, so there must be some truth in it. Give me a block of ice, a handful of snow, and a skate, and I'm set. I've stood on snow-clad mountains and yodelled for hours. It's quite simple. Cocky-gerkoo-gerkoo! Lee a holly yo!

That was in 1898. They tell me the echoes are dying out now, but when I throw a yodel, it stays yodelled.

## Chased by Wolves

IT was in 1898, also, that I was pursued by wolves. It was on the Volga, and all the boatmen had been frozen to death, and as these people live entirely on wolves the animals greatly increased. Rasputin and I had been to a domino tournament at the Kremlin, and he skated off home without me, so I had to return to my boarding-house alone.

A pack of ravening wolves came howling on my heels while I was figure-eighting my way

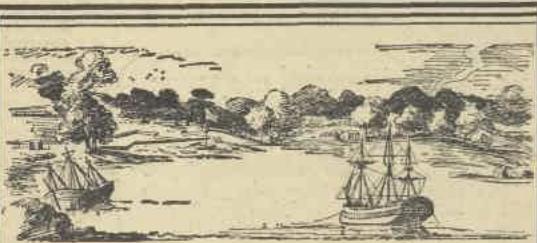


Exponents of the Lennie Lower loop come to grief on the ice-rink.

home in careless fashion. After pausing for breath, I followed it up with a spread eagle and two grape vines, crowning the lot with four rockers and a mohawk. Were those wolves astonished! They just slunk off on their shunkers with their tails between their legs.

But stay! With great presence of mind I did a choctaw. Hardly

Eh?  
Oh, all right.



Sydney Cove, 1788.

## When New Zealand was New South Wales

In 1788, when Governor Phillip established the first settlement in Australia at Sydney Cove, the Colony of New South Wales embraced New Zealand and all of the present States of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and about half of South Australia and the Northern Territory.

In 1825, Tasmania became a Colony, and the boundary of New South Wales was fixed at a position approximating the present boundary of Western Australia. A settlement was established at Albany, W.A., in 1826.

In 1836, South Australia was established; in 1841, New Zealand was declared a Colony; in 1851, Victoria was separated from New South Wales, and in 1859, Queensland became a Colony.

Established in 1817, at Sydney, then the administrative centre of a vast territory embracing practically the whole of Australia and New Zealand under the name of "New South Wales," THE BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES cooperated closely in the development of each Colony, and now, throughout the Australian States and New Zealand, has over 700 branches.

## Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank in Australasia

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 9.

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FROM  
ELIZABETH CRAIG'S  
RECIPE BOOK

Here's a delicious dish

FAIRY PUDDING, as the name suggests, is a light dainty dish. Served with Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, you could hardly think of anything more tempting.

FAIRY PUDDING

1 pint water  
2 egg whites  
1 large lemon  
2 tablespoons cornflour  
2 tablespoons castor sugar  
1 pint FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD

Bring water, sugar, and lemon rind and juice to the boil. Remove rind. Mix cornflour to a paste with a little water and stir it in. Boil 3 minutes. Turn into a basin and stir in the stiffly frothed egg whites. Pour into a wet mould. When set, turn out on a glass dish. Serve with custard sauce. Enough for 4 persons. Write for Elizabeth Craig's free recipe book with nearly 100 different ways of serving Foster Clark's custard. Enclose 1d stamp.

Foster Clark's  
creamy CUSTARD

17 Thirlow St.,  
Redfern, N.S.W.

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

A tin of Foster Clark's Custard Powder is shown next to a spoon.



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by . . . . .

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Who was the blonde you were with on Wednesday?"  
"The brunette I was with on Monday and Tuesday."



MAGISTRATE: The constable infers you know the meaning of perjury?  
WITNESS: It's a lie, Yer Worship!



BARBER: Why are you so late this morning?  
EMPLOYEE: I was shaving myself and I couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a haircut and shampoo.



NURSE (excitedly): Professor, it's a boy!  
PROFESSOR: Well, ask him what he wants.



"I just dreamed I met the most beautiful girl in the world and she loved me at first sight!"  
"Go back to sleep and see if she's got a friend."



SALESMAN: This is the best hat in the shop.  
CUSTOMER: Haven't you anything more tender? You see I have to eat it.

**Extra Warmth . . .**

but no  
**EXTRA COST!**

It's because of their deep, lasting fleeciness that Challenge Blankets are so warm and comfortable. The nap doesn't come out in use or disappear in washing. And they have ample width and length for cosy tucking-in. Ask to see a Challenge Blanket . . . you can tell the difference by the touch.

**Challenge**  
BLANKETS

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY RETAILERS EVERYWHERE

## Brainwaves

Prize of £5 paid for each joke used

GUIDE TO OLD CASTLE: Everything is as it was seven hundred years ago—not a stone has been replaced.  
Tourist: They must have the same landlord as I have.

MISTRESS: The main thing here is honesty. The last maid stole the silver spoons.  
New Maid: Don't worry about me, ma'am, I'm bound over for a year.

TWO hawkers, both carrying brooms, met in the street.  
First One: I don't know 'ow you can sell these 'ere brooms for 10/- and still make money on them. Why, I steals the brush, I steals the handles—I even ate a wire, and I can't sell them fo' that.

Second One: Well, it's all clear profit with me, I steals them ready-made.

“MIKE” said Flanagan, “how do you tell the age of a fowl?”  
“Oi can always tell by the teeth,” said Mike.  
“By the teeth!” exclaimed Flanagan, “but a fowl has no teeth.”  
“No,” admitted Mike, “but Oi have.”

TALKATIVE LADY: A big man like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching little fish.  
Angler: Perhaps you're right. But if this fish had kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be here.

HE: Do you think you could grow to love me?  
She: I'm afraid not; you see, I've stopped growing.

## BE YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER

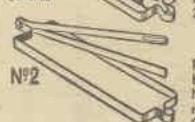
### Easy methods of waving & curling



No. 31



No. 30 FABRIC COVERED



No. 2

Avoid risk . . . save time and money . . . wave and curl your hair at home with these simple, effective Hindes Wavers and Curlers. Dainty curls and soft, attractive waves are easily produced. Send for the free book . . . “Your crowning glory” . . . which gives complete instructions.

No. 31 is made expressly for waving and re-setting permanents. It's the newest pattern. Sins, long: 2/- per card of two.

No. 30, for side pieces of bobbed or shingled hair, or for coiling the hair, is fabric covered, 2/- per card of three.

#### THE NEW-STYLE CURLS

For the Marine Coiffure, curled high at the back, and for forehead curls, Hindes Curler No. 2 is best of all. Full instructions about the new style will be posted on request. Hindes Curler No. 2 makes it easy to follow the fashion. 2/- per box of 10.

Be sure you get the genuine Hindes Curlers and Wavers—the name appears on each.

There are Hindes Wavers for every fashion.

## HINDES WAVERS

From all drapers, hairdressers and stores. If unobtainable locally, write to Hindes (Australia), Ltd., Woolstone, N.S.W.



## SHORT REVIEWS



**LIFT UP YOUR EYES.** Ambrose Pratt. A novel, full of lofty idealism, and good characterisation. Peter Gant, exiled through bearing the blame for a sin he had never committed, and this for the sake of a friend who had married the only woman he loved, returns to Melbourne, and conceives the idea of establishing a model colony, wherein children should be reared along certain lines of religious teaching. He becomes reconciled with his friend, Mark Landale, and his wife, Mary, and the family absorb him into their home-life. Peter is still enslaved to Mary's charms, and unable to see the weaknesses in her nature. They are revealed to him in a way that is very hurtful and damaging to the love that has grown up between himself and Mary's daughter. Peter established his colony, but his personal happiness was cheated by death.

(Robertson & Mullens.)

\* \* \*

**"THE IRON DUKE."** Philip Lindsay.

The film edition—profusely illustrated—of this historical romance, by the Australian novelist, Philip Lindsay, is very enthralling. It deals with the early years of the 19th Century, and recreates such famous figures as Wellington, Napoleon, and Louis XVIII. The film, with George Arliss in the title role, has met with great success. (Angus and Robertson. 2/9.)

**HERD OF THE HILLS.** Allan Fraser.

This story should be interesting to Australians if only for the contrast it presents in methods of sheep-farming in Scotland and in this part of the world. The descriptive work is good, and the author achieves atmosphere. In fact, the background is more noteworthy than the plot, which is built up from the age-old theme of an innocent country maid, the laird's rich young city relative, a young shepherd who acts the part of a modern Sir Galahad, fathering the child of a casual union between the two first named. Mr. Fraser paints a vivid picture of the mountains and glens of Scotland in the terrifying grip of winter, and in the beauty of the spring. He tells—undoubtedly with first-hand knowledge—of the lonely lives of the sheepherds and their womenfolk, of a life that knows nothing but toil. He is able, though, to rob all this apparently cruel existence of its terror, and to convey something of the spirit of the people who have "shepherding" in their blood, and who glory in their isolation. He has, too, the gift of characterisation, and has introduced some interesting types into his story. Maurice Walsh, the brilliant future for Mr. Fraser, who he says, has a "sense of atmosphere, of character, of dialogue." (Published in Australia by Angus and Robertson.)

## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

A New Novel by Author  
of "Grand Hotel"

Vicki Baum has not written a better novel than her latest, translated into English under the title of "Men Never Know." This writer's "Grand Hotel" made her name, but although "Men Never Know" may not have the sweeping success that was its predecessor's, it is a much more mature work: more thoughtful, more advanced in psychological insight, and more compact and ingenious in construction.

This is a healthy sign. Vicki Baum could very easily rest on her reputation and produce pot-boiling books that would sell merely by having her name on the cover. That she is continuing to advance in understanding of humanity and craftsmanship is indicative of the fact that, as an artist, she is still alive.

**W**OMEN will find this novel of especial interest, dealing, as it does, with the difference in reactions of men and women to life in general and, more particularly, to situations and experiences shared together.

A second and exceedingly well-handled theme is also developed—the extreme difficulty, even impossibility, of one

human being really knowing another, of penetrating below the mask that each one of us presents to the world and saying what our thoughts, motives, and potentialities really are.

The author has expressed herself with an admirable economy both of words and characters. Under the present vogue for levitation books, many authors would have taken six hundred pages and a multitude of dramatic scenes to say half as well what Vicki Baum has succeeded in telling us in about three hundred pages and through the medium of four main characters.

Briefly, "Men Never Know" is concerned with Evelyn Drost, her husband, Kurt, a young and brilliant official in the German Judicial Service, Frank Davis, a rich young American businessman, and a second woman, Marianne, a former lover of Kurt's, now a friend of the family. Evelyn is beautiful but in frail health. Between her and her husband is a bond more of liking and admiration on the woman's side, and protective tenderness on his, than of passionate love.

The arrival of Frank Davis revolutionises Evelyn's life and outlook. The two fall violently in love—Evelyn for the first time in her life. Davis is forced to leave Berlin for Paris. There he endeavours to take up his usual routine when in that city, but he is haunted by Evelyn's frail beauty. He telephones her, asking her to join him for just one day and night. She consents.

It would be impossible to give a full

summary of this story that would do justice to the skill with which Vicki Baum has handled the situations that develop from this point. But it is from here on that the whole worlds that separate a woman in love from a man in the same condition are made clear.

To Davis this interlude with Evelyn, even although he loves her, is a delightful episode, something that he will remember with pleasure and gratitude years later when he is with other women. For her, it is an experience to which she has given herself entirely—risking home, husband, and children.

There are two splendid dramatic moments in this book. The first takes place in court, where Judge Kurt Drost, after long and wearying days, succeeds in breaking down a woman accused of murder and forces her to accuse her husband. The second is the terrible ending to Evelyn's Paris journey.

By the device of describing happenings from the point of view of each of the characters participating in them, the author has made real the huge gulf that separates even lovers and married people.

More important still, it is chiefly by the use of this particular form that she has been able to show so clearly the thoughts, feelings, and fears women have, and the sacrifices they make for the men they love, and of which "Men Never Know."

(Geoffrey Bles; our copy Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)



That feeling of being "at peace with the world"—refreshed—soothed—satisfied!

This is the effect you gain from smoking Ardath De-Luxe.

Their traditional English blend is assurance for those who realise that it's "nerves that take the strain."

True they protect you from all risk of throat harm, which is important, but not unusual, since any properly blended 100 per cent. pure Virginia Cigarette will do this.

Smoke them yourself—you'll feel jumpy nerves grow calm under their soothing influence.

Smart Flat  
TINS  
10-9d.  
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Also Flat Pocket 50c, Tins of  
100 and Round Airtight 50c.

**ARDATH**  
**DE-LUXE**  
CIGARETTES  
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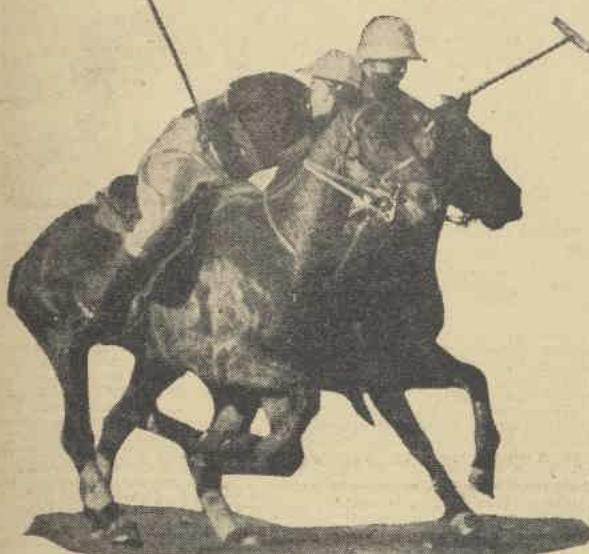
THE modern tendency is to over-eat and take too little exercise. Consequently our bodies are apt to get clogged with food-waste through elimination being late or irregular.

You can avoid all these present-day ills if you take a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. So long as you give your system the gentle, natural help of Bile Beans, you will eat well, sleep well, and get the best out of life.

Bile Beans  
are sold  
Everywhere  
by all  
Chemists  
and  
Stores

**Every Night Take**  
**BILE BEANS**  
For Good Digestion & Sound Health

# PROVIDING for Growing Army of POLO FOLLOWERS



A THRILLING MOMENT in the opening match of the polo at Kyeemagh on Saturday. Both horses and riders are straining every nerve for victory.

New Grounds at Kyeemagh  
Give Added Facilities to  
"Chukka" Enthusiasts!

After many setbacks, due to the economic depression, the thrilling and spectacular game of polo is coming into its own again in Sydney, and the Australian Polo Club has decided to bring this fine pastime within the reach of every member of the sporting community.

SOME six or seven years ago a number of people interested in polo established a magnificent polo ground at Kyeemagh, Brighton-le-Sands, within convenient distance of the city. Owing to the depression the project, as then outlined, was not proceeded with, and the ground has never been played on until last Saturday, when a match between the Nutcrackers and Markdale opened the season.

The standard of play on Saturday was very high, and a most interesting match



YOUNG MRS. JAMES ASHTON officiating at line marking at the opening match of the season, on Saturday.

—Women's Weekly Photo.



AN EXCITING INCIDENT in the chukkas on Saturday.



MISS MARGARET ALLEN, a keen polo enthusiast, took her famous Dalmatian with her on Saturday. With her is Captain Holford, A.D.C. to the Governor and a member of the Markdale team.

**PICK-ME-UP  
SAUCE**  
"Makes all the difference"  
and that's THAT!

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House,  
North Terrace, Adelaide.  
BRISBANE: Shell House,  
201 Ann Street, Brisbane.  
MELBOURNE: "The Age"  
Chambers, 239 Collins Street,  
Melbourne, C.L.  
NEWCASTLE: Carrington  
Chambers, Watt Street, New-  
castle.  
SYDNEY: 121 Pitt Street,  
Sydney.  
LONDON: 30 New Bridge  
Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS  
All editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4812, G.W.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS  
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page on which par was published.

(b) Give full name.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

We WILL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE  
OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANS-  
MISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS  
Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the best received.

PATTERNS  
See special notice on the pattern page.

resulted in a draw, with the scores seven all. Play was fast and exciting, and interest was sustained to the very end.

Each Saturday during the coming months matches will be played on the new grounds, and a number of teams will avail themselves of the opportunity of practising for the Dudley Cup.

Every Australian is a lover of a good horse, and of equestrian sport, and these matches will provide an opportunity to the public of all classes to enjoy a wonderful afternoon's sport.

In America polo is so popular that big matches attract crowds of up to 60,000 people, and this sport is now recognised in the United States as a close runner-up in popularity to baseball and football.

In earlier days polo was essentially the sport of the select few, and high prices were charged for admission to the games. Now the Australian Polo Club has decided to give the public of Sydney an opportunity of witnessing polo matches, played by champions, at the admission price of 1/-, which is as low or lower than that charged for cricket and football matches.

THE new polo grounds at Kyeemagh, Brighton-le-Sands, are magnificently laid out, with two playing fields and ample room for a third.

No. 1 ground has been described by some of the famous Ashton brothers as second only to the Meadowbrook International Polo Ground in New York. No. 2 ground is an excellent field for practice, and as the public show their appreciation of this fine sport the third playing ground will be made available.

On this Saturday, the Nutcrackers and Markdale will meet again in a return match which promises an even more exciting contest than that of last Saturday. The teams are—Markdale: Bob and Phil Ashton, Wallace Horsley, and Captain Holford (A.D.C. to the Governor). Nutcrackers: James Ashton, Jim MacLeod, Victor Vickers, Frank Packer.

You can feel it... you can see it  
and so can others

## it's Film on Teeth!

• Film must be removed from teeth... for beauty and for health.

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodges in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

Film sticks like glue. To remove it you must use a special film-removing agent. Peppermint is known throughout the world to-day as the special film-removing tooth paste.

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Peppermint's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleaning and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder—for softer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

This special film-removing material is contained in Peppermint exclusively—and in no other dentifrice whatsoever. That's why Peppermint gives results not possible with other kinds.

Dentists use Peppermint

That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Peppermint their personal tooth paste.

That is why millions of people will not risk their own teeth or their children's teeth with harsh, abrasive pastes or powders.

Don't take chances on cheap dentifrices when Peppermint leaves teeth brighter, gives higher polish. Use Peppermint twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

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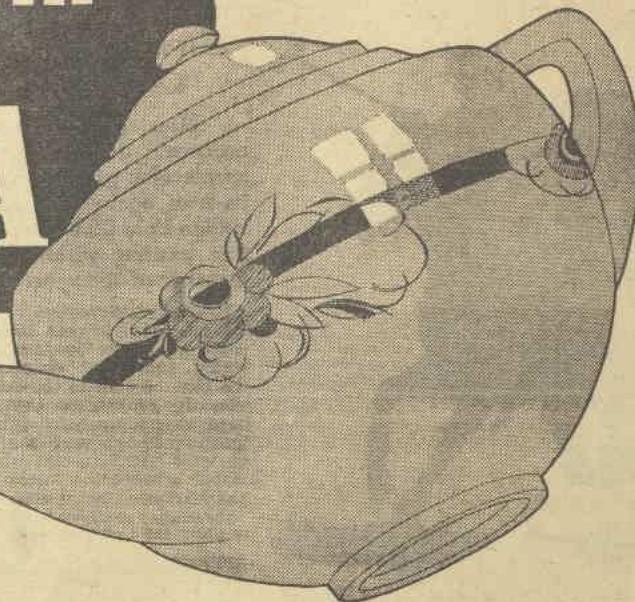
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# There's Tonic in a cup of *good* TEA



What you need is a cup of good TEA . . . There is nothing so stimulating . . . so heartening.

It is a beverage to be enjoyed at any time . . .

The early morning cup to start the day right . . . the breakfast cup to "zest" the meal . . .

Again at 11 a.m. to "pep-up" energy in home, office or workshop . . .

It's the friendly drink with lunch . . . the correct thing to serve in the afternoon. It's the restorative with the evening meal . . . the beneficial "night-cap."

Any time is time for good tea . . . but be sure the tea IS good . . . because only then will you get the most out of it . . . in cups . . . in energy . . . in flavour . . . in pleasure.

## How to make *good* TEA

1. Select a GOOD quality tea.
2. Boil fresh water.
3. Warm up a clean earthenware tea-pot.
4. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot.
5. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on to the tea.
6. Let the tea brew for five minutes.



# What you need is a cup of *good* TEA

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

# Mandrake the Magician



*The Antiseptic, Germicidal  
and Cleansing Tooth Paste*

## KOLYNOS.

DENTAL CREAM

Awarded  
the Blue Seal of the  
Institute of Hygiene  
London, for Consistent  
Merit, Quality and  
Purity, for the last  
Twenty Years.

KOLYNOS—the scientific Dental Cream, cleans and whitens teeth quickly and effectively because it contains antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing properties not found in ordinary preparations. It acts so as to remove unsightly stain and wash away the germ laden "bacteria-plaque" covering from the teeth. This super-cleansing improves astonishingly the appearance of your teeth and makes them whiter—shades whiter.

TRY KOLYNOS. See how it gives teeth new lustre, new clearness and makes them more attractive than you believed possible. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is extremely economical—half-an-inch is enough. Kolynos is BEST used on a DRY toothbrush.

Get a tube of **KOLYNOS** today  
from any chemist or store.

# BIG DAY

*A short story of a girl who worked a strange revenge!*



GEORGE GEIBEL was neatly conscious that for some reason his speech was not going over. And he had been planning this speech for months. Every sentence, every syllable in fact, had been carefully weighed for an impressive effect on the exact company to-

wards which it was directed. George Geibel had known his audience in advance. The simple-minded, kindly-hearted populace of a small town, Helmville. The small town which had given birthplace and shelter to George in his younger years. And to which George, now wealthy and influential citizen of the great outside world, was in return giving a hospital. A smart, modernistic, square hospital to be called the Geibel Memorial Hospital.

And this was the formal presentation address. And something, somehow, was wrong. George's earnestly compounded speech was flattening on him. His words lacked the exciting buoyancy of rehearsal. He mopped a nervous brow and let his eyes wander worriedly over the crowd. It was not the size of the throng, certainly, because the small auditorium was filled to overflowing with just the same lowly, even-tempered folk that he had expected. The mayor's introductory address had been forceful and stirring and George had been lauded as he had often dreamed of being lauded, as the little town's beloved benefactor.

And so it must be the presence of Lilly Martin, sitting there so eager and expectant in one of the boxes. But why should a girl whom George had let

down some seventeen years before have a disturbing effect on the poised man-of-the-world who was presenting his humble home town with a fine new hospital? Looking at her, at the well-remembered sharp nostrils grown sharper with age, and the drooping petulant mouth accented now by wrinkles, George was devoutly thankful for that escape seventeen years before.

Of course, it had been a little tough on Lilly, because actually the wedding day was at hand and all her friends had been invited, when George got cold feet and decided to take them travelling without notifying the bride-to-be. George noticed that she had a lanky boy beside her now. Probably her son.

Later in the evening the Board of Commerce was to give a banquet in the great man's honor. For George had never returned to Helmville until to-day's momentous occasion. He stumbled on thick of tongue through the well-learned phrases of his talk and wished irritably that Lilly Martin would not watch him so intently.

LATER she came back-stage and managed to go to him when there was no one else about for the moment.

"Well—George. It is a fine thing you have done for the town. This hospital—you must feel very proud. And you must have been quite successful. It is hard to believe that you could have prospered so in these few short years." Their glances met and quickly broke.

"Yes, Lilly. Thank you, Lilly. I—" George stared at her a little vacantly, noticing the withered neck, the calculating eyes, the small, contemptuous smile. He wondered suddenly if she had any purpose of blackmail. If he had written her any letters? But certainly, after all these years—

"No," she spoke softly, reading his thoughts. "You need not be afraid of that. I want nothing from you, George Geibel. I only wanted to congratulate you on this big day in your life. A day—almost as big as a girl's wedding day, I guess." She paused and looked at him a moment speculatively.

"Now see here, Lilly." George felt his face grow warm.

"And I wanted to call your attention to the boy with me, George. And to tell you that his name is George Geibel, Jr. He'll be quite interested in the Geibel Memorial Hospital, won't he?" There was no emotion in her voice, but she smiled a thin-lipped, wry smile.

Silence. The man concentrated intensely. And then he broke forth outraged. "But Lilly Martin, you know as well as I do that that boy could not possibly belong to me!" A sort of spasm went over his countenance.

"Yes, I know it. And you know it," she assented quickly. "But," she added simply, "the rest of the town doesn't know it."

The philanthropist ground his palms together, scowling at the meek woman before him. "And you—you have brought up a child all these years, leading the townsfolk to believe that I—I was the father—calling him after me—running a fine old family name." He broke forth in a profuse perspiration and turned upon Lilly Martin with such violence that she shrank slightly from him.

"Yes," she answered calmly and waited.

"But for God's sake, why?" He took hold of her arm as if to shake an answer from her.

"Because I hoped that just such an opportunity as to-day's might come along, George. You lifted me. You spoiled for me the biggest day that ever comes into a woman's life. I have never had another opportunity to marry, because the town has always wondered. I have been slandered and whispered about for the past seventeen years. Small towns cherish such episodes. But to-day, it is you they are whispering about. You and your fine gesture! They are taking your hospital and saying that you might perhaps have done better to have educated your son. Consider that along with your pride, George. Would you like to talk to the boy?"

"No!" he thundered. And then again—"No!"

By  
**ALMA B.  
HOLLAND**

love and tell her I'll be ready for her fittings next week. I'll not feel so much like sewing to-morrow." She paused tiredly.

"Thank you, Miss Lilly. I'll tell her. Any time you need me, just let me know. Seems too bad, Mr. Geibel didn't get to the banquet. Everyone was disappointed. This town's sure grateful to him. But they say his special train set out right after th' presentation speech to-day. You'd of thought this would have been a big day for him."

"Maybe," offered the wrinkled little dressmaker smoothly, "it was a bigger day than he looked for." And there was a small smile of triumph on her haggard face.

(Copyright)



*Nothing is as essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. Advancing age restricts activity and exercises are recommended for the constipated condition of old age. The diet should be varied and suitable to the demands made upon them and acted more quickly. Old age needs a mild and gentle laxative, one that will end constipation and tone up the system without giving any distressing after-effects.*

*All elderly persons should take*

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FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

**FORGET THE WORRY  
OF SKIN  
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**REDUCE  
SAFELY**

Do as hundreds of women have done, take a course of  
**FORD'S  
CORPORAL CAPSULES**  
and gain correct and charming proportions. This is a scientifically correct treatment—  
3 weeks' treatment, 1/6; 6 weeks' treatment, 1/-  
Post free from  
NOEL F. FORD, M.P.H. (M. Uni.)  
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## Kidney Trouble



*Healthy kidneys remove uric acid from the blood.  
Keep your kidneys healthy.*

YOUR kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy by removing waste matter (uric acid) from the blood. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood-stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

RHEUMATISM, sciatica, lumbago, back-ache—all these painful ills arise from the one cause—kidney trouble. Remove that cause!

CHECK kidney trouble before it grows on you. It yields almost magically to a remedy that has behind it nearly 50 years of public approval—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. This well-tried remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, strengthening and cleansing them, helping them to carry out their work of removing uric acid from the system.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after the first few De Witt's Pills have been taken, you will know they have acted on the kidneys. Then comes a feeling of fitness and well-being, telling you that your system is being rid of the harmful acid that attacked every muscle and joint in your body. Take De Witt's Pills at bedtime to-night and once again enjoy life. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6.

**De Witt's** Kidney & Bladder **Pills**  
For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

### JUST WRITE AGAIN

WHAT a number of good friends we lose trace of, just because we don't get an answer to a letter!

We wait for a while expecting an answer, then begin to wonder if there is anything wrong. After another long wait we ask ourselves, did we put anything in the letter that might have offended? If not, why don't they write? They must be ill, or be away on holidays.

Time passes, still no news, then we stop worrying, and feel indignant or hurt according to our way of taking things.

But how seldom do we think to write again, and ask them if they received our first letter, or stop to think that our letter might have gone astray, and that they are thinking the same things about us? Thus many a dear friend is lost.

So don't delay! Just write again.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Horwood, 26 O'Connell St., Nth. Adelaide.

### ON SMOKING

IT has only recently occurred to me what grimaces the average smoker makes while struggling with his cigarette or pipe. A few days ago I was passing along a city street and had occasion to look into a shop window and, whilst looking at the goods displayed, a young man about 21 approached and stood looking in the window.

I noticed that he was smoking a cigarette, but by the pained expression on his face one would have thought he had swallowed a piece of soap!

Such a distortion of countenance. Such a vicious scowl. Then a cloud of smoke from his nostrils and a puff of smoke from his mouth and, after spitting copiously, he wandered off. After this exhibition of facial acrobatics I set myself to watch these peculiar habits of the smokers more closely, and later in the day was rewarded... by the sight of a young man of possibly 25 years of age, striding along the street with a worried frown on his face.

He was, moreover, holding on to the bowl of his pipe as though it weighed a couple of pounds or so, and off that furious set! One has evidently to concentrate on these pipes.

However, there must be some particular balm, some panacea for all ills, in the fragrant weed, for it is a universal disease!

H. Tiss, Yeronga, Brisbane.

### STREET NAMES

WHAT a lack of imagination is displayed in the naming of streets of our Australian towns and suburbs! The prosaic titles of many of our suburban streets are derived, presumably, from the names of obscure Bumbles, who are thus given a local immortality without any consideration as to the suitability or the euphony of the name in question. Often one sees an attractive thoroughfare bearing the uninspiring name of Jones Street, Smith Street, or something equally commonplace.

We could easily take a lesson from the Continent. In Paris, for instance, there is the Rue of the White Peacock, the Street of Good Children; and in Italy almost every street is poetically named—the Avenue of the Gay Morning, the Square of the Seven Angels, the Quay of the Flying Sails. And who wouldn't like their street to be called the Avenue of Good-fellowship?

Miss C. Holland, 20 Bond St., Sydney.

### ORGAN MUSIC

WHY is it that organ music and church services are inseparable? I have always had an intense dislike for organ music; hymns sung to a piano and violin are bright and beautiful. I have long hoped for the time when some church would be courageous enough to try it. So many people dislike the doleful droning of an organ, which gives an impression of gloom, instead of the gladness of a joyous gospel.

Mrs. Baird, Gisborne St., Wellington, N.S.W.

# So They Say

### How Much Better to Leave Unkind Words Unsaid!

MRS. C. MORRIS writes a word of warning to those who are likely to use uncharitable words or be influenced by others' remarks. I think it is wise to make friends slowly and to speak from one's own experience of people, not from hearsay, as there are always two sides to a question.

In this large suburb—where most of the population is in permanent residence—I go about a good deal among women, attending church activities, croquet, bridge, and literary clubs, and I have never yet heard any gossip or backbiting! I did not realise this until a new resident lately remarked on the thoughtfulness, the disinterested kindness, and tolerant spirit reigning here.

Is there something in the seaside air that makes us all feel so much in sympathy with our neighbors?

Mrs. V. Counsell, 43 Beach Rd., Brighton, Adelaide.

### BUSINESS GIRLS' BUDGETS

IN view of the inquiries being made all over Australia into the basic wage for women, I think it would be interesting for business girls, through the "So They Say" page, to send in their budgets for living.

Here's mine for the week: Board 22/6, fares 3/-, recreation 3/-, costumes, etc. 8d., dress 7/10.

Miss Kitty Walsh, Tunks St., Waverley, N.S.W.

### Widespread Influence

MRS. C. MORRIS (4/5/35) is right when she remarks how widespread is the influence of a few uncharitable words. Often someone will speak kindly of another because she is feeling annoyed. Other people, hearing the harsh words, will "register, unconsciously, an adverse opinion, while the first person has forgotten she made the criticism. How much better, had her remarks been left unsaid!

I do not think women are worse than men in this respect, for men can be very biased and critical of others, especially women.

Mrs. G. Frazer, Blawarra, Thorndale St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

### Screen Oddities

### If War Came... Could You Be A Soldier?

I TOO, was very interested. Mrs. Lynch (4/5/35), in the article which appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly* with reference to the part women will take in the next war.

I cannot imagine for one minute that the present generation of young women and girls would ever be able to take their place on the battlefield.

I am not saying that they would not be willing and show the true spirit if the occasion arose for them to defend their country, but they have not the physique to stand up to the hardships and exposure which war entails.

However, women were not meant for fighting. They may try to prove their equality with men in many ways, but I am afraid when it comes to doing battle they will have to take a back seat. There are hundreds of other ways in which women can do their duty and assist those who are fighting.

Miss M. Northrop, 97 McKenzie St., Concord West, N.S.W.

### Would Be Ready and Willing

IN the event of another war, I think Mrs. Lynch (4/5/35) would be surprised at the number of those nervy and easily-fatigued women of whom she writes who would speedily forget their little ailments.

I worked among men side by side with women from all walks of life during the Great War, and I am certain that all of them would have been ready and willing, had the need arisen, to take their places in the trenches shoulder to shoulder with the men.

Alison M. Single, Mt. Colah, via Hornsby, N.S.W.

### Don't Think About It

I CERTAINLY agree with Mrs. Lynch (4/5/35) that there is a large majority of women who never would be able to stand up to the horrors, hardships, and terrors of war. Although women are taking the place of and obtaining equal rights with men in so many phases of our modern world, war is one of the things that will have to be left to the sterner sex!

Is it not the woman's part, instead of wanting to take part in fighting, to try to prevent it by doing all in her power? Let us not be looking for those women who would be strong in wartime, but those who are strong in peacetime, working to prevent war.

Miss E. M. Sadlier, Yarra Glen, Vic.

### By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



MADY CHRISTIANS  
RAN OUT OF GASOLINE WHILE  
DRIVING HOME FROM A LATE  
RECEPTION. SHE TRIED TO  
HAIL PASSING MOTORISTS,  
BUT THEY MISTOOK HER FOR  
A GIRL BANDIT AND SENT  
POLICE HURRYING TO  
THE SCENE.

DICK POWELL

HAS RECEIVED A  
FAN LETTER BEARING  
ONLY A NUMBER OF LIP-ROUGE  
KISSES ON THE PAPER AND THE NAME  
OF THE SENIOR.

### Most Women Do Prefer The Happy Ending

I THINK that the majority of us look to our stories to have a happy ending. We have been brought up to expect that—it began in our fairy-tale days, when the prince and princess "lived happily ever afterwards."

We read for pleasure and relaxation, and I think that obviously we should be able to leave our story with a feeling of satisfaction—a feeling that "everything turned out all right." I find that if the story does not end according to expectation, I often worry myself trying to decide how it could have been better finished off.

By all means give me the happy ending.

Mrs. J. Taylor, Leslie St., Bardon, Qld.

### Likes the Villain Punished

YES, Mrs. Kelly (4/5/35), I too prefer a story to end happily. We read books—especially fiction—for pleasure and entertainment, and when they end sadly it leaves the same sad feeling with the reader. Although I like to find that the hero and heroine "lived happy ever after," I like to see the villain punished, whereas most writers bring about his death by accident before justice can be done.

Miss G. J. Boorman, 108 Osmond Terrace, Norwood, S.A.

### We Read To Forget Troubles

THE general opinions expressed by Mrs. Kelly against "unhappy endings" in stories have my whole-hearted support.

Life's path is marred by worries and trouble. We read to forget them, and for pleasure. Isn't it natural that we are filled with a feeling of disappointment and regret when the endings turn out unhappily, as they so often do in our own lives?

Authors should consider human feelings and reactions against these endings going with public opinion—not against it.

Miss G. Hussey, 39 Bruce St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

### LICKING THE THUMB!

I WAS sitting in a public waiting room, where two girls were looking at a magazine while one turned the pages with an oft-licked thumb!

In these days of advanced hygiene, surely it is time someone realised the filthiness of this habit. Every day one sees someone alternately licking a thumb and turning a page. Parents do it, and children do it! Yet folks wonder how germs carry!

How could anyone possibly enjoy reading a book after someone else had handled it in this manner?

Vera M. Gready, Wal Wal, Victoria.

### Natural Endings Best

THE question of story endings raised by Mrs. Kelly (4/5/35) is interesting. Personally, I prefer the ending that accords with the characterisation and sequence of events.

Take "Gone to Earth" and "Precious Bane," both by Mary Webb. "Gone to Earth" ends on a tragic note, but it is one of the most beautiful books I have ever read; a happy ending would have utterly spoilt the lovely creation. "Precious Bane" on the other hand, required a happy ending; it was the natural outcome of the story.

Mrs. Fleming, 23 Ettalong Rd., Pendle Hill, N.S.W.

### The Closing of a Chapter

I LIKE a book to end with an engagement or a marriage. It is then, to my mind, true to life, because with wedded bells comes the closing of one complete chapter of one's life.

Books which end with the patching-up of a quarrel or with a wife's promise to give up the "other man" leave me dissatisfied with the entire book.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 184 Burwood Rd., Belmont North, N.S.W.

### IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

### POTPOURRIS OF MUSIC

WHAT do readers think of this craze for "potpourris" or medley music? What would happen if extracts from famous books or poems were combined into a semblance of continuity and foisted on to the reading public? One can imagine the indignation. Yet hardly a day goes by without one of the broadcasting stations putting musical versions of such atrocities on the air. Isn't this taking unpardonable liberties with our beloved composers—without taking into account, either, the effect of these senseless combinations on the awakening ears of the rising generation, most of whom get their music over the air.

Miss L. W. Grover, 2 Kasuka Rd., Camberwell E6, Vic.

### ETIQUETTE



THE RULE of "Ladies first" is often waived. In a crowded lift, for instance, a man may step out first without implying any discourtesy.

### THE COMMON COLD

IN these enlightened days it seems dreadful to me that colds are so prevalent among us. On every side the all-too-frequent cry is "I have such a bad cold," and how often is this complaint treated so lightly it develops quickly into influenza, bronchitis, and other similar complaints, spreading through the community. In many cases the dread pneumonia can be traced back to a neglected cold.

Why not have an Anti-Cold Clinic? Let our slogan be "No more colds," and injections against them be put within the reach of everyone. At present this treatment is very expensive and not a sure cure. I am sure readers will agree with me that if thorough attention were given to prevention of colds, a preventive would speedily be discovered and the health of the general public improved 50 per cent.

Most people suffer largely with distressing head colds and irritating fits of coughing, and have grown to accept them as something unavoidable—but must this state of affairs continue and, if so, why?

O. G. Quiley, Pages Terraces, Coonamble, N.S.W.

### THE ONLY CHILD

"THE Tragedy of the Only Child" was the solemn heading in a daily newspaper article lately, and persons repeat the phrase. Where is the tragedy?

One-child parents have at least spare money and leisure, and can arrange easily for a four-hours' play with another child, which psychologists tell us is all that is really required—and the child can be of the same age, which is really necessary. The defect of the human family, as compared with most other creatures, is that the young come singly, and so are little use to one another—a boy of seven, for instance, is no real companion for a girl of two or three.

Mary Nicholls, 54 Nestor St., South Brisbane, Qld.

### "NO HAWKERS"

WHILE walking along the street yesterday I noticed a sign on the side gate of a house which read: "Absolutely No Hawkers or Caravans."

Considering the times of stress we are passing through, I think that people who display these signs on their gates should be a little more charitable to those unfortunate who, through no fault of their own, have to hawk their wares from door to door on the off chance of selling them.

Admitting that we all cannot buy from the man at the door, I think that people could at least spare a kind word for those who are less fortunate than themselves.

I would like to hear the views of some of your other readers on the same subject.

Mrs. W. Cruise, 16 Rose Rd., Bankstown, N.S.W.

**KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE**



You'll never find her moping!

She always looks happy and contented — never seems depressed. Don't say you're different and it's the way you were born. It's not! It's much more likely to be common constipation. For if your system is clogged by wastes and impurities how can you expect to feel gay and energetic?

Rid yourself of constipation. Not with drugs or pills — they are definitely harmful. But with a delicious cereal — Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Eat two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream. You'll find that the "bulk" it contains will exercise your intestines and cause a natural, normal action which will eliminate all wastes and poisons. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also contains iron which enriches your blood. Ask your grocer today for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. No cooking required.



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**ALL-BRAN**

FREE — Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series — they're FREE.

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Out  
of the blue  
comes  
the whitest wash!  
**RECKITT'S BLUE**

Two soldiers were out in no-man's land. A bullet screeched past them and they both bolted for their lives. When they were somewhat composed, one said to the other, "Did you hear that bullet?" "Yes," came the reply, "I heard it twice. Once when it passed me, and once when I whizzed past it."

Jim had a frightful black eye. "How did you get that?" asked John. "Well, you know that charming girl who lives in the big house, at the bottom of the lane," said Jim. "Yes," replied the other. "And you've heard," went on Jim, "that her young man is in America? Well, he isn't!"

## COLLECT Tokens for our big BOOK OFFER

### Special Staff Necessary to Handle Amazing Number of Reservations

The response to our splendid book offer of "The Silver Jubilee Book" and the "Illustrated Family Doctor" has been literally overwhelming. Thousands upon thousands of reservations have been received, and a special staff has been necessary to deal with them.

As announced last week, the offer closed definitely on Monday, May 20. Owing to the intricate printing and publishing arrangements involved in order to supply the enormous demand for the two volumes, the offer cannot in any circumstances be reopened.

READERS who have reserved one or both the books are to be sincerely congratulated on their wisdom. We wish to remind readers who have reserved either or both books that there is no necessity to communicate further with us. All reservations are carefully checked by our own staff, and no further acknowledgement of them is necessary at this stage.

All that it is necessary to do is to continue collecting the required number of tokens and to fulfil the conditions clearly set out in the offer. This week's token appears as usual on the top right-hand corner of the inside back cover.

It will not be known until the checking is completed which of the books offered by us at the low prices of 5/- for "The Silver Jubilee Book" and 4/- for the "Illustrated Family Doctor" is the most popular. Both are exceptionally fine books. "The Silver Jubilee Book" is a wonderful pictorial pageant of the past 25 years, and an inspiring review of one of the most eventful periods in the world's history, while the medical work is an authoritative medical reference book which will be invaluable in the home.

The response to this offer—the

first of its kind ever made in Australia by a woman's journal—indicates the confidence our readers have in us, and we assure all those who have made reservations, and who comply with the conditions laid down in our offer, that they will receive their books in due course.

### HAVE YOU BEEN ILL

#### And Cannot Regain Energy?

After an attack of pneumonia, influenza, or other illness, it is usually very hard to recover vitality and energy. The system has become so battered in its fight to overcome the disease, that all nerve force has been sapped away. This condition is very serious. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a boon to thousands of such invalids, because they fill the whole system with new life and energy, by helping to create rich new blood.

Read of the true testimony. Mr.

H.G.A. of Tambellup, W.A., states:

"I had double pneumonia and was ten weeks in hospital recovering. For

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I lost over two stone in weight. One

day I read about Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills and gave them a trial. Im-

provement was felt after the second

bottle, and as I continued with the

pills my strength gradually grew.

I am now able to do a good day's

work on the farm. I sleep well and

feel greatly refreshed in the morning,

and my weight is normal again. I

certainly recommend Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills."

You too, can gain new strength by

taking these pills now. At chemists

and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr.

Williams'" and take no other.\*\*\*

### STAMMERING CURED

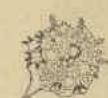
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of romance . . .

Now, to-day, after 129 years, Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet is still the elusive perfume that every woman loves. Its haunting fragrance gives the final touch of perfection to Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, in its jade green lacework box. Here is a face powder which really clings—hour after hour—which protects your skin and makes it look much lovelier. Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is so exquisitely soft and fine—so fragrant and so good—that its moderate price will surprise you.

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**Cashmere Bouquet**  
The Aristocrat of Face Powders



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Talcum Powder, Dusting  
Powder, Brilliantine  
(Liquid or Solid).

C.B. 35/3

# 2GB Radio Artists and THEIR HOBBIES

## Birds, Carpentry, and Dancing

"Are they the same at home?" Beverley Nichols once asked of certain famous men and women, and undoubtedly many a listener has wondered about the hobbies of his or her favorite radio personalities.

MOST catholic in his hobbies is Uncle George. He has had the fortune of being assisted in his various hobbies by his thousands of nephews and nieces for close on ten years.

To begin with, Uncle George collects lovebirds, and to-day they number 230. He is also an admirer of the cactus, and his collection of the spiky plant has been gathered from all over the world. When his garden blooms he can show an array of flowers as beautiful, rare, and unique as any collector of the more favored orchid. Uncle George has also an extensive collection of ferns and elkhorns.

More famous than any of these is his collection of coins numbering close on 18,000. People who see it leave marveling that the ages have lavished such loving handcraft on the manufacture of what they term "ithy lucre."

UNCLE GEORGE is also a dog fancier. He it was who presented Blimbo with a prize Pomeranian for a birthday gift one birthday not so long ago. To-day Blimbo spends all his spare Saturday afternoons foregathering with the dog-fanciers.

*A New Service to Sydney's Sportswomen!*

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### 2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, May 25—7.45: Darby and Joan, 8.30; Frank and Archie, 8.45; Monte Cristo, 9.0: "The Man Who Worshipped a Memory," 9.30; Gershwin, "An American in Paris," 9.45: 2GB Political Commentator.

SUNDAY, May 26—2.15: Face to Face with Handel, 2.45: Musical Scrapbook, 3.30: Feature Session, 7.20: John Metcalfe, B.A., "Libraries," 7.40: W. F. Gale, "Astronomy," 8.45: George Edwards in "Flower of the Orient," 9.50: Special Wide Range Broadcast of "One Night of Love."

MONDAY, May 27—10.45: George Edwards in "The Love Story of Lord Nelson," 12.15: Miss Flora Eldershaw, International Co-operation among Women, 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science, 3.0: Ellis Price in "The Captain's Luck," 9.15: Russell and Morgan in "Travel with Music."

TUESDAY, May 28—3.30: Dorothea Vautier, Musical Personalities, 6.45: Voice of the People, 9.15: George Edwards as "Jack Cade."

WEDNESDAY, May 29—11.45: Dorothea Vautier, "What the World is Reading," 4.0: The Search for the Inkman River, 9.0: Easy Chair Music, 9.30: Comedy Capers.

THURSDAY, May 30—1.0: Jack Lumsdaine and Jack Davey, 9.15: George Edwards, "Sexburga, the First Ruling Queen," 10.0: Notable British Trials.

FRIDAY, May 31—9.15: Cyril James, From My Songbook, 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

Concocting foreign dishes is another of her hobbies. It's a sort of detective work, and requires a sensitive palate and a good deal of self-confidence. But only in this way is it possible to discover the details of flavoring that the recipe books always take care to leave out—purposely, of course.

Harry Dearth says that if golf is not a hobby then he has no hobby. Jack Davey, who unashamedly admits to being a crooner, spends much time doing light sketches of his friends—and his enemies.

Mrs. Stelzer, amidst her busy life as president of the Happiness Club, finds time for at least one hobby—the piano. Never a day passes without her practising, if only for ten minutes.

Albert Russell and Reg Morgan, the cheery newcomers to 2GB, declare dogs and birds to be their hobbies. Albert Russell is not satisfied to own dogs or even to breed them; he likes to train them, and says that there is no more fascinating hobby than watching the animal brain responding to the will and understanding of its master. He has a radio dog, too, one Toby, who is the only dog we have met who can sing by parking. Listen in some evening to him over 2GB.

### THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

#### Men Like It

EVIDENTLY The Australian Women's Weekly is not only a woman's weekly.

The newsagent in our district throws the paper over the fence on Wednesday afternoons. Last Wednesday I noticed the milkman's cart drawn up outside a house. The milkman had evidently delivered the milk and seeing no one was home, picked up the paper from the lawn.

When I saw him he was seated on his can on the front verandah having a free three-penn'orth! — J.C.

\* \* \*

#### Is Ignorance Bliss?

A LOCAL resident as soon as she was old enough applied for the pension. Some time later she asked the postmaster had "His Majesty's Service" died, as she hadn't heard from him. She had addressed the letter re pension to "His Majesty's Service." — A.L.

#### FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire and cutout of the famous "Red Line" double dull silk stockings. All sizes. This stocking is worth 2/- each. We offer you three pairs for 8/- Post Free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs will include absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Papillon" Face Powder, value 2/-. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL OFFER Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest-quality Shaded and Mikado Kissproof stockings, worth 4/-, absolutely FREE.

Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Reg'd.), 38 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.



## Vigorous Health!

A HOT cereal breakfast is necessary for the children these cold winter mornings.

Breakfast D-Light is the most valuable hot cereal. Youngsters eat it eagerly, because they know nothing could be better for them than the home-cooked hearts of sun-ripened wheat, for that is really what Breakfast D-Light is.

Make Breakfast D-Light the favourite breakfast and overcome the difficulty some mothers find in getting youngsters to relish their morning cereal by saving the packet tops and exchanging them for thrilling free gifts.

Enjoy the "Swiss Family Robinson" Broadcast from Station 2GB, Sydney, and 2HD, Newcastle, 6.20 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

## Breakfast D-Light

The "Second Helping" Cereal



created by

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exclusively for Kissproof

Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has created for Kissproof four NEW lipstick colours that give the illusion of colour. UNDER the skin . . . alluring colour that does not cake or smear. Go-to-day to any perfumery counter; choose your Kissproof Lipstick in one of these NEW colours — Natural, a glowing cherry-red; Theatrical, gay and vivid, for evening; Raspberry, a rich wine-red; or Orange, exceedingly smart with sun-tanned complexions.

KISSPROOF DRY ROUGE and KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE (for lips and cheeks) are also obtainable in these four NEW colours.

For Lovelier Eyes . . . Delico-Brow. Kissproof Delico-Brow makes eyebrows and brows seem longer, thicker — encourages an upward curl of the lashes, too. Black, brown, or blue.

The NEW  
**Kissproof**  
LIPSTICK

Saturday, May 25, 1935.

# What Women Are Doing

**New President**

LAST week, Mrs. P. McNiff, a newly-elected president of the women's section of Victoria's United Country Party, took her place for the first time as one of the two women representatives on the Central Council of the U.C.P.

The other woman is Mrs. T. Begley, treasurer of the women's section.

Mrs. McNiff's home is at Redesdale. She has been interested in the Country Party for years, as secretary of the local branch of the women's section, a branch outstanding for community, as well as political, work.

She also sat on the Victorian executive as representative of the Bendigo group, so her new position holds no terrors for her.

\* \* \*

**To Study Dietetics****In London**

ALTHOUGH so many of our nurses and doctors go home to England to do post-graduate work in various branches of medicine, surgery, and nursing, there are apparently still several branches they have not thoroughly explored.

These, according to Sister V. Stevens, of the Adelaide Children's Hospital, include dietetics, for although there are several doctors from London at the hospital, and she has made outside inquiries, she has not been able to decide upon an English hospital suitable for the course.

With 12 months' leave of absence, Sister Stevens is on her way to Scotland to stay with relatives for a short while, from where she will go to Cromwell House, London, to do a post-graduate course in mothercraft, and to the dietetic hospital. She has for seven years been Home Sister at the "Children's," and before that was nursing in Sydney and Broken Hill. She trained at Adelaide Hospital.

\* \* \*

**Handicrafts and Home Industries Presented in New Guise**

THE annual conference and exhibition of the handicrafts and home industries section of the Country Women's Association of Victoria is to be something quite different this year.

The conference will be held on the morning of June 19, but the exhibition will go on from June 17 to June 23.

Mrs. R. T. A. McDonald, the president and the secretary, Miss

Marjorie Strong, have already received intimation that a dozen branches intend sending big exhibits.

Mrs. Lionel Weatherly, who heads the South-Western Group, will be one of the busiest women in her State from now until the exhibition is over.

The whole group, with its eleven branches, is participating in a new feature—an ingeniously-fitted nursery.

With portions of this nursery coming from 11 different towns, Mrs. Weatherly will have no mean task to accomplish in making sure that everything is in its right place on the opening day.

\* \* \*

**Well-known Headmistress of Riverside to Retire**

THIS month will see the retirement of one of the best-known headmistresses in South Australia—Mrs. E. H. Hinde, who started Riverside school for girls 17 years ago. She plans to spend five months in Belair for a holiday and, after that, to do the things she has always wanted to do. What they are she will not say, but definitely she is not going to grow chickens in the hills! Beginning without any previous experience but convinced that in education the proper approach to the individual was not being made, she started her school, and it has since won a name for sportsmanship as well as in the more theoretical branches of learning.

She considers that the girl of to-day is potentially no different from her great-grandmother, but that with the lifting of repressions and the opening of opportunities girls did not have in the old days she is able to meet life with greater courage and efficiency.

Mrs. Hinde's successor will be Miss Drennan, M.A., who is coming out from Scotland very shortly, and will take over her duties at the beginning of the winter term.



Mrs. Weatherly-Brothorn.

**Her Important Task**

A NEW ZEALAND girl, Miss Valentine Howey, has been appointed organising secretary for the appeal fund of Westminster Hospital, which is to be rebuilt on a new site, but still in the vicinity.

The Westminster was the first voluntary hospital in England, and is more than 200 years old. The rebuilding includes a home for the nurses and the removal from North London of the research department.

The Prince of Wales is president of the hospital, and it is hoped that Queen Mary will be able to lay the foundation-stone in June.

**A Secretary With Twenty Years' Experience**

THE Women's International League for Peace and Freedom paid a unanimous tribute to Miss Eleanor M. Moore, of Melbourne, when they re-elected her as general secretary.

Miss Moore has been international secretary for Australia ever since the League began 20 years ago. She became general secretary 10 years ago, and is still going strong.

All the organising and arranging falls to her lot, and she is one of the League's best speakers. Her lecture tours have taken her to New Zealand and Tasmania and as far north as Newcastle.

She represented the Australian branch of the League at the first official International Congress in Switzerland in 1919, and was in Paris when the Peace Treaty was signed.

Her other trips abroad have both been to the Women's Pan-Pacific Conference at Honolulu in 1928 and 1930.

\* \* \*

**Clever Daughter of a Clever Father**

IT is not surprising that the daughter of the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D., L.L.D., F.R.S. (better known in the literary world as Ralph Connor), who is at present in Australia, should be talented. She has gained her B.A. degree at the Winnipeg University and, in addition, takes a keen interest in music and helps her father with his church work.

One of her chief interests in life is amateur acting.

The Little Theatre movement in her home town of Winnipeg, Canada, considers Miss Gordon one of its cleverest members.

That is easily understood when it is learned that she has played the parts of Wendy in Barrie's "Peter Pan," Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House," Sister Joanna in the Spanish play "The Cradle Song," and also had many other important parts.

She is very much enjoying her trip with her father.

Mrs. R. T. A. McDonald, the president and the secretary, Miss

**They Bring a Heartening Message**

MISS ISOBEL McCORKINDALE, national director of education, and Miss Ada Bromham, national recording secretary of the W.C.T.U., just back in Melbourne after a trip abroad, bring a heartening message for those who are interested in the abolition of slums.

Although they were both delegates to the W.C.T.U. world convention at Stockholm, and the British Commonwealth League conference in Britain, they found time to study closely the slum reclamation schemes in all the large industrial towns in Britain, and were greatly impressed.

They say that not one per cent. of the people have failed to respond to the advantages of their improved housing conditions.

**Interesting Australian Women In Soroptimist Movement**

MRS. SURREY DANE, a passenger on the Ascanius to Brisbane, is an enthusiastic member of the Central London Soroptimist Club, and is determined to interest Australian women in the movement. She was here some years ago.

Described as a "feminine version of Rotary," the movement aims to encourage high standards in business and professional life, to promote the spirit of friendship among members and among representatives of other countries, and to encourage civic movements for the betterment of local social conditions.

Membership is restricted to one leading member of each profession or business.

A recital of the callings represented gives us pause to wonder what women will take up next. There are publishers, furriers, ornithologists—and even morticians.

Mrs. Dane says that there is now a Soroptimist movement in most countries of the world, and in Great Britain alone there are 70 clubs.

\* \* \*

**Directs the Activities Of Bryant's Playhouse**

DIRECTING the activities of a flourishing playhouse in Sydney is Miss Beryl Bryant, daughter of George Bryant, the well-known Australian actor.



Miss Beryl Bryant

—Montgomery Dunn

**Helping Society for Prevention of Cruelty**

MISS EDITH RUTHNING, of Brisbane, has devoted much of her spare time to helping many charities, but her main interest for this year will be to help the Society for Prevention of Cruelty.

The society's motto, "Defenders of the Defenceless," means anything helpless, and members of the society work for the aged, children, and animals.

Miss Ruthning has the honor to be an honorary life member of the society, and also holds office as a vice-president.

She is also social convener, and the work of arranging all social gatherings mostly falls on her shoulders. But she says that as great harmony exists between all members of the council her work is made very easy.

Miss E. Ruthning  
—Foster

Nearly four years ago, Miss Bryant and her father took over the little theatre beneath St. Peter's Church, Forbes Street, Sydney, and named it Bryant's Playhouse. Interesting productions are given there regularly.

Miss Bryant is keenly interested in the future of the Australian dramatist. She is at present organising a one-act play tournament for which she is offering a prize of 75 guineas. The plays will be capably produced before final judgment is given.

**Mrs. A. K. Goode to Stand for Mayoralty**

MRS. A. K. GOODE, J.P., South Australia's only woman councillor, has decided to stand for the mayoralty of the St. Peters district in July. Her reason, she states, is that the rate-payers should come out of their apathy and choose their own mayor. For twelve years or so there have been no elections, and the mayors have been chosen by the councillors from among their number.

Mrs. Goode's decision to stand for mayor came as rather a surprise, because it was understood that she would accept a position with a publishing company at Canberra as soon as she could arrange her affairs in Adelaide.

Mrs. Goode, who has held almost numberless executive public positions in South Australia, has been a councillor of St. Peters for the last ten years.

\* \* \*

**Interested in Their State Parliament**

IT is becoming apparent that the women of South Australia are taking an ever-increasing interest in the work of their own State Parliament, for not only does the Housewives' Association send delegates to watch and hear debates, but there is also a Parliamentary group belonging to the Liberal Women's Educational Association.

At the last meeting of the National Council of Women executive, Mrs. Gordon Rogers gave a very interesting report of the work of the Parliamentary sub-committee of sixteen members, which is part of the sub-committee studying the laws and legal position of women in Australia. Mrs. Rogers said that members had attended every day the Assembly debates, and many of the evening sessions following all bills.

\* \* \*

**Pioneer Worker For Racial Hygiene**

THE Racial Hygiene Association, now functioning in several States in the Commonwealth, was first established nine years ago in Sydney by Mrs. L. E. Goodison, whose name was among those in the citizens' Jubilee Medal list.

Mrs. Goodison has been secretary of the Association since its formation, and has travelled a good deal between the States in connection with her work.

She is also Dorothy Welding, treasurer of the Travellers' Aid Society, an office she has had for the last seven years.

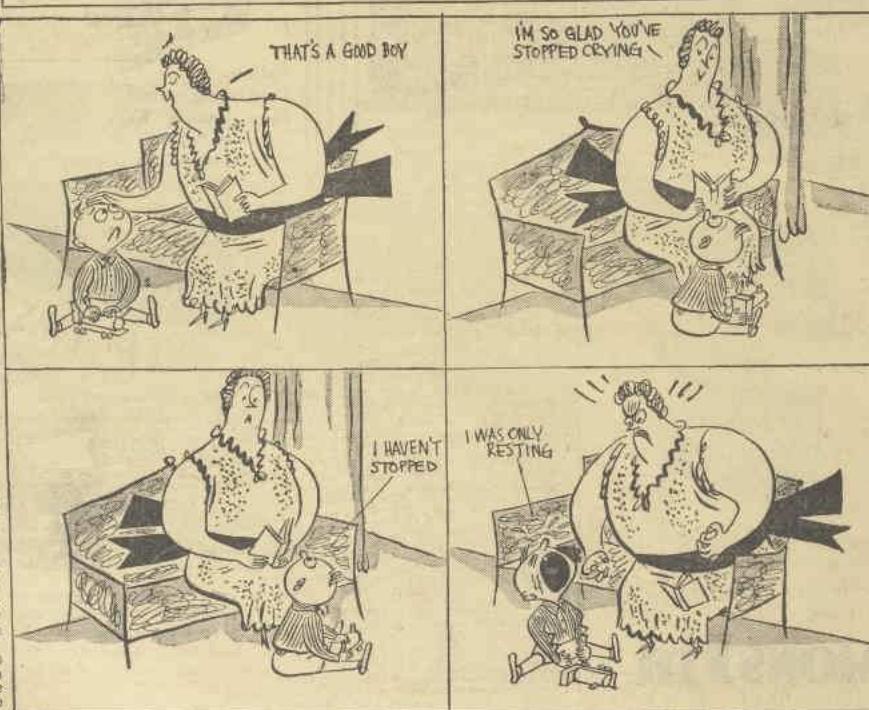
Although a native of North Wales, Mrs. Goodison has made her home in Australia for forty years. Her first home was in Geraldton, West Australia, where she took a practical part in politics and inaugurated the Visiting Nurse Scheme, as well as being honorary secretary to the Benevolent Society.

\* \* \*

**Mothers' Clubs Extend Their Influence**

EVEN in the midst of preparations for their quarterly conference, Mrs. M. G. McNaughton, the president, and Mrs. L. M. Pitt, the enterprising secretary of the Federation of Mothers' Clubs of Victoria, are planning a visit to Bendigo for June 12.

The president and secretary of the Bendigo Clubs, Mrs. Checconi and Mrs. Irving, are arranging to have representatives from all of Bendigo's 25 schools to hear Mrs. McNaughton and Mrs. Pitt speak, though only six of them have formed mothers' clubs to date.

**IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.**

Mrs. Goodison.

—Dorothy Welding.

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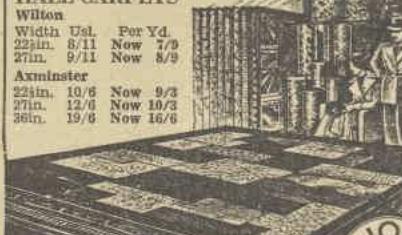
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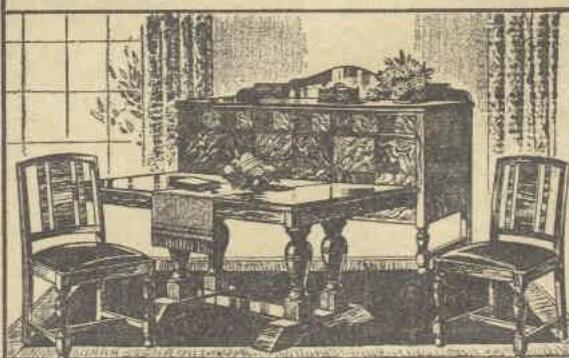
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**44/9**  
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Full-size double  
Bedding, 100%  
Pure Japara Kapok, in  
genuine Belgian Striped Ticking.  
Rarely, indeed, is Bedding of this qual-  
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Here is a handsome Dining Room set in fully Polished Figured and quartered Maple Veneer. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, Standard Refectory Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration.) This Week's Cash Price, £13/13/-

# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

## ★★★ THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

Ben Webster, Elaine Benson, Hay Petrie. (B.L.P.)

DICKENS must be at once the despair and the delight of aspiring film directors. His canvas, crammed to overflow with equine characters, offers a magnificent challenge. It may be said straight away that this film goes as near as may be to achieving the impossible. It is evident that the illustrators, Cruikshank, and "Phiz," have been carefully studied. Apart from an occasional restless camera movement the direction is handled by Thomas Bentley with sure mastery.

The bustle of the express coaches from London, stopping to change horses in old inn yards, the cluttered interior of the curiosity shop, Quilp's gloomy warehouse, and the legal mustiness of Sampson Brass' office are varied by lovely vistas of open meadows, along which Little Nell and her aged grandfather trudge their weary way.

A brilliant impersonation of the dwarf, Quilp, is given by Hay Petrie, whose gloating, pouncing mien haunts the mind. Humorously swaggering Dick Swiveller (Reginald Purcell) and hypocritical Sampson Brass (Gibbs McLaughlin) are portraits firmly etched, and others of the gallery, including fearsome Sally Brass and good-natured Mrs. Jarley, are notable. Little Nell is presented without excess of pathos by Elaine Benson, while as her grandfather, wandering in his wits, Ben Webster is responsible for a finely restrained piece of acting in the closing scene, where Dickens himself descends to mawkishness.—Lyceum, com. May 25.

## ★★ THE LITTLE COLONEL

Shirley Temple, Lionel Barrymore. (Fox.)

KENTUCKY in the 'seventies provides most of the setting for this film, which shows us Lionel Barrymore in an admirably sustained performance as a peppy, old, silver-haired colonel, who hates the North, and Evelyn Venable, as the ringleted, coquettish young daughter whom he casts off when she runs away with a former Yankee officer. Soon we find the daughter returning with her child (Shirley Temple) to a cottage near the family mansion, while her husband is away at the goldfields. And Shirley's siege of the obstinate old man's heart begins.

It is a picture of charming sentiment, from which we carry away recollections of Shirley's little person in the quaint clothes of the period, confronting the beslashed old man or getting him to play games with her. But best of all, perhaps, is the old negro's stair dance, truly an enchanting way of going to bed. The melodramatic villains and the race through the dusky wood we did not find convincing. And the technicolor finale is watery and uncertain of hue.—Rugen, com. May 17.

## ★★ LILIES OF THE FIELD

Winifred Shearer, Anthony Bushell. (B.D.F.)

JOHN HASTINGS TURNER'S sprightly comedy, here transferred to the screen, starts well ahead of scratch by virtue of its theme. We are used to poking fun at the last century. But it is an original idea to make the smarter of the baron-scarum twins at the country vicarage assume the demure clothes and manners of a Mid-Victorian miss in order to catch the eye of a young antiquarian (Anthony Bushell) and so win the coveted trip to London that grandmother is willing to bestow upon the favored twin. Capital use has also been made of the complications that ensue when the young miss (Winifred Shearer) on her arrival in town, still gallantly keeping up the irksome pose, starts a Victorian craze and thereby earns the gratitude of a novelty-hunting society.

Miss Shearer plays up the delicate absurdities of her role very well. Claude Hulbert, as a chuckle-headed admirer in loud check, peg-top trousers and a hansom cab, rejoices our hearts; and a pair of balding singers at an afternoon party are a knockout. The exposure of what started as a sly prank is less happy.—Mayfair, com. May 22.

## ★ THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Joan Bennett, Francis Lederer. (Paramount.)

IT is interesting in this film to catch from the other side some glimpses of the War of Independence, which not unnaturally continues to bulk more largely in the imagination of the American people than in our own. An unwilling mercenary sent over with one of the Hessian regiments to fight for George III, deserts to the Colonials, attracted by Washington's promise of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and through a New England household finds that threelfold promise fulfilled.

Many of the local Puritans seem to him to deny liberty in their ideas, particularly in the punishment of drunkenness and swearing by means of the

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- ★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.
- ★★ Two stars—  
good films.
- ★ One star—  
average films.
- No stars . . . . no good.

stocks and in their condemnation of laughter on the Sabbath. On the other hand the time-honored custom of "bundling," against which the Squire is conducting a zealous campaign, electrifies him. Francis Lederer presents a pleasing figure as the young foreigner, and his love-making with Prudence (Joan Bennett) is all that that incredibly innocent maiden could wish. Mary Boland, as a bustling matron, and Charles Ruggles, as an artful malingerer, import a welcome element of comedy.—Princip Edward, com. May 16.

## ★ TEN DOLLAR RAISE

Edward Everett Horton, Karen Morley. (Fox.)

WHAT a pleasant comedian Edward Everett Horton is. Here his part as bookkeeper to a firm of shipping brokers with 18 years' faithful service to his credit, but unable to screw his courage up to ask for a rise in salary, or without it to ask the woman he has loved for five years to be his wife, suits him perfectly. The fussy, methodical ways, the timid prudence, and the unsuspecting good nature of the man are indicated with clever touches, and there is, besides, that attractive sideways smile which is Horton's own.

The office atmosphere is well conveyed with the camp adroitness of employees and the pompous, tyrannical boss, who apparently expects them to work on Boxing Day. Karen Morley is good, too, as the secretary, aware of Horton's feelings towards her, and longing for him to speak, while Alan Dinehart, as a bounding, unscrupulous canvasser, is excellent. The scene at the restaurant bar on Christmas Day, when Horton is fortified with several "stingers," is the most amusing. But the finale where Horton suddenly enriched tells off his boss, runs it close.—Rugen, com. May 17.

## ★ DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR

(Reviewed by E.M.T.) James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay. (Warner Bros.)

STUNT flying is not exactly a cinematic novelty, but distinguished local aviators have pronounced this film extra special. It might therefore be classed with such educational aids to specialist knowledge as, for instance, pictures demonstrating surgical technique, and admitted to Australia free of duty, on condition that it was only shown to members of aero clubs. As general entertainment it is open to criticism. Its real heroes are the anonymous birdmen who, with joystick and camera, performed feats which the story puts to the credit of James Cagney.

We have heard film-fans divided into two classes—those who dole on James Cagney, and those who adore Leslie Howard. Personally, on this side idolatry, we elect for the latter. Whatever "dynamic originality" James may possess, his screen appearances are marred by appalling manners, a rasping voice, and in the film under review by laughter of the type justly compared by the Psalmist to the crackling of thorns under a pot.—Capitol, com. May 24; King's Cross, com. May 25.

## ★ GRAND OLD GIRL

(Reviewed by E.M.T.) May Robson, Alan Hale, Mary Carlisle. (R.K.O.)

THIS old warhorse of the theatre that she is, May Robson by her own artistry and with the support of a competent cast succeeds in bringing moments of reality to a stagy plot and role dripping with sentiment. The story centres round the gallant and unsuccessful attempt of Miss Bayles, the veteran principal of a small-town high school, to clean up a milk bar, run by one of her old pupils (Alan Hale), as a screen for a gambling parlor which has school children for its clientele. Her methods are diverting if strictly illegal.

Those of us who deplore the excessive centralization of our education system in the State capitals can see here the contrasted evils of local control, carried to an extreme in the United States and finding itself to all sorts of corruption and petty tyranny. Funnists will note with approval that co-educational schools across the Pacific may have women as heads—a possibility ruled out by Australian authorities. And we can all applaud the spirit of a teaching service which counts salary or pension as taught in comparison with the welfare of its boys and girls.—Capitol, com. May 24; King's Cross, com. May 25.



MARGARET SULLAVAN and Herbert Marshall in a scene from the comedy, "The Good Fairy," in which Miss Sullavan is a completely unsophisticated little orphan girl and Marshall is a struggling lawyer.

# WEDDED in FACT as well as in FILM!

## MARGARET SULLAVAN'S Hollywood Romance

THE recent news of Margaret Sullavan's secret marriage to William Wyler during the making of "The Good Fairy," shortly to be seen in Australia, gains an added interest from the fact that this marriage with the director occurred towards the end of a production which culminates in her screen marriage with another man, Herbert Marshall.



MARGARET SULLAVAN, radiant in the wedding gown which has a double appropriateness because her own marriage is so closely connected with the film in which she is seen as a bride.

During the first two months of production we had more or less frequent clashes on the set (ahah!), but these gradually seemed to decrease in violence and finally we had our first "date" together. We went to Venice, a beach resort near Hollywood, and rode on the merry-go-rounds and roller coasters. As the evening wore on we discovered that we were having a wonderfully good time.

Ten days later we were working on night scenes out of doors, and by that time we knew we were in love with each other. Shivering with the cold, we talked the matter over and decided that we would be married without delay.

The next morning, swearing him to secrecy, Mr. Wyler delegated to his attorney the task of chartering a plane for daylight on Sunday morning. We worked all night on Saturday, and at dawn we drove from the studio to the airport a few miles away.

The plane trip to Yuma in the early morning was glorious; but when we had arrived at the home of the Justice of the peace in the little Arizona town we discovered that the groom had forgotten to buy a wedding ring. However, this little detail failed to disturb us, and we were married while a radio in an adjoining room blared forth the merits of a brand of toilet soap.

"But we needn't have tried to keep our marriage a secret. Before the day was over the whole country learned of it. Still, we had planned to announce it as soon as the picture was finished."

"Hollywood is home from now on, and we plan to build a home in the film capital as soon as we return from our honeymoon."

Such a change of heart must have astonished Miss Sullavan herself as much as anybody. All Hollywood will watch to see if she manages to keep up the "good girl" part.—R.T.

## Her Own Account

"MR. WYLER and I had frequently met at other people's homes," she says, "but it was not until he began to direct me in 'The Good Fairy' that we were thrown together to any great extent.

# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

One hundred guests were present at luncheon given by Mrs. Clem Newman, wife of president, at Grenfell picnic races?

## Greeting for "Smithy"

MUCH gold paint and red carnations went to making of Southern Cross replica presented to Kingsford Smith couple at opening night of "High Jinks." . . . "Smithy" greeted with vociferous applause at entrance into box. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Stannage also present. Audience in enthusiastic mood and described by Cyril Ritchard as "Champagne" to cast. . . . Mrs. Strath Playfair present in coiffure of beige and brown. . . . Her sister, Mrs. Ted Milgrove, in black velvet. . . . Unusual cape of brown and white fur worn by Mrs. Alsopp over white velvet draperies.

## Palais Opening

IMMENSE crowds filled Palais Royal for opening night. . . . New decorations all gold and orange. . . . Sunny Brooks, much-heralded conductor from Hollywood, full of bright chat. . . . Dancers preferred him to continue waving wicked baton. . . . Much crooning to orchestral accompaniments. . . . Cec Morrison looked on rival's efforts with composure. . . . Stuart Doyle present with large party including Ken Hall.

\* \* \*

*Gwen Rose has returned to town. Is having search for suitable dwelling. Gwen's marriage to Bruce Watchorn takes place in Sydney in spring.*

## Luncheon for Two

DINAH HORDERN waited patiently for fiance at Hotel Australia recently. . . . Harry arrived all hot and bothered at dilatory appearance. . . . Couple then retired to far corner of Wintergarden for luncheon. . . . Very smart was the navy suit worn by Dinah. . . . Gold buttons and cream cravat for trimmings.

## Returned from Tropics

NORFOLK ISLAND no longer home to Mr. and Mrs. Coley Bourke. . . . After some years in tropical paradise have hankering for civilisation. . . . With small son David recently arrived in Sydney. . . . Present home is modern flat in Darling Point, where rations much more varied than Island diet.

\* \* \*

*Mrs. Ken Armstrong, who has made a long stay in Sydney with parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cutler, now returned to new country home, Heathfield, Burrosea.*

## Pianist and Composer

MARJORIE HESSE not satisfied with agility on keyboards, so takes to composing as interlude. . . . "The Piper," written by her, will be played at fifth recital, next Tuesday, at Conservatorium Hall. . . . Frank Hutchens, who superintended Marjorie's studies, will be represented by "The Voyage." Early French and Italian composers will add interest to programme.

## Three Thousand Miles

ANNETTE WHITE PARSONS, of Sydney, and Merle Campbell, of Bombala, believe in doing things thoroughly. . . . Have just finished motor tour of three thousand miles in Great Britain. . . . Merle belongs to pioneer family of South Australia—ancestors present at founding of colony by Governor Hindmarsh.

## Sailing to Spain

DON MARIANO AMOEDO, Consul-General for Spain, preparing for adventurous voyage to Europe. . . . Is building yacht plank by plank in own boatshed with intentions of sailing her to Spain. . . . Don Mariano was one of originators of celebrated yacht race from New York to native land. . . . Splendid sailor and scorns aid of auxiliary engines.

## International Bits

ALL sorts of fascinating exhibits coming from abroad for International Ball pageant, May 28. . . . Lace and glass from Belgium. . . . Henri Segerta, Dean of Consular Corps, and Jeannie Ranken in charge of arrangements. . . . Galleon in centre of ballroom will symbolise merchant service. . . . Attached cables will extend to France (represented by fashions and perfume), Greece (with tobacco and wines), and so on through Europe and Asia.

\* \* \*

*Lieutenant R. D. Reader, of Royal Tank Corps, having spent long leave in Australia, now en route for regiment in India.*

## Hundredth Programme

PREMIERE at Prince Edward on Saturday night most successful. . . . Matinee idol Francis Lederer, in supporting picture, stole thunder from Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." . . . Claudette wore divine frocks. . . . One of white chiffon much decorated with bird of paradise feathers. . . . Carried fan of same exotic plumes. . . . Wrinkled gold lame was striking frock worn by Mrs. Dan Carroll. . . . Mrs. Shearman wrapped white fur coat over floral georgette, and Mrs. George Ewing wore tulip noir and black velvet.



## Orchestral Concert

VERY lovely was ermine cape worn by Lady Hore-Ruthven at concert given by N.S.W. State Symphony Orchestra. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven had words of praise for conductor—Dr. Edgar Bainton—at end of performance. . . . Helen Bainton lent critical ear to evening's doings attired in pale blue lace and silver lame cloak. . . . Andri Bevin, N.Z. contralto, was soloist for evening.

\* \* \*

*Debutantes requested to make early application to Mrs. C. A. Burnett, matron of honor for A.I.F. Ball. Bone will be made to Vice-Royalty.*

## Absent With Leave

COMMANDER AND MRS. FREDDIE CAVAYE on holiday bent at Moss Vale. . . . Guests of Mrs. Cavaye's sister, Mrs. Attwill. All daylight hours being spent on golf links. . . . Charming Mrs. Brian Devereux also gone rural. . . . Stinted near site of their old home. . . . Miss Amy Smith, Mrs. MacDonald, Oswald Feakes, Dora Pwyer, and Mrs. Burnell present.

\* \* \*

*After a long stay in Australia, the Hon. John Scarlett once more on high seas. Visitor is second son of Lord Abinger and feudal home Inverloch Castle, Fort William.*

## Kuraz Family Departs

DR. AND MRS. KURAZ, most popular members of Consular corps, gave grand farewell party at Hotel Australia on Friday. . . . Reception held between four and six. . . . Much wandering to and fro among tables set at friendly distance. . . . Kuraz sisters leaving country of adoption with mixed feelings. . . . Mrs. T. H. Kelly resplendent in black velvet with silver lame turban. . . . "T.H." looked unlike himself in checked scarf and no topcoat when facing westerly wind on way to car.

## Tour of Ceylon

SHEILA PRING much enamored of swimming pools at Galle Face Hotel and beach at Mount Lavinia. . . . Swimming is her hobby. . . . With her mother, Mrs. Philip Pring, Sheila is due back from tour of Ceylon. . . . Kandy and Nuwara Eliya visited. . . . Sydney home is in Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse.

\* \* \*

*Sir Gengoult and Lady Smith, of Melbourne, resided at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, for Jubilee celebrations in London.*

## Pianist for England

MUSICIANS congregated at Hotel Carlton for farewell to well-known pianist Bessie Coleman. . . . Guest of honor shortly to sail for Europe. . . . Lottie Dearn presided over tea-cups, and Mrs. Roland Foster, Cecile Adkins, Dorothy Gibbes, Edna Burk all present to wish her bon voyage.

## Have You Noticed That—

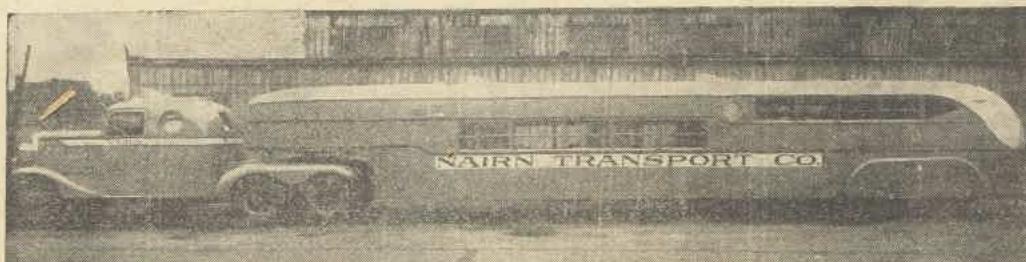
*Rachel Joy Morton is well on way to being blonde once more?*

*Jane Anne*



*AN ENERGETIC WORKER in the cause of charity is Miss Marcia Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Collins, Brook St., Coogee. Miss Collins is honorary secretary for the Younger Set of the International Ball, taking place at David Jones' on May 28.*

# Empire Day Photographic Tour



AUSTRALIANS run this enormous bus on the Damascus-Bagdad route. It is said to be the biggest bus in the world.



HONGKONG FROM Connaught Jetty. The Empire's outpost in the teeming nation of China.



LONDON IS THE HEART of the British Empire—the hub of all its activities. Here is the National Gallery, which houses pictures from every part of the Empire.



PRINCE ALBERT, a Canadian country town. It bears a strong resemblance to an Australian country town.



CANBERRA, the hub of Federal politics in Australia.



A POLICEMAN AT SINGAPORE. The wing-like contrivance on his back is to save him waving his arms about at the traffic.



A TRIBAL GATHERING in the Sudan, Africa. The Empire includes races of every possible color and creed.



MALTA. A most important little island in the Mediterranean, which serves as a naval base for the British Fleet.



ORIENTAL BAY, Wellington. Wellington is the capital of New Zealand, Australia's neighbor and sister dominion.



KENYA COLONY, South Africa, where elephants are as common as kangaroos are here.



GIBRALTAR IS THE ROCK of the British Empire and it symbolises the solidity of our widely-distributed Commonwealth of nations.

# London Air Mail Flashes of the Jubilee!



RUSHED FROM our London office by air mail, these exclusive photos of London in Jubilee glee will interest every Australian. Across the page, in a medley of flags and gay bunting, are three typical London thoroughfares. From the top: Looking towards The Strand; Ivy Lane, St. Paul's; and Fleet Street. London at night was a glorious sight. Top (left): Thames House; below, Horse Guards Parade. In triangle, a view of Big Ben. In circle, Leicester Square, and below circle, Buckingham Palace floodlit, and a section of the fashionable crowd which attended the Jubilee session of the Grand Opera at Covent Garden Opera House.

## Get Rid of Catarrh

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# MILLIONAIRE PRINCESS and Her Tragic ROMANCE

## Can Barbara Hutton's Riches Buy Happiness?

"Alec and I have agreed that we are unsuited, though we will always be the greatest friends." This curt, typewritten statement was the only one Princess Alexis Mdivani, formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions, would give when news of her impending divorce brought hordes of reporters flocking to her hotel.

The court proceedings were carried through without the presence of the Prince. He preferred to spend the day on the golf-links. In this way ended two years of matrimony between one of Europe's old aristocracy and one of the highest of America's new plutocracy. Lineage and five and ten-cent millions failed to mix, even although

the possession of the millions went hand-in-hand with an urge to write love poems. Princess Mdivani's love lyrics apparently failed to thrill her husband.

Nearly four years ago Barbara Hutton, on her trip around the world, visited Australia. She looked just a pretty but very plump girl fresh from finishing school seeing the world for the first time. She was even then a firm believer in the axiom: Money speaks all languages and buys most things. She was also pretty cute with interviewers. One was discovered in her bathroom, but that was not in this country.

Again the curtain goes up on the Woolworth five and ten cent heiress this time in the Ritz dining-room in London in June.

Again now the super avatars, the nondescript hair, and the plump, pink cheeks; in their place stood 109 lbs. of perfectly-poised, dazzling womanhood. The hair was a cascade of palest gold, the face smooth and creamy like the petals of a tuberose. Eyebrows quite unplucked and about half an inch in width. A clever bit of cheating at the corners of the eyes to suggest slumberous length. The full, small mouth moist and scarlet. This was the Princess Alexis Mdivani, acclaimed now as one of the loveliest women in Europe, ranking with such queens of pulchritude as Lady Abo and Mrs. Regine Fellowe.

The great Cartier of Paris, that king of all gem merchants, was just told, "Who, not what or how much?" He fashioned her sets of jewels, some combining diamonds and rubies, the Princess' favorite combination, some with emeralds and diamonds, and some with pearls and emeralds and diamonds. They are the modern, chunky stuff, almost unreal looking by their magnificence, but fitting accompaniments to a lovely woman.

### Perfect Furs

LANVIN, that most superlative of all French designers, makes her clothes; and her furs, in all the most perfect pelts, are a soft frame to her beauty.

An Australian Women's Weekly correspondent who met her in Paris was told that La Mdivani was so very bored with life and people that she invariably high-hatted everyone, but was happily relieved to find her very natural and most interesting. She liked places rather than people, and loved poking about in the little-known corners of the earth off the beaten track. In people, she was most drawn to the individual and creative types.

When the Mdivanis first came to London they were thought still to be happy, although the combined presses of both England and America almost daily reported that they had parted. Speculation was high, wide and wild, but details few, for both the Mdivanis said nothing and dodged well. They almost delighted in leading the reporters astray. Due to arrive by plane somewhere on a certain day, they arrived the day before, or they arrived separately. They even travelled by the humble train in order to avoid the barrage of cameras and Pressmen unceasingly on the trail for a story.

Their hide-out for some time was one of the Royal suites at the Dorchester, in Park Lane, the management aiding these "Piggins From a Press Gang," as old Walter Winchell christened them, by giving them the freedom of the staff entrance until the day a waiter accepted a five-pound note bribe. Then the game was up.

Some time later Bazaar went into that very famous and de luxe nursing home run by the Duchess of Westmoreland. Rumour said she had dictated herself into a breakdown—one paper almost hinted that she had fled



PRINCESS ALEXIS MDIVANI and her recently-divorced husband.

there to avoid the assaults of her bad-tempered husband.

However, Alexis lived between his hotel and the hospital. When the bored and seriously ill Princess became weary of looking at the plain wall of her £40 a week suite, he had the offending wall covered with shelves and massed with growing flowers, which were changed every day—a princely gesture no matter even if the bill did go to his wife!

OUR correspondent encountered them again in Venice. The season on the Lido had just begun, and there on that famous strip of dirty looking grey sand was Alexis, clad in one brief moment of canvas pants and a deep coat of tan, asleep on a rubber mattress. Barbara, in the shade of a gigantic umbrella, hid her identity behind black spectacles and sat smouldering with rage at the Italian laws.

Two months previously she had bought herself a palace on the Grand Canal near the one made historical by Byron. She had installed the newest fittings and plumbing, which had necessitated tremendous expense. That was all right with the Italians, but when she wanted to modernise the front facade she struck trouble—and trouble can be trouble in Mussolini's country. "No!" the Venetian Council of Architecture shouted, no one, not even the American Princess, with all the money in the world could play about with the front of one of their very best palaces. The inside all very all right, very nice. La Mdivani used to get to her own way, fought them for weeks, while the Council held its dogged return. Then abruptly the workmen were paid off, the caretaker took over again, and the Mdivanis flew to Paris and the calm of the Ritz.

THEN across the front page of the British taxpayers' morning papers were flung the accounts of the Princess' twenty-second birthday, celebrated at the Ritz in Paris. A few tame photos appeared, depicting the scenes of wild debauchery, the Princess dancing, a blur on her right hand that might have been the £3000 diamond ring she had bought herself.

EVEN the details of Princess Marina's trouousse were crowded up a bit to make room for the news that members of

the British aristocracy were flown by plane over to Paris at the expense of their hostess. The humble little tube traveller gaoled over the story of such mad extravagance, £300 for the band of the Cafe de Paris in London to go to Paris for one night. They, too, were flown as well as the Four Yacht Club Boys, London's star night-club entertainers. They received a little present of a hundred pounds each to amuse the guests for the night.

Some bright mind thought of sunshine in the gloom of a Paris November, so the foyer, the ballroom, and the bar were turned into a Moorish garden, complete with fountains and birds.

Five days after this party (back again in London), she swept down the spiral stairway of the Cafe de Paris, a dream in black velvet chastely studded with most of her biggest diamond pieces, arm and arm with a young man very much spotlighted in diplomatic circles, whose name you may hear later. She was accorded a most glowing reception by the band and the Yacht Boys, who went in mass to pay their respects to her. Alexis had just left for India with the Rajah of Jaipur for a big game shoot. Her plans then were to go through America, then on to China and Java. The latter country she knows very well.

And that is the Princess who has just got her divorce. She is to be admired for her beauty, which is clear-cut and perfect, like the gems she wears, and because she achieved it through sheer determination. She deserves praise, too, for her character and her good sportsmanship, in spite of all the nonsense and fables written about her. She knows that everything in this world has its price, and she is willing to pay for her amusement and fads. When they go wrong, as they most often do, she just pays up and shuts up; she never complains. Nor does she bare her soul or any of the unhappy details of her marriage to the world. She is lonely, and she seeks happiness.

She has everything in the world that money can buy but that one priceless thing which all her millions have not, so far, given her. She may, in time, find what she is seeking.

### DON'T FORGET

The Grand Gala Ball of the Friendly Society's Association in the Town Hall, West Maitland, May 25. Grand March at 10 p.m.

The luncheon arranged by members of the Nellie Stewart Memorial Club at the Carlton Hotel, May 26. Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Richard will be present.

★ ★ ★

The seventeenth Annual Dance held by the King's School Old Boys' Union at Fairmead Ballroom, June 12. King M2409 for reservations.

The Annual Ball of the Old Cantabrians' Union at Brothers Brothers, June 19, at 9 p.m. Tickets obtainable by ringing 81428.

The Annual Dance of the Moran C.W.A. Younger Set, at the Arts Club, June 12. Brindra-Genral and Mrs. Lloyd to be guests of honor.

Meeting of the Women's Union of Service, Adj. House, High St., June 10. "Australia's War Conditions" and "Australia and Present Position" will be subjects chosen for discussion.

The second Annual Ball of the Manly and District Chamber of Commerce, at Hotel Manly Ballroom, June 8, in aid of the Manly District Hospital.

The dinner arranged by Woodswort and Girls' Union at State Assembly Ballroom, in aid of the Bundeem Kindergarten, June 8.

Faith Colours by Frank Harvey, the well-known Australian author and painter, will be showing for a season of Saturday night performances, May 25, at the Savoy Theatre, and produced by the Independent Theatre.

★ ★ ★

The dinner arranged by Woodswort and Girls' Union at State Assembly Ballroom, in aid of the Bundeem Kindergarten, June 8.

False Colors by Frank Harvey, the well-known Australian author and painter, will be showing for a season of Saturday night performances, May 25, at the Savoy Theatre, and produced by the Independent Theatre.

★ ★ ★

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*Upper photo shows Mrs. Frank when fat. Lower photo shows her after losing 29 lbs.*

LUCKY WINNERS.  
PRIZES WORTH £20,000.  
COUNTRY WOMAN'S LUCK.

"Whatever induced you to send for the ticket?" said Mr. Marks, of Coolamon, N.S.W., to his wife, when she received a wire stating that she had won First Prize worth £1,000 in an Art Union conducted some time ago by the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution.

"Well, it was just like this," said Mrs. Marks. "I was reading about some other lucky people, when I felt very lucky myself, and thought I would send for a ticket. I had often tried before, but it took this Art Union to change my luck. It is certainly a great start in life to win a prize worth £1,000 for 6d."

A total of over £20,000 worth of prizes have been distributed by the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution to lucky holders of their Art Union tickets.

To ensure that everybody receives a fair and equal chance Art Union drawings take place at the Sydney Town Hall under the supervision of a Sergeant of Police.

Next month the No. 11 Art Union will be drawn in the Sydney Town Hall.

First Prize is guaranteed to be worth £1,000 and there is a beautiful Oldsmobile Sedan worth £375, and dozens of other valuable prizes.

If you have been unlucky in the lottery, why not see if an Art Union can change your luck? Remember, a prize worth £1,000 for 6d is far greater value than is offered in the Lottery.

While you feel lucky, set a pair of scissors and clip out this lucky story, and send it with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address to Sir Charles Klinckowright Smith, Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children's Art Union, Box 4120WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

By return mail two Art Union tickets, giving you chances to win these valuable prizes, will be sent to you, and next month you may come to Sydney to collect your prize!

Don't envy other lucky people! Be lucky yourself! To-day may be your lucky day—send for a ticket straightaway!

Important Notice:

Will all people who were sent a book of tickets by Sir Charles Klinckowright Smith, kindly return it to them at once, addressed immediately so they will be in plenty of time for the drawing? This is particularly requested.

# WHEN the King Attends the THEATRE

## It's a Great Night for the Actors, Audience, and Manager!

Every now and then the public will read a short announcement in the Press to the effect that Their Majesties the King and Queen "attended the Theatre last evening and witnessed a performance of 'So-and-So'." Behind that somewhat bald statement, what drama and palpitation are concealed!

To appear before the King and Queen is the dream of every actor and actress in England, if not in the world, and what dramatists could fail to be thrilled when the sovereign of the realm comes in person to witness their play?

But if players and the author are excited, the producer and everybody financially connected with the show are "beyond themselves" when official intimation is received of the intended Royal visit. It puts the seal on a theatrical success and brings thousands of pounds into the box office for months afterwards.

So strong is the public affection for the King and Queen and so great is the confidence of people in their judgment and good taste, that the mere fact that their Majesties have attended a certain show causes thousands of families to do likewise.

"If they go to it, not only must it be a good show, but it must be a clean one" is the universal verdict passed—and the box-office manager rubs his hands, and rightly, too. The public are naturally curious to know what causes the King and Queen to select a particular play in preference to others, but that can easily be explained.

Like humbler mortals, their Majesties decide to attend a certain theatre because one or other of their family and friends have strongly praised the production and recommended them to go! Prince George's judgment in theatrical matters is greatly relied upon by his parents, as is that of the ex-Queen of Spain—another inveterate theatregoer.

The Queen will invariably go to see a play which her great friend and Lady-in-waiting, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, has seen and liked—for their tastes in everything are practically identical. Contrary to the general belief, the King and Queen have no especial favorites on the stage, although, of course, they have their preferences. The late Sir Charles Hawtrey and Sir Gerald du Maurier, as men and actors, were much liked by the King, but it is the "play and nothing but the play" that solely induces the King and Queen to honor a theatre with their presence.

Buy Their Tickets

IT will no doubt surprise people to know that Royalty invariably pay for their theatre tickets at the usual charges and in the ordinary way.

Generally, the purchase of the Royal box or stalls is effected through a ticket agency, but under no circumstances whatever will any member of the Royal Family accept free seats—an example which might be followed with advantage by some rich people who apparently fail to see that by not paying for their tickets they are virtually robbing the hard-working producers, not to mention the author.

Intimation of a Royal visit is usually sent to the theatre the day before so that suitable arrangements can be made—but in quite a few cases surprised and gratified managers have only been notified a few hours before the evening performance that the King and Queen propose to attend.

Their Majesties, in their crowded engagements books, always leave two or three evenings a fortnight "open," and these free nights they fill in as they feel inclined.

Intimate family gatherings, "listening-in" or private dinner visits are the usual "stand-by" for these evenings, but sometimes an arrangement falls through for some reason or other, and the King and Queen decide then to go to the theatre.

As a rule, however, a full twenty-four hours' notice is given before a Royal theatrical visit. It is an inviolable rule that no public intimation either in the Press or by poster must be made concerning the forthcoming visit, and the reason for this is twofold—the Royal name must never be used for advertising purposes, and it prevents crowds and fuss.

It is, of course, different from theatrical shows in aid of charity, which are more or less semi-public engagements.

Their Majesties when visiting a theatre like to be treated as far as possible as ordinary people. The King does not care for the playing of the National Anthem

on these occasions, and it is generally dispensed with.

On arrival, however, the theatre manager receives the Royal visitors personally, and conducts them to their box. Naturally, the presence of Royalty in the house greatly excites the whole cast and the theatre staff, but it is considered bad manners for any of the players to turn their faces unkindly to the Royal box during the performance.

At the interval—if the play has particularly pleased their Majesties, they may send for one or two leading members of the production and congratulate them on their acting.

Try

**LEA &  
PERRINS**

NEW SWEET PICKLE

**PIKANTI**

A delicious blending of  
Fruits, Vegetables and  
Spices

Ideal for salads, picnics, lunches, etc.

Of course they're tiresome  
they're tired out



They use twice

the energy you do

Do you know these amazing facts about "Night-Starvation"?

- (1) The average person sleeps once every 10 minutes during sleep, and he sleeps about 25,000 times a night. This is twice the number of times he sleeps in a day.
- (2) During an 8-hour night, you expend 20,000 muscular efforts just to sleep.
- (3) All night through your heart has to beat and pump blood—about 25,000 beats between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.
- (4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you run the risk of "Night-Starvation". Recent medical tests show that Horlick's is the best nourishment they can have—and, in addition, it makes them get more benefit from the rest of their food, and they like it!

Just growing up is almost a day's work to children—everyday! And then think of all they do as well, the tots at play—the others doing schoolwork, sports and endless tearing about. It's bound to show; sometimes they are fretful, sometimes a bit back-ward—often one of them has a whole bad term at school. And then someone says "they're growing too fast!" But ask a doctor and he will tell you, "actually it is undernourishment". It isn't that the children aren't getting all they want to eat—but there's something they need and just don't get enough in ordinary meals. That "Something" is energy-food. So the doctor says "give them Horlick's—it's the best nourishment they can have—and, in addition, it makes them get more benefit from the rest of their food, and they like it". Start to-day to give Horlick's Malted Milk to your children—they take to it because of its creamy flavour. Water is all you have to add to make this tempting food-drink. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

**HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION**

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY,  
WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE  
EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

15-51-25

*The Conscious Allure  
of a clear and dazzling complexion  
and soft gleaming wavy hair —*



*is the possession  
of every woman  
who uses*

**TENAX**  
THE GENUINELY GERMICIDAL  
TOILET SOAP

The ONLY soap containing oil distilled and marketed by Australian Essential Oils Limited under the registered trade-mark of "Ti-Trol," the fragrant and soothing antiseptic, eleven times quicker than carbolic, yet NON-IRRITANT and NON-POISONOUS.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES  
A Product of Australian Soaps Limited

## FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS A Child's Fear of Animals

By MARY TRUBY KING

A child's fear of anything, animate or inanimate, should not be dealt with in an impatient manner.

Such fear may have its beginning in some experience that the parents know nothing about, and unless treated with sympathy and understanding its effects may be harmful throughout the child's entire life.

**A**SOUTH AUSTRALIAN mother raises an interesting question this week. She writes:

"I have a son aged 18 months who screams and runs to me whenever he sees a cat, dog, calf, or even a fowl. I've tried coaxing him up to me when I'm near them, but he won't come—only cries. He has a brother aged 2½ years who is not at all frightened, but the little one won't go near these animals even with him, though he goes everywhere else that his elder brother leads him. Baby has not been frightened by an animal that I know of, with the exception of a pup which went to play with him only a few weeks ago, but he was frightened before that, and this incident made him worse."

"Baby is in absolutely good health except for the skin on his cheeks, which is always dry and peeling."

IT is most unfortunate when a little child is so worried by fear of animals that he cannot bear to go near them. Possibly this little boy has at some time had a definite fight with some animal when his mother was not present.

It is practically useless trying to coax the child up to an animal of which he is afraid. This fear is such a tremendous thing in the mind of the child—it looms far larger than the adult mind usually comprehends.

To a little mite of 18 months a sheepdog or a calf is a huge animal. It is so much taller than himself: so much stronger. The child realises his own inability to stand up even to a puppy. In this case a puppy added to the little boy's mental stress by bouncing at him in a playful way and knocking him over. The child is not old enough to know that the puppy did not rush at him with the special intention of flooring him. He did not expect the on-



### RELIEVES "FLU" IN A NIGHT!

DO NOT wait for the 'flu to get full grip—take two Esterin tablets and a half lemon drink immediately, and go to bed. Esterin helps to reduce temperature. It contains Esterin Compound, which acts directly and safely on the nerve centres, checks the development of disease germs and relieves aches and pains. Nyal Esterin will not form a habit—it is safe and effective and combines ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for relieving pain. Get a tin from your chemist to-day—24 tablets cost only 1/3.

### NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 40-42 Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.W. 36/8/35

## DON'T BE CAUGHT NAPPING!



**COLDS, FLU  
and RHEUMATISM  
ARE ABOUT**

**S**ORE throats, ills, chills, colds, 'flu, and rheumatism are about. Just how much you will be involved depends on your own action to protect yourself. 'ASPRO' banishes sore throats and arrests the development of serious complaints. 'ASPRO' also smashes the most severe cold or 'flu attack in one night and dispels rheumatic pains, and it will be a wise action on your part to KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY. Whether for protective purposes or for banishing quickly the complaint itself, you will find 'ASPRO' the quickest acting, most efficient medicine it is possible to take. As 'ASPRO' harms neither the heart nor the stomach, it can be taken by all, at any time, anywhere. Its price is within the reach of all and its great variety of uses is due to the fact that 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic and anti-periodic, a solvent of uric acid, a germicide, an internal antiseptic and a fever reducer.

When illness afflicts  
You TAKE

**'ASPRO'**  
At FIRST SIGNS and NIP it in the BUD

### EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HEADACHE AND ASTHMA RELIEF

38 Glebe Road, Ipswich.  
Qld., 21/7/34.  
Dear Sirs,  
Headache and Asthma together bring about a very trying physical condition. I have often suffered severe bouts of Asthma which refused to respond to all sorts of medicines. During a recent attack I took 'ASPRO' to relieve a severe Headache and to my surprise within 15 minutes both Headache and Asthma had gone. From that day I have always kept 'ASPRO' handy, and at the first symptoms of Bronchial trouble take a dose and am right in no time. (Sgd.) JAS. K. CUTTS,

### "WOULD BE BEDRIDDEN with RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS BUT FOR 'ASPRO'"

146 York Street,  
St. Melbourne, 25/6/34.  
Dear Sirs,  
I have suffered from Rheumatoid Arthritis for years, and sometimes have been so bad that I have not been able to walk even with the aid of crutches. The greatest relief I can get is by taking 'ASPRO.' I take three or four tablets at a time after each meal, and with their help I am able to get about a little. Without 'ASPRO' I am sure I would always have to stay in bed as I did until I started using it. They are wonderful little tablets, and of much help to me. (Sgd.) Mrs. L. BURKE.

### Chic Hat and Scarf Set On Display

ALL those living within the precincts of the city will welcome the news that the exclusive hat and scarf featured on page 47 (together with simple directions for making) may be seen in the Wool Department at David Jones'. Don't miss the opportunity of seeing this set, which is guaranteed to give snap and sparkle to the plainest frock or suit.

slighted, and it will take him a considerable time to get over it.

THE best thing to do would be to let this child help in the care of a litter of puppies from the time they are a week old. Let him regard them as his very own, and tend their mother under guidance.

Watching these little puppies grow up, he will be chums with them from the start and proud of their devotion to him.

The same could be done with kittens.

For the meantime, do not bother the little boy by trying to make him friendly with the fowls or calf. If chickens are being hatched, let him watch this wonderful process, and take an interest in these fluffy yellow balls.

### Don't Force the Child

BE careful that this toddler is never forced to go near animals of which he is afraid, nor confronted with them unexpectedly. He has definitely lost confidence in the animal world, and it will be restored to him only through tending puppies and kittens which are infinitely smaller than himself, and which he feels are in some measure dependent on him.

This child has a protective instinct which may be valuable to him later on which is distressingly exaggerated at present.

It is an equally difficult problem to know what to do with the child who has no fear of animals at all and who would just as soon throw his arms round a strange Akashian as his own fox-terrier pup.

One does not want to spoil such confidence, and perhaps the best plan in these cases is to tell the child that it is better not to touch strange dogs lest one accidentally touches a sore spot which would give them pain and cause them to bite in self defence.

Regarding this toddler's skin trouble medical advice should be obtained, or failing this, the nurse at the nearest infant health centre should be consulted without delay.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I brew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Hollbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar. &c. &c.

### Let's Talk About Puddings!

Take Date or Ginger Pudding, for instance—quite popular puddings—but make them with Copha and they'll become first favourites! Copha gives them, and all your cooking, a finer, fuller flavour, makes them far more digestible. For variety make Russet Pudding—an exciting affair—equally good baked or boiled. Here's the recipe—

**COPHA RUSSET PUDDING**  
with RURAL SAUCE  
0 ozs. Self-raising 2 medium-sized  
Flour. Apples.  
2 ozs. Pure Copha. 2 Cloves.  
About 1 Cup Milk. 3 ozs. Brown  
Pinch of Salt. Sugar.  
1 Teaspoon Lemon  
Juice.

Rub softened Copha lightly into flour and make to fairly soft dough with milk, salt and lemon juice. Roll out on board and cover with small pieces of raw pared apple. Sprinkle with brown sugar, add cloves and roll up as for jam roll. Press into greased basin, leaving lots of room for swelling (the basin should be little more than half full). Make Rural Sauce with 4 ozs. Brown Sugar, 1 oz. pure Copha, 3 tablespoons boiling water, essence of vanilla. Pour over pudding. Cover with grease-proof paper and bake for 40 to 50 minutes in medium oven. Serve hot. This pudding may be boiled. In this case use half self-raising flour and half plain flour. Boil for 1½ hours. Though Copha can be used for all your own pat recipes you would appreciate the special Copha ones. Send for the Copha Recipe book. It's free and post paid. The address is—

**EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY.  
LTD.**  
Department WW, Box 2625EE, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

In your own recipes just remember that you need only 1 lb. of Copha where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening. As Copha contains no moisture, it is advisable to add 2 tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt.

When you write for the Recipe Book ask, too, for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder. Cooking vegetables this way retains all the natural juices, the garden freshness of the vegetables. \*\*\*

### BECOME AN EXPERT JAZZ PIANIST

Len Langford, the well-known broadcasting pianist, can teach you to play Jazz and Syncopated Music. Write now for details.

**LEN'S PHOTOS**  
Ten Langford students have secured broadcasting engagements; Twenty-five Langford students are now leading their own dance bands. Langford student wins dancing prize in Sydney Illustrated (Jazz Section, 1934).

**RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY  
REFUNDED**

You may learn by Post or Personal tuition. Become the life of party, impress your friends. Send for particulars NOW.

**LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL**, Dept. X1,  
311 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY. Phone 63973.

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 25, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

31

## OLD-WORLD LOVELINESS of the IRIS-

THEY are for your dining-table, your sideboard, your dressing-table, for occasional trays, and any other purpose for which you require a little piece of linen which looks beautiful and saves your furniture... Bertha Maxwell explains stitches, design, and colors.

If you have a refectory table, so fashionable these days, have you ever thought of what linen you put on it? This kind of table was used in the great old days of history. Why not carry on the idea and place upon it mats bearing the flower which was the magnificent symbol of the past, the flower-de-luce, the fleur-de-lis of France and England?—for that is just what our lovely iris is.

You may have a clump of the sweet old flag lilies which bloom in spring, and they will remind you, too, of the reedy pools and sedges of England if you prefer that imagery; they simply suit refectory tables, and every other kind of table as well.

You will notice that there are two centres, one 12 x 18 inches, suitable for sideboards and dressing-tables, as well as for meals, with side mats 9 x 9 inches and 6 x 6 inches (square); and a second centre, 18 x 18 inches (also square) for use in the middle of a table or for covering a small table.

Notice again the side mats in the small sizes: They are right-handed and left-handed in design. Each one has one flower group only, and so that they shall not look odd when you are using a pair, they have been arranged to balance. Be careful when ordering these little mats to state exactly which you require, right or left.

And these are the attractive prices:

Thirteen-piece set in white or cream linen, comprising either size centre mat, six place mats, and six glass or cup mats, 7/6.

The same set in Cesarine, any desired shade of color, 5/-.

These mats may also be purchased separately.

In white or cream linen, size 12 x 18 or 18 x 18, 2/-; 9 x 9, 9d.; 6 x 6, 6d.

In Cesarine, sizes 12 x 18 or 18 x 18, 1/6; 9 x 9, 6d.; 6 x 6, 4d.

All from The Australian Women's Weekly, by post, or over the counter.



INSPIRED by a patch of beauty in her garden, Bertha Maxwell now gives you the opportunity of capturing the appealing loveliness of the Iris (or flag lily), for your home.

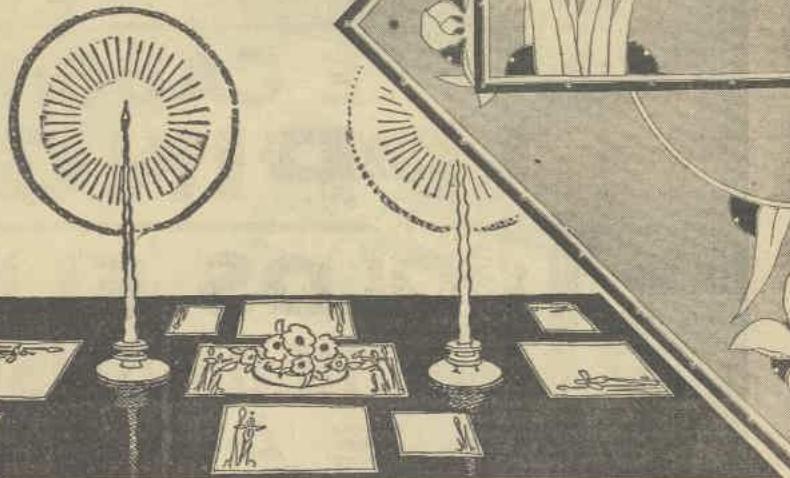
Captured in this glorious 13-piece Luncheon Set, or All-Purpose Mats and Sets for the home....

Designed by BERTHA MAXWELL

*There never was a nicer set of mats than these. They are of every size which is useful in the home, their design is most unusual, they are simplicity itself, and they are the easiest things in the world of needlework to complete quickly. You will love making these, they are so oddly appealing and lovely.*



HERE you see a close-up of the exquisitely appealing Iris designs for every purpose, exclusively arranged for you by Bertha Maxwell.



AS A SET of mats on a gleaming or lacquered table this Iris design is exquisite. The set costs 7/6 in white or cream linen, and only 5/- in any desired color or shade in that wonderful material which wears like linen—Cesarine. The mats may be purchased separately at the prices quoted.

can be prettily added to the hem-stitching, to your own ideas.

### The Design

BEFORE beginning to work the design in your favorite buttonholing, notice the top petal which laps over the inner one; as they are marked in this design when you get your pieces. Then, with needle or pencil, follow the line back all up round the petal, and so on right round the flower, when you will find that the whole flower is worked in one line of stitching.

This is a small triumph of designing, for it enables you to complete the flower with only one tiny break of line, where the inner top petal folds round to its centre. This is a great advantage in stitching, and lends smoothness to the work.

Notice also the double lines on the top edges of the two large side petals; stitch deeply over these, to represent the furry yellow line which lies along these petals, and which is repeated in the long central petal by a line of satin-stitching. These places in the design are marked by small cross lines in the illustrations, but appear only as double lines in the linens.

### The Edge

DOUBLE buttonholing is very good for this, worked over a line of padding along each edge, inner and outer. But if you are a good worker of firm buttonholing, single stitching along the outer edge will do very well. Put in the little picots, they brighten the work so much.

If you like hemstitching, send the mats to a hemstitcher; the double lines for the edge are exactly right for the hemstitching machine, particularly if the machine keeps close to the inner line of the edge so that it does not show later. Lace or crochet

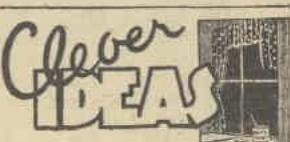
The leaves may be outlined or satin-corded where they do not form part of the small cut pieces.

The little cut bits may be added after working the flowers and leaves. Put in the tiny picots where they appear in the linen, as they are marked in this design when you get your pieces. If you are single buttonholing your edges watch the cutwork where it appears at the foot of the leaves, near the edge; the inner line must be buttonholed to permit cutting, but you can put a line of buttonholing just to suit this particular spot.

In the square centre there is an inner circle to give emphasis to the flowers used in this square manner; pad it well and satin-stitch across in green to match the leaves; or use any pretty little filling-stitch such as seeding in masses, or large dots.

### Cottons

USE good cottons, stranded or single thread. Do not try to use very long needle-lengths; they wear towards the end; shorter lengths are fresher and better. Make no knots, lay in the beginnings and ends so that they are covered by stitching.



### TEA STAINS

IF YOU have the misfortune to spill a cup of tea over the tea-cloth, remove the cloth at once and place it over a basin. Pour boiling water over the stain. Continue until the stain has completely disappeared, and then wash the cloth in soapy water and rinse well. Stubborn tea stains which have been left on for some time are best treated with a little weak chloride of lime. It is, of course, always best to remove the stains at once.

### RUBBER ODDMENTS

NEVER THROW away oddments of rubber. There is usually some means of using them up. For instance, a length of rubber tubing can be sliced into rubber rings or washers. An old rubber hot-water bottle comes in handy for turning into mats, while even an old pair of gloves can be utilised, the good parts of the glove being removed, and the odd fingers kept for shields.

### SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

NEVER ALLOW silk handkerchiefs to become too soiled. Wash them in warm, soapy water. Use flake soap to make the lather. If white, blue them afterwards before folding up. Iron between folds of linen. The iron should not touch white silk or it will turn it yellow.

### A WALLPAPER TEST

BEFORE DECIDING on a wallpaper for any room, try out a piece about two yards long on the darkest corner of the room. Wallpapers have a way of looking quite different when they are on the walls from what they appear in the book of patterns.

Saturday, May 25, 1935.

# GUARANTEED



PATON

Listen-in to the Laconia Blanket Feature Sessions

VICTORIA—

3DB Wednesdays 7.15 to 7.30 p.m.  
3UZ Thursdays 8.0 to 8.15 p.m.  
3KZ Thursdays 6.15 to 6.30 p.m.  
3AW Wednesdays 8.0 to 8.15 p.m.  
3HA Thursdays 8.45 to 9.0 p.m.

NEW SOUTH WALES—

2GB Thursdays 9.45 to 10.0 p.m.  
2UE Thursdays 8.45 to 9.0 p.m.  
QUEENSLAND—  
4BC Thursdays 7.30 to 7.45 p.m.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—

5AD 6 Scatters Weekly.

WEST AUSTRALIA—

6ML Thursdays 8.0 to 8.15 p.m.

## A PRESENT of His PAST

*Continued from Page 7*

**H**E gave it to her on both big toes. And not until he had ransacked her purse, confiscating the penknife she was having initialised for her father, did Chetwood consent to relinquish the hammer.

"Chetwood," Nancy inquired, once more an inspired reporter, "have you a mother?"

Chetwood busily whittled away at the hotel furniture. "Sure, ain't choo?" he asked, surprised.

Of course, Nancy reflected bitterly, John Norse would have a wife. "Is she pretty, Chetwood?" It was like biting down on a sore tooth. She simply couldn't help it.

Chetwood paused in the absorbing business of peeling wallpaper. "Pretty 'n you, old gee-raff."

This last observation did nothing towards cementing a friendship. Neither did the wall scheduled for the afternoon.

"I wanna go t' th' Zoo," Chetwood shouted. "I wanna kill a ole gee-raff I been t' th' Zoo lotas times."

The Zoo! A fine chance she'd have of getting copy there! Nancy explained coldly that the Zoo was full of curious odors and, therefore, quite out of the question. But she didn't convince Chetwood. He threw himself upon the floor and kicked. When he saw kicking inadequately met the situation he sank some teeth into one of Nancy's ankles. Her cry of pain brought the secretary.

"Here, my little lad!" With callous disregard for her safety, the secretary restored Chetwood's beloved hammer. "And here, my little lad!" He added two bananas and a piece of sponge cake.

**N**ANCY agreed with herself that it was humiliating walking through the lobby accompanied by a hammer, two bananas and a piece of sponge cake. She tried, by a studied air of detachment, to give the impression that little Chetwood was not with her. But Chetwood puffed along, close to her side, eating bananas and rouring that this was not the direction to the Zoo.

What could one expect, Nancy asked herself contemptuously, of anything belonging to John Norse?

"Chetwood, if you don't stop rubbing bananas in your hair—" the rest was lost in a gasp. Gooseflesh broke out all over her, and she felt a little sick. Directly behind them was the man with the goatie!

Nancy's brain functioned wildly. She wasn't nervous for herself, but there was Chetwood! Her blood ran hot and cold. Grabbing one of his sticky hands, she dashed into the nearest shop. It was Dorette's Beauty Salon, a place not likely to be invaded by a goatie.

It would sound silly to tell the girl at the desk that she had come in to escape a sinister shadow. Especially as the man had given no reason for calling the police.

"A wave, please," Nancy quavered.

The hairdresser said the booths were too small to accommodate an extra person. So Nancy deposited Chetwood on a chair in the reception room. "Now, don't move from here until I come back. Promise, Chetwood?"

"Huh-huh," Chetwood replied, opening his penknife in a very workman-like manner.

"Know who that child in there looks like?" the hairdresser remarked, and before Nancy could guess: "The youngster of May de Hay. I gave her a wave last time she was here."

Nancy started. Of course! May de Hay and John Norse! Hadn't she seen their picture together in a film magazine. How stupid of her!

"Who's May de Hay married to now?" Nancy sounded anxious in spite of herself.

The hairdresser shrugged. "You have to take memory courses before you can recite the husbands of May de Hay. I read in one of the cinema magazines that if she marries again within the next two years Filmart is going to break her contract."

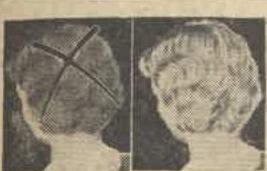
So that was it! May de Hay married to John Norse and keeping it from her public! What a story, Nancy thought dolefully. Well, her loss was the Courier's gain. Even if they made her city editor for this, she gulped, it was too big a price to pay for any scoop.

Nancy felt that she sat under the drying machine an age, mentally writing headlines and hating John Norse. Actually, she hadn't passed the dipping stage before she sang out: "Come, Chetwood, we're ready!"

She received no answer. Chetwood's dynamic presence no longer graced the reception room.

*Please turn to Page 36*

**H**OST HOLBROOK says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ or 2 oz. jars. \*\*\*



### Don't be an EX-BLONDE

Try this New Way to Keep your Fair Hair from Darkening—Lightens Faded Blonde Hair

"How dark your hair has got!"—You need never hear these words again—try Stablond, the wonderful new secret formula shampoo for natural fair hair only—it's taken England by storm. Stablond not only prevents blonde hair from darkening, but it brings back to colour most faded blonde hair, even that of children. It also controls depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to coal gas, dust and lack of milk diet, etc. Even with one shampoo your hair is fairer, and more brilliant than ever. In another three weeks it was last longer. Stablond Generous Shampoo as Nurblend and Blonderex is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Wonderful for children. Stablond contains no ammonia, camphor, menthol, mineral oil, bleaching Muriatic acid if not delighted. Stablond is sold by all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. Sole Distributors: Passett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3079, S.E. Sydney.

**STABLOND**  
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO



FROM THE UNIQUE exhibition of hand-made napery at Grace Bros. comes this glorious example of the artistry, skill, and patience of the Chinese—a bedspread measuring 90 x 108 inches, and entirely hand-made in filet lace and Venetian cut-work.

1935's finest machine . . .  
**The New Century Ace, just arrived!**



Most amazingly priced!

The finest machine at the price to be had in Sydney.

Unrivalled in performance.

A drawing-room cabinet!

Every woman needs a machine, and with these "New Century Aces" marked at such a lowly figure there's no reason on earth why every woman shouldn't have one! This model has been made with the finest precision, the parts used are carefully turned and finished to the thousandth part of an inch. All cabinet making is done by experienced craftsmen to guarantee you years upon years of service. Astoundingly good value! Have it delivered to you for demonstration FREE! Cash Price £10/10/-

**2/-**  
WEEKLY

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**MARCUS  
CLARK'S**

Marcus Clark & Co. Ltd., The Big Store, Central Sq.  
Sydney.

**Little Rooms  
... Can look so  
bright and happy**

*It's All In The Planning!*

PLANNING a room is very like planning a picture. The size of the room is the size of your canvas. Its shape, windows and doors form the main lines of your design.

The main tones in your room picture will be found in the color of your curtains, carpets, and walls. Do not have too many contrasting colors, and avoid dull colors in small rooms because they make them seem even smaller still. Instead of pictures in heavy oils, crimson velvets or sage greens, use light washes of water-color with rare patches of solid color placed for greatest effect. A few bright cushions piled on a couch, a carefully chosen rug or picture, adds that predominant note in the color scale.

To give highlights, the final touches of light and grace in your picture, consider pieces of gleaming brass and copper.

If your room has one or two pieces in these bright metals, your eye takes note of them at once. You can use these shiny wares to draw attention to some little still-life within the picture of your room.

You can use copper and brass either to attract or deflect attention—to balance a brilliant effect or to heighten one which would otherwise be too quiet. Brass is positively uncanny in the way it creates light where light is a minus quantity. Place a jug or a tray in a corner that does not get much light, and it is immediately transformed into a bright spot. Many of our cleverest furnishing ideas would fall rather flat but for these eager, shining things of brass and copper. They are so easy to keep shining, too—just a few light rubs with a modern work-saving metal polish! Brass, for instance—will keep them sun-bright with the very minimum of attention. Try their brightening effect when next you plan a room.

### BUFFET SUPPERS

THE buffet supper is, of all forms of parties, the newest and most popular abroad, and it certainly is a much easier and more charming way of entertaining one's guests than in the old manner, when suppers were almost as formal as dinner-parties.

To help the Australian hostess, David Jones' have arranged to include a demonstration by their Vietnamese chef in their Birthday Week celebrations, which commence this Thursday and continue until May 31.

An outline of the furniture and utensils necessary will first be given, and afterwards the chef will give some entirely new recipes for delicious savories that will prove useful for many other occasions than just the buffet supper. To terminate the talk a demonstration will be given of the making of coffee in the imitable way of the Vietnamese.

These talks and demonstrations will be given each day at 4 p.m., and will take place on David Jones' ground floor.



when you cook by electricity!

**IF YOU WANT  
TO ENJOY MORE LEISURE  
To Save Money  
Bright, Clean Pots & Pans  
A Cool Kitchen  
Perfect Cooking**

**YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY**

### LISTEN IN

"BEAU GESTE"—Station 2CH.  
—Mondays, Tuesdays & Wednesdays at 7.35 p.m.

"CITIES OF PERHAPS"—  
Stations 2SM—Every Thursday at 7.15 p.m.

"SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC  
SCIENCE"—Station 2GB—Mon-

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Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

20% deposit.

2 years' terms.

Free installation

(up to a cost of £6)

Users of approved Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

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### A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 Pitt Street

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C. A. GIBB, Optometrist  
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### THEATRE ROYAL,

Nightly at 8. Matines Wed. & Sat. at 2. The frivolous Musical Comedy.

"HIGH JINKS"

Farewell to MADGE ELLIOTT & CYRIL RITCHARD.

Huge Supporting Cast headed by Ethel Morrison.

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Nightly at 8. Matines Wed. & Sat. at 2.

J. C. WILLIAMSON'S NEW ENGLISH COMEDY CO. IN

London's Latest Comedy Success.

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**FURS by HEILMAN**  
(late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)

Ladies, you are invited to make an early inspection of the finest quality furs in Sydney.

BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovation a Specialty.

8th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.

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# It's nicer with Mustard



Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

KF 35/1

**- Keen's Mustard**



A WINDING PATH in the garden of Bishopscourt, the Sydney residence of Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll, which has been remodelled by The Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly. It is interesting to note that Bishopscourt secured first prize (Section B) in the Horticultural Festival Week Exhibition. Although situated so near to the city, the real bush atmosphere of this part of the garden as shown in the picture is pleasingly restful.

## GROW LUSCIOUS FRUIT

At Your Own Back Door

. . . Says the Old Gardener

You will find fruit trees a wonderful addition to your garden—provided (1) that you have space enough in your backyard to grow them, and (2) that you tend them carefully from the very moment you plant.

SEVERAL of you gardeners are going to find room for a few fruit trees in your back garden this year, and several are thinking of laying out a whole orchard, so to-day I want to talk to you on how to grow fruit trees.

What an acquisition to the home to have a few fruit trees of the right kind! Just imagine being able to go out into the garden, and pick your own ripe apples, juicy peaches, plums, apricots, oranges, nectarines. And a lemon tree is invaluable.

For backyard gardens, we, of course, have to select the most suitable position—a position that lets in plenty of morning sun. Do not try to crowd in a lot of trees, better to have a few with plenty of room, than to overcrowd.

### Select the Right Position

SEE that the position is well-drained, the soil rich, deep, and friable. Add plenty of stable, farmyard, row, pig, or any manure that is thoroughly decayed. Remember, when planting a tree, that it is there for many years to come, and by thorough cultivation—ground well-drained, and well-manured, pruning systematic, and insect pests and fungi diseases under keen observation—that the tree will live on and thrive, giving to the home the very best that it can produce.

When considering the planting of fruit trees around the home, make a careful selection. See that you grow the variety that will do well in that district. If you are in doubt, write in to The Australian Women's Weekly, address the "Old Gardener," adding stamped envelope for reply.

For the small home garden, select a peach, quince, apple, plum, apricot, and so on, having one of each so that and so causes stunted growth.



Like to sell sketches to Exhibitors and Advertisers? Provided you have the aptitude for sketching, whatever your age, and whether you have had little or no previous training, STOTT'S can teach you to produce Sketches that sell.

Stott's Correspondence College  
108 Russell St., Melb.; 79 Pitt St., Sydney;  
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**Send This Coupon. Cut Here.**

Without obligation, please send me free full particulars of your Courses in Commercial Art and Sketching, etc.

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# BOILS



are painful  
... and very  
dangerous  
too.

They must be promptly treated. Apply Rexona in the early stages—it reduces the inflammation and soothes the throbbing pain. If the boil has been neglected and has already come to a head, Rexona can destroy the germs and poison. Then the skin tissues will grow again, clean and healthy.



**Rexona**  
**OINTMENT**  
*the rapid healer*

Send your name and address, and enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, TO DEPARTMENT N.W.W., BOX 3359 PP, G.P.O., SYDNEY for a trial tin of REXONA OINTMENT  
*The Rapid Healer*

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

you have a variety from which to choose. Just think of the uses to which housewives will put them—jam, jelly, preserves, and for dried fruits, too. Home-dried fruit is a wonderful luxury.

NOW, as to the planting of fruit trees: prepare the ground well, and dig roomy holes. I have seen people dig a small hole and jam the tree in without bothering to spread out the roots. Then they wonder why the tree is so slow in growth. When you have dug the hole, leave a little mound in the centre.

Select your tree and examine the roots carefully. Cut away any bruised or broken parts, using, of course, a sharp knife, or secateurs, to make a clean cut. Stand the tree on the mound in the centre of the hole. The roots then can be spread out in a natural fashion. Fill in a quarter of the hole, stamp well to firm the soil around the roots. Give a good watering, then fill in the rest of the soil by this correct method of planting.

The tree receives a good start and commences to thrive immediately.

Fruit trees should be planted 18 to 20 feet apart. If planted close they not only become overcrowded above the ground, but the root of one becomes entangled with the root of the other, and so causes stunted growth.



For your health's sake

**DRINK GOOD TEA**

Tea . . . good tea . . . is more than a universal thirst-quenching beverage. Scientific investigations have proved that it has health-giving properties, properties that stimulate, soothe the nerves, and restore energy without any reaction.

This does not apply to cheap, common Tea, which, on account of pollens and tannin, can be very harmful.

Use KINKARA, real Tea, good Tea, and enjoy better health. It is super-sorted.

NOTE WELL! Never infuse tea for more than 5 minutes.

# KINKARA

TEA

Free Gifts for Kinkara Users.

In every packet of Kinkara Tea there is a coupon. Collect these coupons and obtain useful presents FREE.

So that you will reach your goal sooner, buy also Kinkara Coffee; MOTHER'S CHOICE Flour, Baking Powder, Custard Powder, Rolled Oats, Jelly Crystals, Fruit Saline, Flavouring Essences, Curry Powder, Mixed Cut Peel and VICTOR Coffee Essence.

All these goods carry FREE Gift Coupons.



# If Your Hall Must Carry a Rack for Hats and Coats

... Why not make one yourself? But, please, don't let it face the entrance!

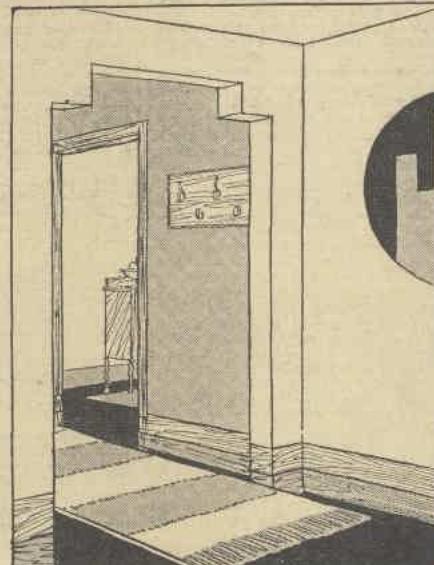
**A** NUMBER of dwellers in small homes and flats complain that their entrance halls hardly permit of anything more than a small table, and say that if their incomes were bigger their halls would certainly be larger. Which is no doubt true!

Therefore, when neither room nor funds will permit of a coat and hat cupboard, the next best thing is a coat and hat rack, but—one word of warning—don't place it right where it can be seen from the front door.

**C**OATS and hats and walking-sticks and umbrellas on hooks are anything but ornamental, but they must go somewhere.

A friend of mine evolved the bright idea of making a rack, and putting it where it couldn't be seen from the front door. Having a built-in cupboard at the end of the L-shaped hall, to hold the family's clutter of hats, coats, gumps, and the like, she kept this one purely and simply for the benefit of visitors.

"I felt sorry, really, for our men friends and acquaintances who walked in circles with hats and coats, and with no place in sight to put them, while I was busy



A HOME-MADE coat and hat rack is the easiest thing in the world to make, providing you can handle a small hammer, a tiny saw, and a screw-driver. Do not, however, hang your rack in a conspicuous place.

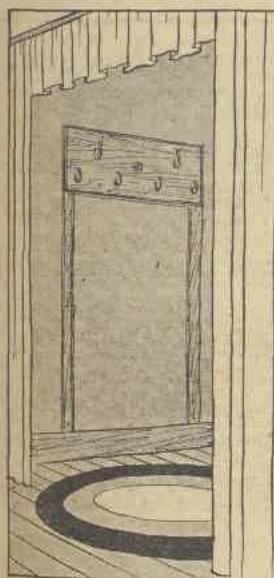
By  
Our Home  
Decorator



THE RACK can be easily made more attractive and acquire a professional air by means of narrow beading. This is glued down and then tacked.



STAIN and varnish, paint or lacquer, should be applied before the hooks are screwed into place.



THIS HANDY home-made coat and hat rack was screwed into a dialed gas fitting, and made more secure by strips of wood, as shown here.

exchanging greetings with the women-folk," she said the other day, when showing me her handwork.

"Her simple method of construction I now pass on to you.

To make this little rack, she utilised a piece of wood, three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and measuring eight inches by twenty-four inches. This holds three double and two single hooks comfortably. But you can select a size to suit your own requirements.

The next thing is to buy some beading for decorating the edges. Measure around with the rule or—and a quicker way—measure width and length (one side only) and double these measurements. A few inches should be added to

the total in order to allow for fitting corners. The beading can be cut to size, glued first, and then tacked.

The wood, by the way, should be rubbed over with a piece of sandpaper first until it is perfectly smooth.

Now, the next procedure is to stain the rack. When dry a coat of clear varnish can be applied. Paint or lacquer to match the color scheme of walls or furniture provides an alternative to stain and varnish.

After this is dry, the hooks are carefully and evenly screwed in.

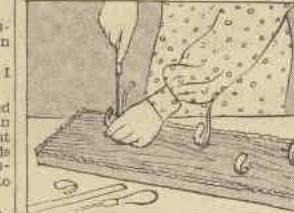
And now comes the question of attaching the rack to the wall. The rack can be hung by means of strong wire attached to the picture rail, from those sturdy metal brackets—the type that will screw flat to the back of the rack, leaving a hole above for the insertion of screws, nails or wire.

Screw these to the back of the rack a few inches from either end.

Or again, the rack may be screwed directly to the wall, which, if plaster, would necessarily need to be plugged.

IN the second large sketch (showing at the left) you see a different type of emergency hat and coat rack.

This was made similarly to the one already described, but was attached by screws to a disused gas fixture in the wall. Additional support was given the structure by two narrow pieces of timber. These, joining at the top at either end, stretched to the skirting board and were securely fastened by screws, nails or wire.



DON'T SCREW the hooks into place in haphazard fashion. Measure off with a rule. Place double books at top, small books below as shown.



Use Oatine Cream at night to Feed and Cleanse the skin. Tube, 1/2; Jar, 2½ and 4/8.

Dear Lou, last week I went to the tennis club ball and danced from 9 till 2. I had a most wonderful time, made all the more enjoyable because I did not have any need to keep peeping in my handbag mirror to see if my nose was getting shiny. Oatine Powder Base made me feel I was quite safe... I didn't even bother to take face powder with me. I was as happy when I got home that it was as usual all the time that it was no trouble cleaning with Oatine cream, which keeps my skin so healthy and so attractive.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatine (Aust.), Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2478 M. Sydney.



In Two  
Shades;  
Rachelle  
and Naturelle.  
—1/2 Tube.

Introduce...  
A WARM FRIEND TO YOUR FAMILY!



Choose "Eagley" Underwear for the whole family, and ensure for every member, the comforting and long lasting protection of a truly "warm" friend.

The high quality Pure Wool used in "Eagley" Underwear means freedom from chills. Because of its fine knit and tailored cut, "Eagley" Undergarments are the acme of comfort.



Eagley  
UNDERWEAR  
ALL WOOL

To "see" and "feel" Eagley Underwear is to realize its superiority. "Eagley"—Wool and Cotton Underwear.

A "WARM" FRIEND

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ Firstly, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ Secondly, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ Thirdly, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

Be sure you ask for, and see that you obtain the genuine product—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists in Large Sky-blue Canister 2/6

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. Flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Collodium Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of DE WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

• "Let's see — how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other — but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours —



• "Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub — and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once — the more the merrier —

• "Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there too — I remember it from last time! Well, look out below — I'm coming . . .

• "Oh well — what's one bump more or less! Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder. . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger and find out how smooth it is. Not a bit gritty, like some powders — that's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest quality talc only. And that is why Johnson's is the best talc babies can have."

**Johnson's BABY powder**  
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Medesia, Etc.

D1-35

## Kill Stomach Acid— BEFORE IT KILLS YOUR DIGESTION

Famous Harrison-Maclean London Formula — Proven  
In Millions of Bad Cases — Gives Fastest Relief. Best  
Route to Restored Stomach Health.

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness, Bloating, Stiches, Heartburn, Nausea. These are common signs of excess stomach Acidity. It's easy to stop the acid; many old-style things do that. But you need SCIENTIFIC acid correction — Harrison-Maclean has no mere "soothing" and no more. You also need something to protect raw, flamed stomach and bowel surfaces something to absorb irritating mucus. HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder is the most famous, most famous way known to medical men. Kill stomach acid quick. Harrison-Maclean stores. Gives quick relief from pain and real restoration of normal powers of digestion. No artificial digestants to act as a crutch upon which you gradually learn to rely. Not A means

Commercial Traveller (to landlady): Are these sheets on the bed perfectly clean?

Voluminous Landlady: Perfectly clean, perfectly clean. I should just think they was. Why, they've only just this minute come from the laundry. "Old 'em in yer' and you can feel they're still damp.

Mainie: Do you know, I wouldn't trust Tony too far.

Daisy: I wouldn't trust him too near.

Nice Sister: If I had been offered a dish with two apples on it, I would have taken the smaller one.

Nasty Brother: Well, you've got it, so what's all the fuss about?

Harrison.  
MACLEAN  
ANACID  
Stomach Powder

It gives your stomach the strength it needs to do its own work as Nature intended. Harrison-Maclean, 157, Thos. Cook's Hospital, London, can furnish you with this discovery. Nothing better has ever been found. Ask your Chemist TO-DAY for a 2½ oz. measure of HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder (White Carton, black & red label) and a red bag containing 100 tablets. Please do not suffer when such truly effective help is available.



## A PRESENT of HIS PAST

Continued from Page 32

NANCY searched the booths apprehensively. When it became apparent that Chetwood was nowhere in the shop she grew alarmed. Wasn't his mother one of the higher-salaried film queens? And who was that man with the goat? Perhaps a former husband of May de Hay who hadn't been fond of the anti-social Chetwood.

Nancy didn't stop to pay her bill. She ran up and down the street, peering into doorways, calling: "Chetwood!" People stared curiously, but what did it matter?

From a call box she phoned the police. Had an unattractive boy of about six, with a hammer penknife, and a possible pair of marcel waving irons, been brought in, dead or alive? The police had no record of him.

Now, what to do? Perhaps Chetwood had trotted home by himself. She rang the hotel. In a perfect agony of suspense she waited for the secretary's voice.

"Hello! Nancy Porcher speaking —"

"Nancy?"  
That funny little feeling in the pit of her stomach at the sound of John Norse's voice!

"How about a peace pact?" he was asking. "I can talk now with a fair degree of quiet. Chetwood's out with his nurse."

Out with his nurse! Nancy stifled a cry of despair. Things were getting worse every minute.

"I've decided to make you a present of my past," he was saying. "Still interested, Miss Reporter?"

Two fat tears chased one another down Nancy's cheek. Here was John Norse, willing and eager to give her that scoop, and she couldn't face him. She couldn't face anybody again until she found Chetwood. But where would she find him? It came to her in a flash.

"Meet me at the Zoo," she burst out wildly. "Near the giraffes." At least she could make one last effort before handing herself over to the police.

"What makes you think I care for my big game caged?" John Norse was laughing. "But, of course, you're joking, Nancy."

If Chetwood were at the Zoo there was no time to lose.

"Near the giraffes," Nancy repeated hysterically as she rang off.

She dashed over to Larkin's. "My car in a hurry," she gasped to an astonished attendant.

TWENTY-FIVE minutes later she parked at the Zoo entrance. As she did so she noticed a shabby taxi stopping a few feet away and the man with the goat emerging. After a moment of terror her first thought was to reach Chetwood before he did! She rushed inside the deserted Zoo, her heart sinking with each step. Chetwood was not visible. She braced herself to wait for John Norse.

Where was Chetwood? And why didn't John Norse come? Did he really think she had been joking? Joking when close by in the bushes a man with a goat crouched and waited. She looked again. Yes, he was still waiting. Nancy shuddered. It would be terrible if anything happened to her before she returned Chetwood.

"So here you are!" John Norse touched her elbow, and Nancy almost fainted. "You distinctly said 'near the giraffes,' and I've been waiting for you over there."

Nancy sent a hurried glance at the animal caged behind her.

"That," John Norse pointed out, "is our friend the ostrich."

So it was! In her agitation she had been standing before the wrong cage.

"Is the Zoo your idea of a romantic rendezvous?" His smile was teasing.

For answer, she clutched his arm convulsively; her eyes wide with horror.

"Nancy, what is it?"

Speechless, she pointed. That man with the goat! Sneaking into the dickey seat of her car. Without further ado, she sprinted for it, two leaps ahead of the wind. She slammed down the dickey seat, and was behind the wheel in a split second. She was convinced she had the cue to Chetwood's disappearance.

"I say — Nancy — wait a minute." John Norse was calling, but she was already far down the road.

She knew she was taking an insane chance by not driving immediately to the police station. But other reporters would be there. John Norse would hate that. She must get Chetwood back to him without any publicity.

Nancy rushed blindly through red signals. Newspaper people always took chances. Didn't Vic Beaver once hang from a ten-story building just to see May de Hay do her hip exercises? And she would do more than hang to get Chetwood back. Only she had to take her prisoner somewhere. Not knowing what else to do, she took him home.

It was dusk when Nancy parked her car in the garage. Her first impulse was to open the dickey and brain the villain as he huddled there. But it

would be hard to learn little Chetwood's whereabouts from a corpse. She mustn't be hasty.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked round. The only possible weapon was a monkey-wrench, lying in a pool of grease upon the floor. Weren't people in the cinema always pretending monkey-wrenches were pistols? There must be something in it.

Grimly, Nancy lifted the dickey-seat. If only John Norse knew what she was suffering for him and his! The implement in her hand gleamed wickedly in the murky light of the garage.

"Do you know where Chetwood is? Is he *alive*?" she hissed. "Speak, or I shoot."

A startled face bobbed into view.

"B—suro. Y—es."

Nancy breathed freely once more. That was all she wanted to know. At the point of the monkey-wrench, she forced the brute to open his mouth.

"Wait — let me —" But Nancy cut off his protest by masterfully gagging him with polishing rags which she had found lying upon the garage floor. She even managed to secure the gag with her belt.

The man put up quite a struggle just the same. In fact, it took all Nancy's strength to shove him back into the dickey seat. Breathing hard, she banged it down and turned the key.

She lost no time in phoning the editor. She advised him to come instantly and bring Vic Beaver. She had as a couple of good camera men. She had the story of the century!

Nancy reviewed it as she sat on the running-board to wait. May de Hay and John Norse were married! In the dickey seat was locked the kidnapper of May de Hay's child. Yes, she had certainly made good as a reporter.

THE garage door swung open abruptly. The editor's hat was on back-to-front, and his eyes still hung round his neck.

"That story of yours had better be good," he growled.

Nancy tried to conceal her triumph, but she couldn't help murmuring: "Single-handed with a monkey-wrench," as she opened the rumble and pointed to her captive.

The editor took one look and uttered a strangled cry. Nancy's eyes popped.

Could it be that she had brought in that notorious kidnapper all the papers were talking about!

"Vic Beaver!" the editor spluttered. "What in the name of heaven —"

Nancy was astounded. Surely this creature couldn't be the famous Vic Beaver! She waited, too confused to speak, while the editor removed the dirty rags from the mouth of his star reporter.

"This," Vic Beaver began hoarsely, climbing out of the rumble with an air of injured dignity and addressing the editor, "was your idea. Didn't you say: 'Follow her. She is Pembroke Porcher's girl, and it ought to be a story?'"

The editor grunted.

"Since yesterday," Vic Beaver continued, "I've made a bloodhound look like a Pomeranian. And what did I find out? She has been playing nurse to the youngster of May de Hay. But that's not the front page stuff. De Hay is honeymooning again. That's why Norse wouldn't talk. De Hay made him promise for fear something might leak out."

"But her contract?" the editor broke in.

"De Hay's quitting the screen. Told me so when I brought her child back to the hotel. So when I followed Norse to the Zoo —"

"Then Chetwood is safe?" Nancy's voice trembled with relief.

"Not due to your expert care," Vic Beaver snapped. "Ten minutes after you left me outside that beauty shop I found the child trying to take up the pavement with a penknife. It took me an hour to bring him back. He didn't miss one building, either. Practically caravanned his way home."

"We haven't anything to complain about," the editor remarked genially; "we'll be the first paper to print news of the de Hay retirement. Whom did she marry this time?"

"She re-married Chetwood's father!"

Nancy and the two men turned. Standing at the garage door was John Norse.

"Who's this?" the editor demanded.

"Norse," Vic Beaver enlightened his chief, "May de Hay's brother."

"May de Hay's brother!" Nancy looked radiantly at John Norse. Then she turned on the editor: "What did you mean telling me John Norse was married?"

Please turn to Page 37

## Definite Hope of Recovery! LUNG TROUBLE and CONGESTION

A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT: TRIED! TESTED! PROVED!

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"IT'S Christmas Day," she thought, as she drank hot coffee. "And I'm spending it with Don and the pup."

At that moment her career grew dimly, and the flame of her literary ambition dipped; as the future glowed with the warm firelight of home. In sudden elation, she held up her glass and toasted the waxworks.

"Merry Christmas to you all! And many of them!"

The faces of the illuminated figures remained stolid, but she could almost swear that a low murmur of acknowledgement seemed to swell from the rest of her company—invisible in the darkness.

She spun out her meal to its limit, stifling her craving for a cigarette. Then growing bored, she counted the visible waxworks, and tried to memorise them.

"Twenty-one, twenty-two... Wolsey, Queen Elizabeth, Guy Fawkes, Napoleon ought to go on a diet. Ever heard of eighteen days, Nap? Poor old Julius Caesar looks as though he'd been sunbathing on the Lido. He's about for the melting-pot."

In her eyes they were a second-rate set of dummies. The local theory that they could terrify a human being to death or madness seemed a fanciful notion.

"No," concluded Sonia. "There's really more in Poke's bright idea."

Again she saw the sun-smitten office—for the big unshielded window faced south—with its blistered paint faded wallpaper, ink-stained desks, typewriters, telephones, and a huge fire in the untidy grate. Young Wells smoked his big pipe, while the sub-editor—a ginger, pig-headed young man—laid down the law about the mystery deaths. And then she heard Poke's toneless dead man's voice.

"You may be right about the spiritualists. He died of fright—but not of the waxworks. My belief is that he established contact with the spirit of his dead friend, the alderman, and so learned his real fate."

"What fate?" snapped the sub-editor. "I believe that the alderman was murdered," replied Poke.

He clung to his point like a limpet in the face of all counter-arguments.

"The alderman had enemies," he

## A Present of His Past

Continued from Page 36

I THOUGHT SO," the editor confessed sheepishly. "My cable read: 'Norse marries in Johannesburg.' But I ran across the maled confirmation this afternoon, and it should have been: 'Norse marries in Johannesburg'."

"You newspaper people!" John Norse's words included them all, but Nancy saw he was gorgeously unaware of anybody but her.

The editor gave Vic Beaver a above. "We'll never get the next edition through here," he reminded him.

When the garage door closed behind the two men, John Norse came over to Nancy.

"Oh, John," she sighed ruefully. "I'm afraid it's too late for that present of your past."

He put one arm about her waist and tilted her face towards his.

"Then what about a present of my future?" he wanted to know.

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# WAXWORKS

said. "Nothing would be easier than for one of them to lie in wait for him. In the present circumstances, I could commit a murder in the Waxworks, and get away with it."

"How?" demanded young Wells.

"How? To begin with, the Gallery is a one-man show and the porter's a bonehead. Anyone could enter and leave the Gallery without his being wise to it."

"And the murder?" plugged young Wells.

With a shudder Sonia remembered how Poke had glanced at his long knotted fingers.

"If I could not achieve my object by fright, which is the foolproof way," he replied, "I should try a little artistic strangulation."

"And leave your marks?"

"Not necessarily. Every expert knows that there are methods which show no trace."

Sonia fumbled in her bag for the cigarettes which were not there.

"Why did I let myself think of that just now?" she thought. "Really too stupid."

AS she repudged herself for her morosity, she broke off to stare at the door which led to the Hall of Horrors.

When she had last looked at it, she could have sworn that it was tightly closed... But now it gaped open by an inch.

She looked at the black cavity, recognising the first test on her nerves. Later on, there would be others. She realised the fact that, within her cool, practical self, she carried an hysterical neurotic passenger, who would doubtless give her a lot of trouble through officious suggestions and uncomfortable reminders.

She resolved to give her second self a taste of her quality, and so quell her at the start.

"That door was merely closed," she remarked, as, with a firm step she crossed to the Hall of Horrors and shut the door.

Continued from Page 6

"One o'clock. I begin to realise that there is more in this than I thought, perhaps I'm missing my sleep. But I'm keyed up and horribly expectant. Of what? I don't know. But I seem to be waiting for something. I find myself listening—listening. The place is full of mysterious noises. I know they're fancy... And things appear to move. I can distinguish footsteps and whispers, as though those wax-works which I cannot see in the darkness are beginning to stir to life."

Sonia dropped her pencil at the sound of a low chuckle. It seemed to come from the end of the Gallery, which was blacked out by shadow.

As her imagination galloped away with her she reproached herself sharply.

"Steady, don't be a fool. There must be a cloak-room here. That chuckle is the air escaping in a pipe—or something. I'm betrayed by my own ignorance of hydraulics."

In spite of her brave words she returned rather quickly to her corner.

Please turn to Page 38



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33"	22/11	16/11	13/11	6/9	8/11
36"	24/11	18/11	14/11	7/3	9/6
39"	26/11	20/11	15/11	7/9	9/11
42"	28/11	22/11	16/11	8/3	11/6
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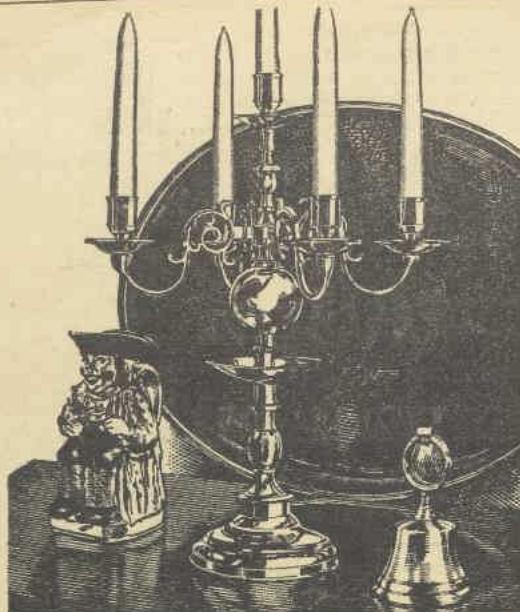
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## WAXWORKS

Continued from Page 37

WITH her back against the wall she felt less apprehensive. But she recognised her cowardice as an ominous sign.

She was desperately afraid of someone—or something—creeping up behind her and touching her.

"We struck the bad patch," she told herself. "It will be worse at three o'clock and work up to a climax. But when I make my entry, at three, I shall have reached the peak. After that every minute will be bringing the dawn nearer."

But of one fact she was ignorant. There would be no recorded impression at three o'clock.

Happily unconscious, she began to think of her copy. When she returned to the office—sunken-eyed, and looking like nothing on earth—she would then rejoice over every symptom of groundless fear.

"It's a story all right," she gloated, looking at Hamlet. His gaunt, pallid features and dark, smouldering eyes were strangely familiar to her.

Suddenly she realised that he reminded her of Hubert Poke.

Against her will, her thoughts again turned to him. She told herself that he was exactly like a waxwork. His yellow face—symptomatic of heart trouble—had the same cheery hue, and his eyes were like dull black glass. He wore a denture which was too large for him, and which forced his lips apart in a mirthless grin.

He always seemed to smile—even over the episode of the lift—which had been no joke.

It happened two days before. Sonia had rushed into the office in a state of molten excitement, because she had extracted an interview from a personage who had just received the Freedom of the City. This distinguished freeman had the reputation of shunning newspaper publicity, and Poke had tried his luck, only to be sent away with a flea in his ear.

At the back of her mind, Sonia knew that she had not fought level, for she

was conscious of the effect of violet-blue eyes and a dimple upon a reserved but very human gentleman. But in her elation she had been rather blant about her score.

She transcribed her notes, rattling away at her typewriter in a tremendous hurry, because she had a dinner engagement. In the same breathless speed she had rushed towards the automatic lift.

She was just about to step into it when young Wells had leaped up behind the door.

"Look where you're going," he shouted.

Sonia looked—and saw only the well of the shaft. The lift was not waiting in its accustomed place.

"Out of order," explained Wells before he turned to blast Hubert Poke, who stood by.

"You almighty chump, why didn't you grab Miss Fraser, instead of standing by like a stuck pig?"

At the time Sonia had vaguely remarked how Poke had stammered and sweated, and she accepted the fact that he had been petrified by shock and had lost his head.

FOR the first time she realised that his inaction had been deliberate. She remembered the flame of terrible excitement in his eyes and his stretched ghastly grin.

"He hates me," she thought. "It's my fault. I've been tactless and cocksure."

Then a flood of horror swept over her.

"But he wanted to see me crash. It's almost murder."

As she began to tremble the jumpy



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passenger she carried reminded her of Poke's remark about the alderman.

"He had enemies."

Sonia shook away the suggestion angrily.

"My memory's uncanny," she thought. "I'm stimulated and all strung up. It must be the atmosphere. ... Perhaps there's some gas in the air that accounts for these brainstorms. It's hopeless to be so utterly unscientific. Poke would have made a better job of this."

She was back again to Hubert Poke. He had become an obsession.

Her head began to throb and a tiny song started to beat in her temples. This time she recognised the signs without any mental ferment.

"Atmospheric. A storm's coming up. It might make things rather thrilling. I must concentrate on my story. Really, my luck's in."

She sat for some time, forcing herself to think of pleasant subjects—of arguments with young Wells and the tennis tournament. But there was always a point when her thoughts gave a twist and led her back to Poke.

Presently she grew cramped and got up to pace the illuminated aisle in front of the window. She tried again to talk to the waxworks, but this time it was not a success.

They seemed to have grown remote and secretive, as though they were removed to another plane, where they possessed a hidden life.

Suddenly she gave a faint scream. Someone—or something—had crept up behind her, for she felt the touch of cold fingers upon her arm.

Please turn to Page 39

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# WAXWORKS

"TWO o'clock. They're only wax. They shall not frighten me. But they're trying to. One by one they're coming to life... Charles the Second no longer looks sour dough. He is beginning to leer at me. His eyes remind me of Hubert Poke."

Sonia stopped writing, to glance uneasily at the image of the Stuart monarch. His black velvet suit appeared to have a richer pile. The swart curls which fell over his face collar looked less like horsehair. There really seemed a gleam of amorous intent lurking at the back of his glass eyes.

Absurdly, Sonia spoke to him in order to reassure herself.

"Don't you touch me? At the first hint of a liberty Charles Stuart, I'll smack your face. You'll learn a modern journalist has not the manners of an orange girl."

Instantly the satyr reverted to a dummy in a moth-eaten historical costume.

Sonia stood, listening for young Wells' footsteps. But she could not hear them, although the street now was perfectly still. She tried to picture him, propping up the opposite building, solid and immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

But it was no good. Doubts began to intrude.

"I don't believe he's there. After all, why should he stay? He only pretended, just to give me confidence. He's gone."

She shrank back to her corner, drawing her tattered coat closer for warmth. It was growing colder, causing her to think of tempting things—of a hot water bottle and a steaming teapot.

PRESENTLY she realised that she was growing drowsy. Her lids felt as though weighted with lead; so that it required an effort to keep them open.

This was a complication which she had not foreseen. Although she longed to drop off to sleep, she sternly resisted the temptation.

"No. It's not fair. I've set myself the job of recording a night spent in the Waxworks. It must be the genuine thing."

She blinked more vigorously, staring across to where Byron drooped like a sick flamingo.

"Mercy, how he yearns! He reminds me of— No; I won't think of him... I must keep awake... Bed... blankets, pillows... No."

Her head fell forward, and for a minute she dozed. In that space of time she had a vivid dream.

She thought that she was still in her corner in the Gallery, watching the dead alderman as he paced to and fro, before the window. She had never seen him, so he conformed to her own idea of an alderman—stout, pompous, and wearing the dark-blue, fur-trimmed robe of his office.

"He's got a face like a sleepy pear," she decided. "Nice old thing, but brainless."

And then, suddenly, her tolerant curiosity turned to acute apprehension on his account, as she saw that he was being followed. A shape was stalking him as a cat stalks a bird.

Sonia tried to warn him of his peril, but after the fashion of nightmares, she found herself voiceless. Even as she struggled to scream, a grotesquely long arm shot out and monstrous fingers gripped the alderman's throat.

In the same moment she saw the face of the killer. It was Hubert Poke.

SHE awoke with a start, glad to find that it was but a dream. As she looked around her with dazed eyes, she saw a faint flicker of light. The mutter of very faint thunder, together with a patting of rain, told her that the storm had broken.

It was still a long way off, for Oldham seemed to be having merely a reflection and an echo.

"I'll clear the air," thought Sonia.

Then her heart gave a violent leap. One of the waxworks had come to life. She distinctly saw it move, before it disappeared into the darkness at the end of the Gallery.

She kept her breath, realising that it was time to give up.

"My nerve's crashed," she thought. "That figure was only my fancy. I'm just like the others. Defeated by wax."

Instinctively, she paid the figures her homage. It was the cumulative effect of their grim company, with their simulated life and sinister associations that had rushed her defences.

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Although it was bitter to fail, she comforted herself with the reminder that she had enough copy for her article. She could even make capital out of her own capitulation to the force of suggestion.

With a slight grimace she picked up her notebook. There would be no more on-the-spot impressions. But young Wells, if he was still there, would be grateful for the end of his vigil, whatever the state of mind of the porter.

She groped in the darkness for her signal-lamp. But her fingers only scraped bare polished boards.

The torch had disappeared.

In a panic, she dropped down on her knees, and searched for yards around the spot where she was positive it had lain.

It was the instinct of self-preservation which caused her to give up her vain search.

"I'm in danger," she thought. "And I've no one to help me now. I must see this through myself."

She pushed back her hair from a brow which had grown damp.

"There's a brain working against

mine. When I was asleep, someone—or something—stole my torch."

Something? The waxworks became instinct with terrible possibility as she stared at them. Some were merely blurred shapes—their faces opaque oblongs or ovals. But others—illuminated from the street—were beginning to reveal themselves in a new guise.

Queen Elizabeth, with peaked chin and fiery hair seemed to regard her with intelligent malice. The countenance of Napoleon was heavy with brooding power, as though he were willing her to submit. Cardinal Wolsey held her with a glittering eye.

Sonia realised that she was letting herself be hypnotised by creatures of wax—so many pounds of candles moulded to human form.

"This is what happened to those others," she thought. "Nothing happened. But I'm afraid of them. I'm terribly afraid.... There's only one thing to do. I must count them again."

She knew that she must find out whether her torch had been stolen through human agency; but she

*Continued from Page 38*

shrank from the experiment, not knowing which she feared more—a tangible enemy or the unknown.

AS she began to count, the chilly air inside the building seemed to throb with each thud of her heart.

"Seventeen, eighteen." She was scarcely conscious of the numerals she murmured. "Twenty-two, twenty-three."

She stopped. Twenty-three? If her tally were correct, there was an extra waxwork in the Gallery.

On the shock of the discovery came a blinding flash of light, which veined the sky with fire. It seemed to run down the figure of Joan of Arc like a flaming torch. By a freak of atmosphere, the storm, which had been a starved whimpering affair of flicker and murmur, culminated, and ended in what was apparently a thunderbolt.

The explosion which followed was stunning; but Sonia scarcely noticed it in her terror.

*Please turn to Page 40*

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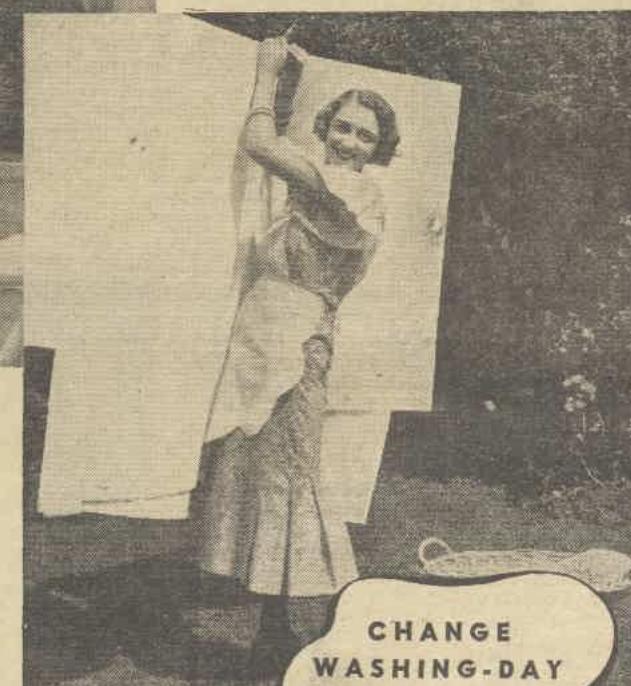
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and Thurs. at 4.30 p.m.

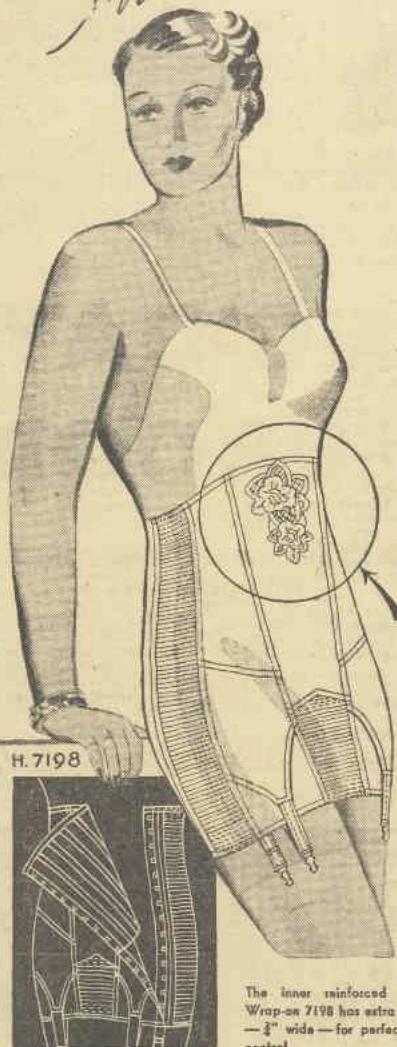
A LEVER-BROTHERS PRODUCT

CHANGE  
WASHING-DAY  
TO  
RINSO-DAY

Rinso

Saturday, May 25, 1935.

"Thank goodness!  
I'm rid of that waistline bulge  
— now that I'm  
wearing this  
**BERLEI**"



THIS RAISED-FRONT  
SMOOHS AWAY BULGES  
ABOVE THE WAIST

H.7198

The inner reinforced section of  
Wrap-on 7198 has extra wide bones  
— 3" wide — for perfect abdomen  
control.

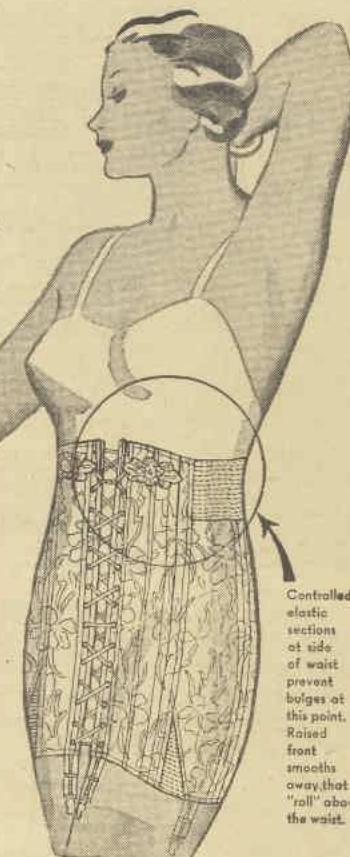
A TRIM HIPLINE is assured when women of Hip Type wear this Berlei Wrap-on. Of pastel Tea-rose Batiste combined with the new "Neva-Run" Elastic—Berlei's special corset elastic which cannot run or pucker. The raised-front eliminates waistline bulges; the reinforced sections at side front control heavy thighs. Waists: 25-30. No. 7198.

ABDOMINAL CONTROL for the short, heavy figure . . . that is the purpose of this Berlei Front Lace Corset. Elastic sections at each side of waist, and the raised-front, give perfect control of surplus flesh about the waist. Elastic inserts over thighs allow room for "thigh spread" when sitting down. A boned flap reinforces the front lacing. Waists: 25-32. No. 7160.

Ab.7160



Concealed boning and clever  
cut ensure a pleasing back  
line.



Controlled  
elastic  
sections  
at side  
of waist  
prevent  
bulges at  
this point.  
Raised  
front  
smooths  
away that  
"roll" above  
the waist.

**"Raised-Front"  
FOUNDATIONS by BERLEI**

**"THEY ELIMINATE THAT WAISTLINE BULGE"**

BERLEI LIMITED SYDNEY, LONDON & AUCKLAND

## WAXWORKS

*Continued from Page 39*

### T

HE unearthly violet glare had revealed to her a figure which she had previously overlooked.

It was seated in a chair, its hand supporting its peaked chin, and its pallid, clean-shaven features nearly hidden by a familiar broad-brimmed felt hat, which together with the black cape—gave her the clue to its identity.

It was Hubert Poke.

Three o'clock.

Sonia heard it strike, as her memory began to reproduce, with horrible fidelity, every word of Poke's conversation on murder.

"Artistic strangulation." She pictured the cruel agony of life leaking—bubble by bubble, gasp by gasp. It would be slow—for he had boasted of a method which left no tell-tale marks.

"Another death," she thought dully. "If it happens everyone will say that the Waxworks have killed me. What a story . . . Only, I shall not write it up."

### T

HE tramp of feet rang out on the pavement below. It might have been the policeman on his beat; but Sonia wanted to feel that young Wells was still faithful to his post.

She looked up at the window, set high in the wall, and, for a moment, was tempted to shout. But the idea was too desperate. If she failed to attract outside attention, she would seal her own fate, for Poke would be prompted to hasten her extinction.

"Awful to feel he's so near, and yet I cannot reach him," she thought. "It makes it so much worse."

She crouched there, staring and sweating at every faint sound in the darkness. The rain, which still pattered on the skylight, mimicked footsteps and whispers. She remembered her dream and the nightmare spring and clutch.

It was an omen. At any moment it would come . . .

Her fear jolted her brain. For the first time she had a glimmer of hope.

"I didn't see him before the flash, because he looked exactly like one of the waxworks. Could I hide among them too?" she wondered.

She knew that her white coat alone revealed her position to him. Holding her breath, she wriggled out of it, and hung it on the effigy of Charles II. In her black coat, with her handkerchief-scarf tied over her face, burglar fashion, she hoped that she was invisible against the sable-draped walls.

Her knees shook as she crept from her shelter. When she had stolen a few yards, she stopped to listen. . . . In the darkness, someone was astir. She heard a soft padding of feet, moving with the certainty of one who sees his goal.

Her coat glimmered in her deserted corner.

In a sudden panic, she increased her pace, straining her ears for other sounds. She had reached the far end of the Gallery, where no gleam from the window penetrated the gloom. Blinded and muffled, she groped her way towards the alcoves which held the tableaux.

Suddenly she stopped, every nerve in her body quivering. She had heard a thud, like rubber soles alighting after a spring.

"He knows now." Swift on the trail of her thought flashed another. "He will look for me. Oh, quick!"

She tried to move, but her muscles were bound, and she stood as though rooted to the spot, listening. It was impossible to locate the footfalls. They seemed to come from every quarter of the Gallery. Sometimes they sounded remote, but whenever she drew a free breath, a sudden creak of the boards close to where she stood made her heart leap.

At last she reached the limit of endurance. Unable to bear the suspense of waiting, she moved on.

Her pursuer followed her at a distance. He gained on her, but still withheld his spring. She had the feeling that he held her at the end of an invisible string.

"He's playing with me, like a cat with a mouse," she thought.

If he had seen her, he let her creep forward until the darkness was no longer absolute. There were gradations in its density so that she was able to recognise the first alcove. Straining her eyes, she could distinguish the outlines of the bed where the Virtuous Man made his triumphant exit from life, surrounded by a host of his sorrowing family and their progeny.

Slipping inside the circle, she added one more mourner to the tableau.

*Please turn to Page 46*

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the Bridges' Party, let me suggest some Holbrooks—Queen Olives. They are always popular.

# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## BEAUTY—TO ARMS!

... To Shoulders  
and Neglected Backs,  
Too! —

HAVEN'T you heard it, at a party, at a dance?... "What a lovely frock, spoilt by scraggy arms!"... "Why does she persist in showing off that terrible back?"... "Why doesn't she cover those fleshy arms and horny elbows of hers?"... "Just look at those hunched, bony shoulders!" Catty remarks, a privilege of some onlookers, and perhaps—no, not perhaps—but really deserved. So this very day (or night) stand before your mirror. Be honest with yourself. Look at those elbows, shoulders. Get a hand-mirror and study your back... Satisfying—or...?

FOR the smart new evening gowns, back, arms, neck, and shoulders must be smooth, and free from blemishes.

Believe it when I say that the busy housewife scores over the business girl in the matter of arms—though each may be astonished to hear this. Sweeping, scrubbing, polishing, stretching to reach high cupboards, the clothesline, rubbing away at clothes, making beds, pummeling pillows and cushions—such household duties give excellent exercise for the arm muscles and help to keep the arms rounded, smooth, and youthful.

Sitting most of the day, elbows resting on hard desks, lack of exercise does not encourage rounded contours, and, unless especially cared for, elbows become rough, red, and scraggy.

A very uncharitable man once said that he looks at a woman's elbows



By  
Evelyn

to judge her age.  
How old do your  
elbows look?

If you lived in America, a beauty expert would advise you to use the preparation for your manicure set to remove that dead, calloused skin from horny, rough elbows. Though I have not seen it used or met anyone who has tried it out, I will pass on to you the hint:

HERE YOU SEE the back of a Paramount beauty, Lou Sheridan, being made-up. A small sponge is used by the make-up expert. Large dots of the liquid powder are dotted up the spinal column, then blended into the skin in upward and outward movements and beyond the line of the dress in an even expanse. In order to do it yourself the sponge could be affixed by elastic to the end of a long holder or smooth stick.

Moisten the skin of your elbows thoroughly with the preparation. When it dries, wash your elbows with warm water and soap, then rub with a turkish

towel. Repeat this daily till the old, dead skin is gone.

TO WEAR a gown like this with effect, arms, shoulders, neck and back must be beautiful. By the way, this exotic chiffon velvet evening gown of Chanel-blue, ironically named "Day in the Country," is worn by Miss Joan Frint in the remarkable mannequin parade in the J. C. Williamson production of "Roberta."

"wringing" massage movements. Use cold cream on your arms at bedtime.

AND here's another helpful tip: Every night when you use your cold cream, or skin food, on your face, rub it also into your elbows to keep the skin smooth and soft. And when you don a short-sleeved frock or evening gown, rub a little vanishing cream or foundation cream into your elbows and powder lightly over them.

Red and rough skin on arms is certainly unbecoming. Take some exercise every day, both indoors and out-of-doors, to stimulate swift circulation through all your body. This will help to correct the congestion and sluggishness in the circulation of your arms, which may cause redness.

When you bathe, use a bath-brush, loofah, or rough, heavy face-cloth—some use a fine nail-brush—and scrub your arms vigorously with soap and warm water.

The friction and resulting circulation will help correct the roughness and goose pimples on your skin.

Be sure always to dry your skin very thoroughly afterwards, for sometimes it is moisture and chapping which cause roughness and redness.

After drying your arms, rub in some cream with heavy, circular, rotary, or

milk paste is simply wonderful. Mix dried milk to a smooth paste with a little lemon juice, too.

Smooth the paste all over the arms, and leave it like a face pack, until quite dry. Wash off in lukewarm water.

If dried milk is not handy, use fuller's earth and warm fresh milk, adding a few drops of lemon juice when the paste is smoothly mixed.

After the daily bath, and when the arms are dried, equal parts of witch-hazel, rosewater, and toilet eau-de-cologne may be dabbed on with a piece of cotton wool. Include the elbows in this treatment.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is the wintry air, cold and uncomfortable, beneficial to health, or is it not wiser to be cosy and warm. My husband is a fresh-air fiend, and he insists on opening windows that I would prefer to keep closed at this time of the year. Which of us is right?

I TRUST I shall be considered a satisfactory arbitrator when I say you are both right to some extent.

A cold and draughty ingress of air can interfere very considerably with one's comfort, and may even be injurious, but, on the other hand, a room without air circulating in it is absolutely fatal to good health.

When cold weather arrives, the tendency is to shut all the windows and to keep them shut, whether this be in the home, the factory, or the office. Even in public schools, one often finds that the windows are not opened enough, despite the fact that from thirty to fifty children may be breathing the same air over and over again.

We must not, of course, confuse warm air with impure air, nor fresh air with cold air.

In fact, what ventilates air is not necessarily an increase of carbon dioxide but rather an increase of water vapor which is breathed out from the lungs and exhaled from the skin surface.

...BY A DOCTOR..

amount necessary for adults is from three thousand to four thousand cubic feet when at rest, and as much as five thousand cubic feet of air when doing light work. Three thousand cubic feet of fresh air should be allowed for each individual who remains for an hour or more in one room and in company with others.

The best way to keep air in motion—a fact which helps so much in maintaining our sense of well-being—is to open the windows several inches at top and bottom.

The air, which is warmed by the presence of individuals breathing it, rises to the top of the room and is forced out over the top of the windows by the current of cold air rushing in at the bottom.

In order to avoid a draught from the bottom of the window, glass or wooden partitions can readily be constructed or decidedly increased.

### PERTINENT

#### BEAUTY TIP

For  
This  
Week

MANY

GIRLS

complain of

a shiny face

even within

an hour after making up. So,

after you have cleansed your

face preparatory to making up,

pat it well with a pad of cotton-

wool soaked in cold water and

skin tonic, as this will close the

pores and help to prevent any

greasiness. Then, while the

face is still slightly damp with tonic,

apply your foundation cream and

proceed with your make-up.



bought for the purpose, which prevents air currents from rushing in at a horizontal level.

In houses and offices which are steam-heated, care should also be exercised not to allow the temperature to rise above 72 degrees Fahrenheit. If anything, it is better to have the room a little too cool rather than too hot.

## No Results—No Pay! Try This Simple, Safe REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial without danger or expense. All you need is a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalco Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied with the results, send the salts back to the manufacturer. They will refund your money if you have paid will be refunded to you.

**NO STARVING** It is sheer folly to imperil your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slender can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting. There is another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalco thermal salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate this action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats, pastries, and sweets, taken at meals.

### NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalco Thermal Salts are a compound salt of similar mineral salts found in many of the Therapeutic Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but because they assist the body in getting rid of those waste products of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle dissolving solution of Thalco Thermal Salts naturally cleanse the system of those wastes and impurities which are liable to cause Fatigue, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

### COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT

We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalco Thermal Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you are satisfied. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce simply send the two empty jars to the distributor—Parry, Barker & Co., 19-20 St. George's Road, London, S.W.1—and the full purchase price without question or controversy. If satisfied you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalco Thermal Salts to gain perfect slimmers and prevent fat from forming.

**THALCO**  
THERMAL SALTS  
PRICE 1/6d. PER JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS



TRY IT...  
IT'S MARVELLOUS!

All over the world to-day... discriminating women choose NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME as the ONLY creme they need... a combined skin food... cleansing creme... and vanishing creme! Commence using NIVEA Creme now... for skin health and beauty!

NIVEA

All Purpose  
CREME 6° & 1/2



# AMATEUR LADY

"I WILL. And I want Christine to come, too."

Everyone looked at the girl. "I'd like to," she said, half under her breath. "But I'm pretty busy, you know."

John rose and stretched and announced it was time for evening work. Philip went with him, while Vera, Eleanor, and Christine bathed small Melissa and put her to bed. They then sat round the table to eat a simple supper served by a neat country girl in a dark dress and white apron. They lingered when the meal was finished until shadows darkened the room.

Christine spoke suddenly: "Goodness! It must be after seven!

Philip and I must be starting back."

"No," John answered decidedly. "The moon rises early to-night, and from half-past eight on you'll have a light as clear as day to show you the road. Vera's going to spend the evening here; we four will sit on the verandah until the moon rises and she'll play for us. That's the way she plays best, no one in the room with her just playing whatever comes into her mind."

Philip looked at Christine.

"Let's stay," he begged.

"All right, but it'll be nearly eleven when we get back. We'll have to ride slowly, you know."

"I don't mind."

They moved out to the verandah, Christine electing to sit on the low

*Continued from  
Page 5*

step. Philip chose the other side, and John and Eleanor stretched out in deck chairs above them. After a little Vera began to play, and they stopped talking to listen, to watch the purple blue of evening settle over the hills, to see the faint golden-silver light of the moon, still hidden behind the mountain. For an hour Vera played, turning from one half-remembered thing to another, some Chopin, some Bach, some folk music, some songs of Schubert.

She played on until that peculiar darkness that envelopes the earth just before moonrise hid the road from their view, then she came out to join them.

Please turn to Page 49

# JOIN the LIST of PRIZE-WINNERS In Our Weekly Recipe Competition!

As the list grows longer and longer, more and more women over Australia are realising how valuable our recipe competition is to themselves and to others.

You, too, should try for a prize. Enter your very special recipe (not necessarily original). Write it out clearly, and mark it "Best Recipes."

First and second prizes at £2 and 10/- respectively, and for at 2/6, are given each week.

The adjudicator notes the many good recipes each week and losing prizes through carelessness. In some cases addresses are not given, some are indecipherable, while others are incomplete, as are directions for making dishes. We therefore urge competitors to give themselves chance and send in their recipe correctly written.

Winning recipes for this week

#### STEAMED CARAMEL PUDDING

One tablespoon of cocoa, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of castor sugar, 3 tablespoons of butter, 1 egg, 1 cup of self-raising flour, 1 pint of salt added to flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix the cocoa with the milk, cook it, then set it aside to cool. Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg. After beating these ingredients thoroughly stir in alternately the flour and the cocoa mixture. Flavor with the vanilla and pour into a pudding mould lined with caramel.

To make the caramel, boil half a cup of sugar with 3 tablespoons of water until it turns brown. Steam for about 40 minutes, and serve with vanilla sauce.

First Prize of £1 to E. McLenahan, 21 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Victoria.

#### MELON JELLY.

Peel the melon and cut into pieces leaving all the seeds in. Over each lib of melon strew 1lb. of sugar, and let it stand all night. Cut up 3 lemons (but only use the peel of one), cover with boiling water, and also leave all night. Next day add to melon, and boil until soft. Then place cheesecloth or some other thin material over the colander, turn melon pulp into this, and leave to drain.

Put the juice in a preserving pan allowing 1lb. of sugar to each pint of juice, and boil for about one hour, or till it sets. When nearly cooked, add 1 packet of fruit jelly crystals—as bought in packets for making table jelly. It should be either lemon or pineapple flavor; melt this with some of the hot juice, and when dissolved add to the syrup in pan. Boil again for about a further hour longer.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. E. Fletcher, 5 Derby St., Epping, N.S.W.

#### APPLE DOUGHBOY FOR A PICNIC

Take three or four nice apples of equal size. Peel, core and cut into rounds. Make some short pastry, roll it out thinly, and cut two rounds an eighth of an inch larger than the apples, making twice as many rounds as there are apples. Place one apple on a piece of pastry. Fill the hole with raspberry jam, and sprinkle over with castor sugar. Mincing the edges of the pastry with a fork, and cover with the second round of pastry. Seal in a hot oven, so that the top won't open. These are delicious, particularly if you take a carton of cream to serve with them.

Consolation Prize of 2/- to Mrs. G. Tresselt, 62 Lower North Road, Prospect, S.A.

#### BRAMBLES.

One custard of dates, cut in slices, 1 cup of shelled walnuts, 2 tablespoons cream, honey.

Crump the nuts, and mix with the sliced dates and orange juice. Roll out some good pastry to a thickness of one-eighth of an inch, and lay it on a greased baking sheet. Put the date mixture on half of each round. Fold over the other half, and press edges together firmly. Place on a hot baking sheet and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/- to Mrs. E. White, 49 Denison St., Waverley, N.S.W.

#### JUBILEE CAKE

Half lb. butter, 1lb. dark brown sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoonful essence vanilla, 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. rice flour, 1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar. Rub butter and sugar together, add eggs, then add essence. Mix well and add flour and rice flour, carbonate of soda dissolved in boiling water. Grease a tin, and cover with greased paper. Turn in the cake and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

This is an excellent cake, but it is not as good as the ordinary sponge cake, though somewhat out of the ordinary.

Consolation Prize of 2/- to Mrs. Kirkby, 1 Charles Street, Parramatta, N.S.W.

#### PEACH PUDDING.

Fill a dish with whole peeled peaches. Pour over them two cups water, cover closely, and boil until the peaches are soft. Strain off the juice and let them cool. Add to the juice 1 pint of sweet milk, 4 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup flour, mixed with 1 tablespoonful baking powder, 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful melted butter, a pint of cream. Beat well, pour over peaches and bake pudding in moderate oven till brown. Serve with cream. Delicious hot or cold. Timmed peaches can be used.

Consolation Prize of 2/- to Mrs. J. H. Neale, 107 Murray Street, Mackay, Qld.

## AN OLD FRIEND TELLS THE TRUTH

YOU WERE HEAD OF OUR OUTSIDE SELLING STAFF. LOOK AT YOUR RECORD NOW. SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE, OR—



MORE STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-SHOULDER ADVICE NEEDED, MR. WALTERS. I'M LOSING SALES. IS IT MY FAULT OR YOU THINK?



YES—BUT—

NO, I CAN'T TELL YOU. HERE, TAKE THIS AND READ IT AT HOME



GOOD HEAVENS, B.O.—I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF THAT



OH, WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING. THIS LIFEBOUY LATHER'S GRAND



HOW'S THAT FOR AN ORDER, MR. MANAGER! NOW WHERE DO I COME ON THE SALES LIST!



No household should be without LIFEBOUY SOAP

This is the opinion of a constant user. She has a family of four boys, and she says, "I find Lifebuoy hygienic and most economical—since using it my boys have never had any trouble with their skins. For myself I find it most refreshing in the bath. Yours faithfully,

(Mrs. L. NEIL)

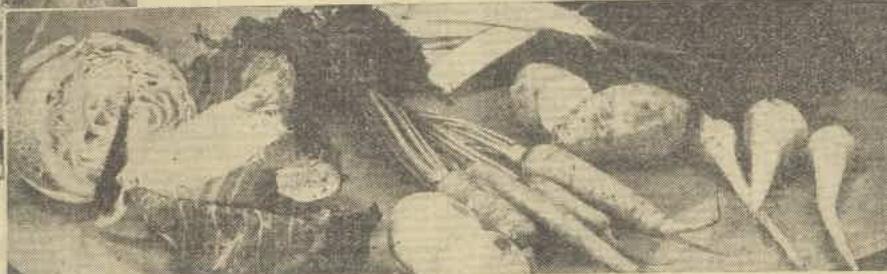
A LEVER PRODUCT 2/-

LIFEBOUY  
MEDICATED  
HEALTH SOAP

All over the world . . . every day  
MILLIONS USE LIFEBOUY



MANY prefer to serve soup in the good old-fashioned way from a tureen at the table . . . Soup of some kind should be served at the first course at every dinner, as the stomach is then prepared to assimilate the heavier foods that follow.



**S**OUP has its own special advantages that no other food can offer. It is liquid. It blends, in delicious combinations and varieties, the savors and flavors of meats, vegetables, cereals, herbs, etc. Well-made it appeals instantly to the appetite, even when languid. It stimulates the flow of digestive juices, supplies needed nourishment, and promotes digestion . . . Not only is a hot plate of tempting soup a sparkling invitation to the appetite, but all you eat does you more good after soup has prepared the way . . .

**H**OUSEWIVES have an idea that soup-making is troublesome and expensive, but if the necessary thought is given to it the odds and ends often thrown away could be saved and prove a source of economy instead of extravagance.

Soup is divided into three classes: (1) Clear or consomme; (2) thick soup or puree; (3) broth.

Stock forms the foundation of many soups, and unless required to be rich and clear for a consomme, it need not be made from fresh meat.

The method employed for all stocks is to extract all nutriment from the materials used.

Stocks used are: (1) That made from fresh meats, bones, and vegetables; (2) that made from any scraps of cooked meat, bones, and vegetables.

White stock is made from white meats, such as veal, chicken, rabbit.

Fish stock is made from fish, or fish bones.

#### FIRST STOCK.

Half shin beef, or beef bones, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 2 onions, 1 head celery, bouquet garni, salt, pepper.

Remove meat from bones. Cut into small pieces. Put into a large saucepan with salt and cold water. Allow to stand half an hour. Bring very slowly to the boil. Skim well. Add the prepared vegetables. Allow to cook slowly 3 to 4 hours. Strain into a large basin. When cold, remove the fat.

#### SECOND STOCK.

Scraps of meat, bones, bacon, bones, vegetables as in first stock, salt, bouquet garni, 1 quart water to each lb. of bones.

Put the meat bones and water into saucepan, and boil for 1 hour. Add vegetables and allow to boil gently 3 hours (the stock must boil so as to extract thoroughly the gelatine). Strain. When cold, remove any fat.

#### WHITE STOCK.

This is made according to the directions given for first stock, only use knuckle of veal, rabbit, or fowl in place of beef. This stock is used as the foundation of white soup, such as asparagus or cheese.

#### FISH STOCK.

Two lb. fish, or fish bones, sprig parsley, peppercorns, rind, half lemon, 3 pints water, 1 onion, salt. Put all the ingredients into a sauce-

pan, bring slowly to the boil. Boil slowly 1 hour. Strain.

#### EMERGENCY STOCK.

This may be made with meat extract or soup cubes. Boil the water, melting the extract or cubes will before adding to the other ingredients.

#### PEA SOUP.

Half lb. split peas, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon dried mint, or fresh can be used, 1 head celery, 6 pints water, beef bones, bacon bones, croutons, salt, pepper to taste, 1 heaped tablesp. flour.

Soak the peas in hot water over night. Drain. Put peas, bones, and water into large saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil. Skim well. Add the prepared vegetables. Allow to cook slowly 3 to 4 hours. Strain into a large basin. When cold, remove the fat.

Caramel is a browning used for coloring soups, sauces, and gravies.

Croutons are small squares of fried or toasted bread. Serve as a garnish for thick soups.

which have been cut up roughly. Boil 3 hours, or till peas are soft. Strain through sieve or colander. Return to clean saucepan. Add blended flour and boil for 2 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with powdered mint and croutons in hot soup tureen.

JULIENNE SOUP.

One quart first stock, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 head celery, 1 tablespoon confitour, salt to taste, caramel.

Pel or scrape the vegetable, and cut into fine strips like matches. Boil the carrot in a little of the stock for 5 minutes, add turnip. Cook 3 minutes longer. Cool celery in separate saucepan. Drain. Put vegetables into soup tureen. Heat the stock. Add blended confitour. Cook for 2 minutes after it boils. Add caramel and salt, if necessary. Pour on to the vegetables and serve at once.

CARROT SOUP.

Two pints second stock, 4 carrots, 1 small onion, 1 turnip, 2 potatoes, 1lb. fat, 1oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne. Wash and scrape the carrot, and cut into slices. Peel the turnip and onion

and cut into slices, also the potato. Melt the fat in saucepan. Add the vegetables and fry for a few minutes without browning. Add stock, sugar, salt, cayenne, and cook slowly till vegetables are soft. Rub through a sieve. Return to clean saucepan, add the blended flour. Cook for 2 minutes after it comes to a boil. Serve in hot soup tureen. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

#### BEEF TEA.

One pint water, 1lb. gravy beef, salt, cayenne, few drops lemon juice, sippets of toast.

Shred the meat against the grain very finely. Put the meat with water, salt, and lemon juice into a double saucepan or jug and allow to stand half an hour to extract the juices from the meat. Stand in water and allow the water to come just to the boil. Remove from the fire, stand in a warm part of the stove for three-quarters of an hour. Remove all traces of fat with spoon, then paper. Serve in a cup and saucer, with the sippets of toast in the saucer.

#### MULLIGATAWNY SOUP.

Four pints second stock, 1 apple, 1 onion, juice half lemon, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 teaspoon sugar, 4oz. boiled rice, salt to taste.

Peel the apple and onion, and cut up roughly. Fry in fat for 5 minutes, without browning. Add flour, curry powder, sugar, and lemon juice. Add the stock all at once, stir till it boils and thickens. Simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Rub through a sieve. Return to clean saucepan. Add the boiled rice, and salt, if necessary. Thoroughly reheat. Serve at once in hot soup tureen.

#### POTATO SOUP.

Six potatoes, 2 onions, 1 pint milk, 2 pints stock, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon flour, croutons.

Peel potatoes and onions. Cut up roughly. Place in a saucepan, and stir over the fire till they steam well, but are on no account brown. Add the stock, salt, and cayenne, and simmer till vegetables are tender. Rub through a coarse sieve. Return to a clean saucepan. Add the milk and blended flour. Cook for 2 minutes after it comes to the boil. Add any seasoning if necessary. Serve in hot soup tureen with croutons.

#### OYSTER SOUP.

Three pints fish stock, 2 dessert-spoons butter, 1 pint milk, salt, cayenne, 36 oysters, 2 tablespoons flour, lemon rind, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Beard the oyster. Put the beards into the stock with lemon rind. Simmer for half an hour. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add flour. Cook well without browning. Add the stock and milk. Cook for 2 minutes after it comes to the boil. Add salt and cayenne. Put the oysters into hot soup tureen. Pour over the hot soup. Do not boil the oysters as it hardens them, and makes them unfit for use.

#### ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Two bunches asparagus, 1 onion, 1 turnip, 1/2 tablespoon flour, 3 pints white stock, 1 head celery, 2 dessert-spoons butter, salt, cayenne.

Scrape and wash the asparagus, cut the tops off, and put them aside. Cut the stalks into inch lengths. Cut the vegetables up roughly. Put into saucepan with the stock, and boil for 1 hour.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetizing zest.

With these delicious recipes . . . the most inexperienced housewife can serve the finest soup ever made!

ALL the goodness of vegetables is captured in soup. In ordinary cooking, their valuable health-giving properties often go down the sink with the liquid strained from them.

#### KIDNEY SOUP.

One ox kidney, 1 onion, 2 quarts second stock, salt, cayenne, mustard, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Soak the kidney for 15 minutes. Skim, and remove any fat, and put through the mincing machine with onion. Melt the fat in a saucepan, add kidney and onion, and fry for 5 minutes. Add flour, sugar, mustard, salt, cayenne, croutons. Boil the tomatoes in the water till soft. Add the soda, then rub through a strainer. Return to clean saucepan. Add the milk, butter, and blended flour. Cook for a few minutes after it boils.

Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Serve very hot in soup tureen with croutons.

#### TOMATO SOUP.

Four large tomatoes, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 eggspoon carb. soda, salt, cayenne, croutons.

Boil the tomatoes in the water till soft. Add the soda, then rub through a strainer. Return to clean saucepan. Add the milk, butter, and blended flour. Cook for a few minutes after it boils.

Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Serve very hot in soup tureen with croutons.

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# Warning in the BACK Pains

## Dreaded Rheumatism That Shortens So Many Lives

If you get agonising back, loin or joint pains; If you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep, urinary troubles—BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE. Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.



### A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE REMEDY

Harrison's Pills are the safest, easiest and results considered, the least expensive remedy you can take. If you have any one or a number of the symptoms and disorders printed below, you should take Harrison's Pills at once. This remedy of a London Doctor has an outstanding record of success. Harrison's Pills not only combat the early stages of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, Genito-Urinary and Uric Acid Disorders, but they succeed even in cases that defy all other forms of treatment. Harrison's Pills are good for women and children as well as for men—for all ages over 3 years—and for even the most delicate constitution.

### STOPS PAIN BY REMOVING CAUSE!

If you suffer from any form of bodily torture such as may be associated with uric acid, kidney, rheumatism; if you have any vitality-sapping, youth-killing disorder of the bladder or urinary organs—try this great remedy. Go to your chemist or storekeeper and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—18 pills, 32 pills, 52 pills, 5/- each. You are guaranteed relief from the first bottle or money back guarantee. You are assured of a lasting complete cure, unless it is impossible to be possible from any remedy. If not near a chemist or store, post your order to Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney. Harrison's Pills must help you because they effectively banish the CAUSE of your ill-health.

**For Weak, Aching Back, Loin, Joint and Limb Pains, Stabbing Pains, Rheumatic Infection, Swollen Joints, Loss of Vitality, Sciatica, Arthritis, Uric Acid, Urinary Pain, Gravel, Stone, etc., TAKE**



## Harrison's Pills

**2 GB TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING:**



ONE  
NIGHT  
OF  
LOVE

Starring

GRACE MOORE

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

THE FIRST WIDE RANGE BROADCAST OF THE FIRST WIDE RANGE FILM SUNDAY, MAY 26, AT 9.50 P.M.

## THE LOVE STORY OF LORD NELSON

Emma Hamilton, "The Divine Lady," someone once called her, and as such she has been known ever since. Daughter of a nobody, taken from the gutters to become artist's model to all the great artists of her day, wife of Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples, and then the love and inspiration of the greatest admiral of all time! Following the success of his "Clive of India," George Edwards has chosen this moving love story as the type of production that women listeners want.

EVERY MORNING AT 10.45

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"20 years ago you cured my husband. Now I wish it for 'non'-smokers—a grateful woman. You CAN bring happiness to YOUR home by using Eucrasia."

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write today for a FREE SAMPLE. Boxer, and many testimonials. Dept. H, EUCRASY CO., 29 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

### FEMININE ADORNMENT

In 1700 Parliament enacted the following nasty bit of legislation: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid, or widow, that shall from and after such Act impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's Subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

# MISS SIX will be Thrilled with this FREE Three-in-one-Pattern

Our three-in-one patterns, which we are giving away free each week over an extended period, are proving so popular that we really couldn't forget mother and little Miss Six-year-old. This week, therefore, we give the pattern for the three little dresses portrayed below—all in one pattern, and free for the asking!



### Free Three-in-One Coupon

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

To obtain this free pattern, fill in this coupon and bring it to our offices. If sending through the post, please enclose a 1d. stamp to cover postage. For addresses see another page.

(Three-in-one coupon, 25/5/35.)

# free! £200 IN CASH PRIZES AUNT MARY'S RECIPE COMPETITION

### 203 Valuable Prizes

1st Prize .....	£25
2nd Prize .....	£15
3rd Prize .....	£10
100 Prizes of .....	£1
100 Prizes of .....	10/-

### SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW!

Please note this—Recipes which appear in Aunt Mary's Cookery Book will not be accepted for this Competition. In order that you may know what recipes this up-to-date cookery book contains, write for your copy to-day enclosing 1/- plus 2d for postage to Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

## AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK



This comprehensive Cookery Book contains valuable information for every housewife. The best value publication ever issued dealing with the art of cooking. Here are some of the features of this attractive, useful cookery book:

- 1001 Suggestions for Novel Menus.
- 490 recipes—many never published before.
- Sixteen beautifully illustrated colour pages.
- Graphic illustrations how to make scones.
- Over 200 pages of valuable information.
- How to take the hazards out of cake-making.
- How to make the most appetising foods.
- Novel Recipes for hors-d'oeuvres, How to make delightful jellied desserts.
- How to take "sadness" out of cakes and sponges.
- Importance of "quality" in the foods you eat.
- How to open oysters without trouble.
- How to cook meats, fish, vegetables, etc.
- How to make delicious puddings.

### FILL IN THE COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please forward a copy of "Aunt Mary's" Cookery Book for which I am enclosing 1/- (one shilling and two pence). Postal Note or Stamp, to cover cost of book and postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

W.W., 25/5/35.

Here's a Contest to Find New Cake Recipes!

Make up your mind to enter this interesting competition. Fascinating to every woman of imagination and simple enough to intrigue every housewife. Think of the thrill of winning £25 or one of the other valuable prizes. Thousands of housewives have one or more favorite cake recipes that they make up regularly. Many of these recipes have never been published in any book or made known to their friends. Any one of these recipes may win a valuable prize—send along your favorite recipe now—you'll never win unless you try—note the prize list.

### Rules of Competition

1. Every recipe forwarded must include Aunt Mary's Baking Powder.
2. Each recipe submitted should be clearly written or typed on a plain white sheet with the competitor's name and address on the top right-hand corner of the sheet.
3. Entrants who send in recipes which appear in Aunt Mary's Cookery Book will automatically disqualify themselves.
4. One person may send in any number of recipes provided that each recipe is written on a separate sheet and complies with the conditions.
5. Every recipe submitted will be carefully considered by the judges and prizes will be awarded according to the rules of the competition in order of merit.
6. Competitors enter this contest with the distinct understanding that the decision of the judges will be final and conclusive and legally binding on all competitors.
7. No entries will be returned. Irrespective of whether a recipe receives a prize or not, all recipes forwarded become the property of Tillock & Co., Ltd.
8. No claim for compensation shall be recognized for any mistake or oversight which an entrant or competitor may deem to have been made and no correspondence will be entered into with any competitor.
9. The first and subsequent prizes will be awarded by the judges and in the event of a tie for any cash prize, the entire money allocated for such prize will be equally divided.
10. The judges of this contest will be Madame Parsons, Cookery Demonstrator for the "Australian Woman's Mirror"; Sister Susie, Editor of the "Cookery Page of the 'Woman's Mirror'; Margaret Shepherd, Cooking Expert and Instructor in N.S.W. Hospitals.
11. All entries must be received on or before Saturday, June 29, 1935, and must be addressed: "Aunt Mary's Recipe Competition," C/o. Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent & Liverpool Sts., Sydney.

# OUR FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WW  
343A



WW341A WW342A

#### SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE

WW341A.—Simple yet effective is this coat style for the tiny tot. Coat is double-breasted, and the neck is finished with a fur scarf. The cape collar adds great charm. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1 yard, 54 inches wide; 1 yard—fur. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### PRINCESS ELIZABETH STYLE

WW342A.—A fitted coat in Princess Elizabeth style for the small schoolgirl. It is shaped into the figure at the side seams. Wide revers are cut in one with the front. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### BACK COWL IS SMART

WW343A.—Something very chic in an evening cape. The cowl or monk collar is quite the newest fad. Cape is fitted with a dart on the shoulder. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### TYROLEAN SHAPE

WW344A.—The smart Miss who makes for herself one of these new Tyrolean shapes knows what is in fashion. Full directions accompany the pattern in sizes 21 and 21½-inch head measurement. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW336A WW337A

#### BECOMINGLY CHIC

WW338A.—This smart model has an expensive air, yet is simply and easily made. A crossover effect is carried out in both the skirt and bodice. The peck treatment is new and unusual. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### A LOVELY MODEL

WW337A.—A simple tunic frock featuring the popular side split. Round neck is furnished with clips which give a gathered effect. Material for 36-inch bust: Tunic—3 yards, 36 inches wide. Skirt—2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### ON THE CROSS

WW338A.—An evening frock having both simplicity and charm. Skirt is cut on the cross and is fashioned with flared frills. The neck trimming is new and chic. Material for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### LADY'S FROCK

WW339A.—A simple frock having a crossover effect at the bust. Skirt is cut on the cross and is fashioned with flared frills. The neck trimming is new and chic. Material for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### FOR THE GROWING GIRL

WW340A.—A smart costume for the growing girl. Should not be overlooked this season. This one has a seam in the front, extending to the armholes, giving the effect of a Norfolk. Skirt has inverted pleats. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

#### SMART REVERS

WW341A.—A smart coat for sports wear, with an inverted pleat down the back. Collar is in one with the wide revers, which extend over the armholes. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## The TECHNIQUE of Effective Make-up

by Kathleen Court

To-day the dominating idea in make-up is the logical one of having all your beauty aids harmonising. The old haphazard idea of using this make of face cream, with that make of powder, a third brand of lipstick, and still another rouge has caused much of the criticism that has been levelled against the otherwise perfectly proper and desirable efforts of women to make the most of their appearance.

#### Women Above Criticism . . .

If her appearance is faultless, a woman is not open to criticism. Here is a simple method of faultless day-time make-up . . . a method which, if followed to the letter, cannot fail to bring about results that all may say are perfect . . .

First remove all trace of discoloured impurities from the pores-depth by using Facial Youth Cleansing Cream. Wipe off. Now apply a little Facial Youth Day Cream, following with Golden Youth Powder. Finish with Rose Pearl Rouge, and a flick of one of the Kukillas Court Lipsticks. If your lashes and brows are too light, darken them perfectly by using my Eyelash and Brow Cosmetic. The entire cost is about 10/-, the lowest price at which you could obtain a complete effective beauty kit anywhere in the World. And you will find the results more than just effective—they'll be marvellous—if you can avoid the temptation to mix one or two articles from the list "We use up what you've got".



#### For Your HAIR

You know how often hairs fall out. And it's not always due to a wet hair. Rinsing water leaves lime, chalk etc., to make the hair dull and brittle. My own special shampoo ends oil with. Make your hair softer than silk. **10/-**. Make hair of even salt water silk soft in wallet. **1/-**.

\* Any high-class Beauty Counter can supply you. Overseas and Country purchasers may post their orders to the nearest address below:

**kathleen court** (England), Ltd., 224-226, Regent St., London, W.1. Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, or of A.M.P. Chambers, Wellington, N.Z., or 66, Von Welling Street, Johannesburg, South Africa.



#### FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, send this coupon and enclose it WITH 10/- STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A FREE STAMP WILL BE FORWARDED TO EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of three pence will be made for free postage over one month old—  
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 984, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4007, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1048, G.P.O., Sydney.  
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1048, G.P.O., Sydney. Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our service offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Pattern Coupon, 25/- 25.



#### OUR FREE PATTERN

FOR this week we have chosen a really Parisian model for our free pattern.

Skirt has a panel back and front, with the seams extending to the sides. You may make it with a contrast collar or in scarf effect, falling loosely at the side.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust.

Material: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



## WE'VE BEATEN RHEUMATISM

Going right to the root of the trouble, Warner's Safe Cure attacks rheumatism at its source . . . in kidneys and liver. Disorder in these important organs creates harmful body poisons which give rise to rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, etc. Warner's Safe Cure has definitely proven itself in the treatment of all such complaints.

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Stoekshapers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form, at 2/-.

### FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND

"Since taking 'DRINKO' in his tea my husband has stopped drinking, writes a grateful wife. Every husband too can be cured with this great remedy. Write or call for free book—gives all details. Dept. W., HOME WELFARE PTY. Commercial Bank Chambers, 601 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney."

Doctors Recommend Modern Gas Fires  
HAYMARKET, SYDNEY. GAS LIGHT COY. PHONE M 6503

The glowing rays of the modern gas fire will warm you generously from across a wide room. Or with a smaller model suitable for the nursery, you can be sure of the children having constant warmth, adjusted to the exact temperature they need, without the air becoming heavy and stuffy. Modern gas fires not only warm thoroughly—they ventilate.

**T**HE minutes passed, but nothing happened. There seemed no sound save the tiny gone beating inside her temples. Even the raindrops had ceased to patter on the skylight.

Sonia began to find the silence more deadly than noise. It was like the still before the storm. Question after question came rolling into her mind. "Who is he? What will he do next? Why doesn't he strike a light?"

As though someone were listening—in to her thoughts, she suddenly heard a faint sputter as of an ignited match. Or it might have been the click of an exhausted electric torch.

With her back turned to the room, she could see no light. She heard the half-hour strike, with a faint wonder that she was still alive.

"What will have happened before the next quarter?" she asked.

Frequently she began to feel the strain of her pose, which she held as rigidly as any artist's model. For the time—if her presence were not already detected—her life depended on her immobility.

As an overpowering weariness began to steal over her, a whisper stirred in her brain:

"The alderman was found dead on bed."

The newspaper account had not specified which especial tableau had been the scene of the tragedy, but she could not remember another above which held a bed. As she stared at the white dimness of the quilt she seemed to see it blotched with a dark, sprawling form, writhing under the grip of long fingers.

To shut out the suggestion of her fancy, she closed her eyes. The cold, dead air in the alcove was sapping her exhausted vitality, so that once again she began to nod. She dozed as she stood, rocking to and fro on her feet.

Her surroundings grew shadowy. Sometimes she knew that she was in the alcove, but at others she strayed momentarily over strange borders. . . . She was back in the summer, walking in a garden with young Weis. Roses and sunshine. . . .

She awoke with a start at the sound of heavy breathing. It sounded close

## WAXWORKS

Continued from Page 40

to her—almost by her side. The figure of a mourner kneeling by the bed seemed to change its posture slightly. Instantly maddened thoughts began to flock and flutter wildly inside her brain.

"Who was it? Was it Hubert Poke? Would history be repeated? Was she doomed also to be strangled inside the alcove? Had Fate led her there?"

She waited, but nothing happened. Again she had the sensation of being played with by a master mind—dangled at the end of his invisible string.

Presently she was emboldened to step from the alcove, to seek another shelter. But though she held on to the last flicker of her will, she had reached the limit of endurance. Worn out with the violence of her emotions and physically spent from the strain of long periods of standing, she staggered as she walked.

She blundered round the gallery, without any sense of direction, colliding blindly with the groups of waxwork figures. When she reached the window her knees shook under her and she sank to the ground—dropping immediately into a sleep of utter exhaustion.

**S**HE awoke with a start as the first grey gleam of dawn was stealing into the Gallery. It fell on the row of waxworks, imparting a sickly hue to their features, as though they were creatures stricken with plague.

It seemed to Sonia that they were waiting for her to wake. Their peaked faces were intelligent and their eyes held interest, as though they were keeping some secret.

She pushed back her hair, her brain still thick with clouded memories. Disconnected thoughts began to stir, to slide about. . . . Then suddenly her mind cleared, and she sprang up, staring at a figure wearing a familiar black cape.

Hubert Poke was also waiting for her to wake.

He sat in the same chair, and in the same posture, as when she had first seen him, in the flash of lightning. He looked as though he had never moved from his place—as though he could not move. His face had not the appearance of death.

As Sonia stared at him, with the feeling of a bird hypnotised by a snake, a doubt began to gather in her mind. Growing bolder, she crept closer to the figure.

It was a waxwork—a libellous representation of the actor—Kean.

Her laugh rang joyously through the Gallery as she realised that she had passed a night of baseless terror, cheated by the power of imagination. In her relief she turned impulsively to the waxworks.

"My congratulations," she said. "You are my masters."

They did not seem entirely satisfied by her homage, for they continued to watch her with an expression half benevolent and half sinister.

"Wait!" they seemed to say.

Sonia turned from them and opened her bag to get out her mirror and comb. There, among a jumble of notes, letters, lipsticks and powder compresses, she saw the electric torch.

"Of course!" she cried. "I remember now, I put it there. I was too windy to think properly. . . . Well, I have my story. I'd better get my coat."

The Gallery seemed smaller in the returning light. As she approached Charles Stuart, who looked like an umpire in his white coat, she glanced down the far end of the room, where she had groped in its shadows before the pursuit of imaginary footsteps.

A waxwork was lying prone on the floor. For the second time she stood and gazed down upon a familiar black cape—a broad-brimmed conspirator's hat. Then she nerve'd herself to turn the figure so that its face was visible.

She gave a scream. There was no mistaking the glazed eyes and ghastly grin. She was looking down on the face of a dead man.

It was Hubert Poke.

The shock was too much for Sonia. She heard a singing in her ears, while a black mist gathered before her eyes. For the first time, in her life she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she forced herself to kneel beside the body and cover it with its black cape. The pallid face resembled a death-mask, which revealed only too plainly the lines of egotism and cruelty which it had been moulded by a gross spirit.

Yet Sonia felt no repulsion—only pity. It was Christmas morning, and he was dead, while her own portion was life triumphant. Closing her eyes, she whispered a prayer of supplication for his warped soul.

Presently, as she grew calmer, her mind began to work on the problem of his presence. His motive seemed obvious. Not knowing that she had changed her plan, he had concealed himself in the Gallery, in order to poison her story.

"He was in the Hall of Horrors at first," she thought, remembering the opened door. "When he came out he hid at this end. We never saw each other, because of the waxworks between us; but we heard each other."

She realised that the sounds which had terrified her had not all been due to imagination, while it was her agency which had converted the room into a whispering gallery of strange murmurs and voices. The clue to the cause of death was revealed by his wrist-watch, which had smashed when he fell. Its hands had stopped at three minutes to three, proving that the flash-and-explosion of the thunderbolt had been too much for his diseased heart—already overstrained by superstitious fears.

**S**ONIA shuddered at a mental vision of his face, distraught with terror and pulped by raw primal impulses, after a night spent in a madman's world of phantasy.

She turned to look at the waxworks. At last, she understood what they seemed to say:

"But for us, you would have met at dawn."

"Your share shall be acknowledged. I promise you," she said, as she opened her notebook.

"Eight o'clock. The Christmas bells are ringing and it is wonderful just to be alive. I'm through the night, and none the worse for the experience, although I cracked badly after three o'clock. A colleague who, unknown to me, was also concealed in the Gallery, has met with a tragic fate, caused, I am sure, by the force of suggestion. Although his death is due to heart-failure, the superstitious will certainly claim it is another victory for the Wax-works."

—PYRGUS



## A PURE BREATH

You carry a breath like Spring with you this NEW way

THERE is now scientific and instant protection against bad breath.

May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form . . . dainty little tablets that you carry with you, in a purse or pocket, always.

Not a sweet. For that won't do. Not merely a perfume. For that simply cries out conceit.

A simple tablet stops bad breath instantly, whether from mouth, stomach, food or smoking.

Get May-Breath at any chemist, 1/-.

## May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form



When you've had a few years looking after old silver, you learn a thing or two. You know when a cleaner is moving the stain and when it's removing the surface. A good cleaner deals only with stains and dullness and respects the precious silver surface.

## SILVO

Liquid Silver Polish

Swift and safe. No acid, no mercury

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

HOST HOBSON says: I mature my Worcester sauce until age imparts full rich, mellow flavor. \* \* \*

# A GRAND SLAM in CHIC!

Fawn and Scarlet Wool, a Crochet Hook, and Magic-Like Manipulation Fashion Quickly, Easily, this very Newest Hat and Scarf Set....

Ever a woman wanted a hat and scarf to play up her charm without paying big money for the privilege, well, here's her opportunity! This set carries not only chic, but certain exclusiveness... And for dash... look at the absurdly cute cockade which, in its sharp color contrast, gives such snap and sparkle to the little hat! Look at the scarf—who would dream that mere hanks of wool could be twisted into such debonair cosiness?

THIS is the sort of ensemble that is bound to "take tricks" wherever it goes. Your best friends, while secretly envying your apparent ingenuity—will praise you for your smartness; may bemoan the fact that they "just hadn't such cleverness in their make-up"—or words to that effect...

However, all you who can use the crochet hook, who can follow simple directions may immediately on receipt of your 4-ply Virella wool set off confidently on this "grand slam in chic!"

**Materials:** Hat—2ozs. fawn 4-ply Virella wool, shade V.29; 5 yards of scarlet 4-ply wool, shade V.29. Scarf—2ozs. fawn 4-ply Virella wool, shade V.29; 2ozs. scarlet 4-ply wool, shade V.29; steel crochet hook No. 1.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 1 inch (after stretching), 8 rows to 1 inch (not loose).

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

Note: All yarn used must be in hank form.

#### HAT.

Test for tension before beginning and change hook if necessary.

With fawn yarn make 4 ch., join in a ring with a slip-stitch.

1st Round: \* 2 d.c. in the ring, working into centre hole each time.

Do not join up, work straight on with next round throughout.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. all round. Always pick up both threads of the dc. below.

3rd Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in 1 d.c. \* repeat \* to \* all round (24 d.c.).

Mark with cotton from centre crown to end of this row, as a guide for further rounds, which do not all end over it, but must reach up to or beyond it.

4th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 2 d.c. in 2 d.c. \* repeat.

5th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 3 d.c. in 3 d.c. \* repeat.

6th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. all round.

7th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 4 d.c. in 4 d.c. \* repeat.

8th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 6 d.c. in 6 d.c. \* repeat.

9th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 7 d.c. in 7 d.c. \* repeat.

10th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 8 d.c. in 8 d.c. \* repeat.

Now stretch the work well, especially the edge. Do this at intervals throughout the hat, which will then keep its shape perfectly in wear. Until the 24th round the crown should be flat; if it curls up, repeat the round just worked before joining on to the next; if the edge flattens, work a whole round of 1 d.c. in each d.c. before continuing; these corrections will put right any slight difference in tension. But the

FAWN and scarlet are used for this very exclusive hat and scarf set. The scarf is most unusual, being made from hanks of the 4-ply Virella wool—the fawn twisted together and the scarlet threaded through at each end to form the tie and long ends. The hat is smartly turned up at the back and finished with the most fascinating cockade made from the two shades of wool.

#### Knitting Hints

THREE essentials in knitting—correct tension, careful pressing, and neat finishing. Give these three points your best attention and you will have a garment that will look well, wear well, and be the admiration of your friends. Attention to one only is useless. The evenness of your knitting might be perfection, but carelessly made up or pressed and all your good work is ruined. So, remember, correct tension, careful pressing, and neat finishing.

beat assurance of success is the frequent stretching.

11th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 9 d.c. in 9 d.c. \* repeat.

12th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 10 d.c. in 10 d.c. \* repeat.

13th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. all round.

14th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 12 d.c. in 12 d.c. \* repeat.

15th Round: As 14th.

16th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 14 d.c. in 14 d.c. \* repeat.

17th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 16 d.c. in 16 d.c. \* repeat.

18th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 18 d.c. in 18 d.c. \* repeat.

19th Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 20 d.c. in 20 d.c. \* repeat.

20th Round: \* 1 d.c. in each d.c. all round.

21st Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 22 d.c. in 22 d.c. \* repeat.

22nd Round: \* 2 d.c. in 1 d.c., 24 d.c. in 24 d.c. \* repeat.



# A TRUE STORY

By an Australian Mother

who has found the secret of continued good health.

HERE'S a story that tells the secret of how two people have maintained their precious good health through many years. In telling us of her experience with Nujol, Mrs. Burns of Hamilton, N.S.W., writes as follows—

"You will be interested to know that my husband and I have for many years been constant users of Nujol.

"It was my husband who first heard of its particular merits as a laxative from several of his workmates, and a short trial convinced that there was the ideal safeguard against constipation.

"Now the both of us feel that our continued good health for years past can be largely attributed to Nujol, which is so simple to take. A bottle is always to be found in our kitchen cupboard."

We have published Mrs. Burns' letter in the hope that it will help other families to keep well. Doctors recommend Nujol. You should try it yourself. See what Nujol will do for you. Particularly if there are children in the family will you find that there's nothing so helpful in bringing them up with regular habits and assuring perfectly clean and healthy systems.

You can get Nujol at any chemist in either the well-known plain form or the new Cream of Nujol, which is flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stance (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7470, G.P.O., Sydney.



Full of variety, reproduced entirely in colour and complete with full instructions, these Books are your guarantee of knitting success—if, of course, you use only Sunbeam, the world's best knitting wool. Get the latest issues, 6d. everywhere.

If Sunbeam Wool is unobtainable locally, write to the manufacturers, E. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., Alexandria Spinning Mills Ltd., Alexandria, N.S.W.

3.2

**SUNBEAM**  
KNITTING BOOKS ★ KNITTING WOOLS

## RHEUMATISM CREPT OVER HER

Began in Knee, Spread to Arm, Neck and Back

Amazed At Effect Of  
Kruschen Salts

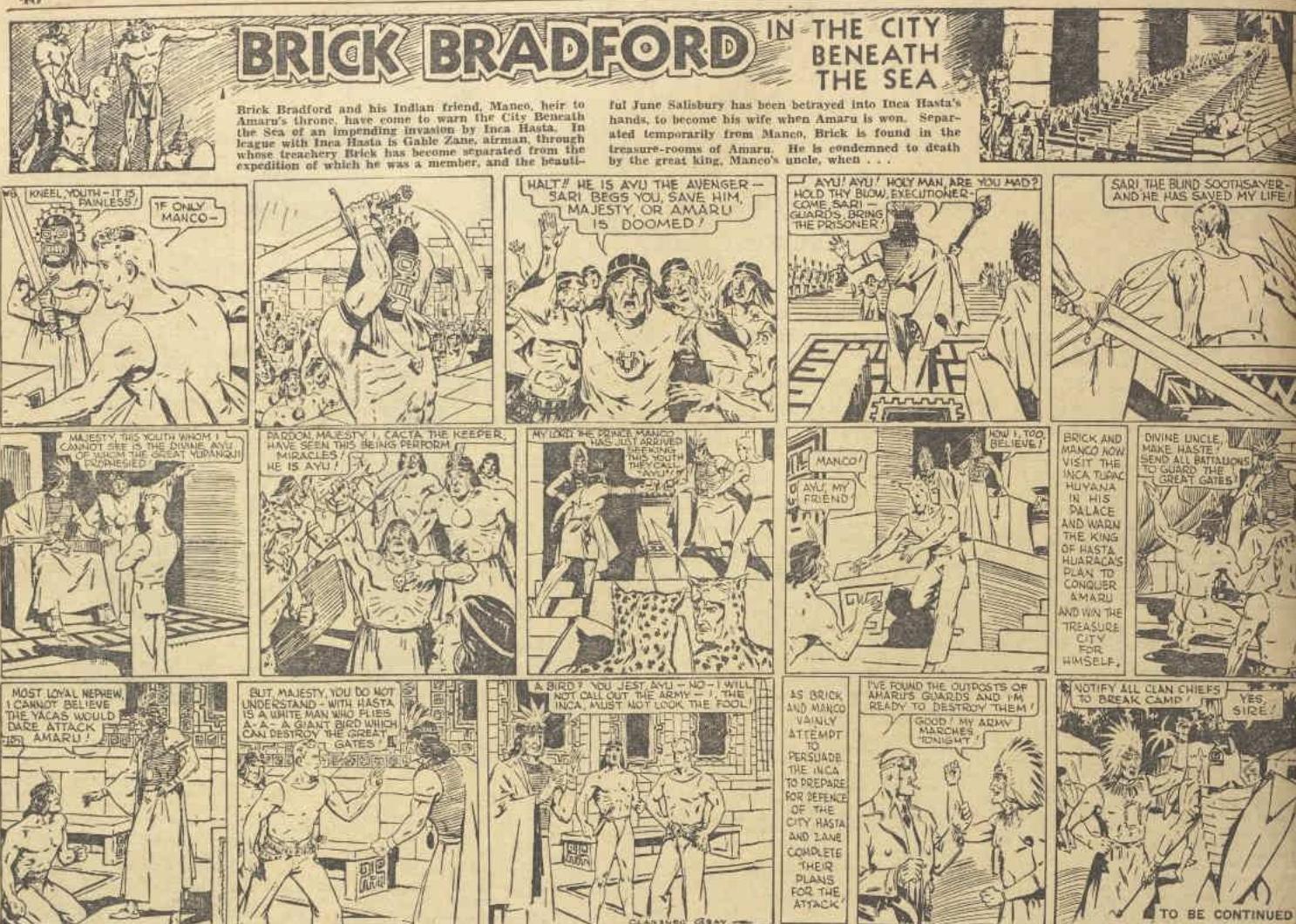
The insidious thing about rheumatism is that—like age—it creeps on unnoticed until one day you find yourself in the cruel grip of the uric acid fiend. That is what happened to this woman—

"I first suffered with rheumatism about 10 years ago," she writes. "It began in my left knee and ankle, which swelled, and sudden pain often caused me to stumble and fall out. Then it appeared in my right arm, causing sleepless nights. It increased in severity, coming on suddenly in neck, shoulders and back, the attacks usually lasting 3 or 4 days. The rheumatism became more general, and I could not raise my arms, or put them up behind me without groaning. bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts, took it, and was amazed at the effect. Pains went, energy came, and now I walk and work with great vigour. I forewarn myself becoming crippled with rheumatism and old age before my time—but I have not, for I am now very brisk and lively, and equal to the strain of attending to my home, husband, and three sons, and other activities, due undoubtedly to the wonderful effect of Kruschen Salts."

—(Mrs.) E. M. G.



Rheumatism has its origin in intestinal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of excess uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see how Kruschen Salts dulls the sharp edges of these crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.



## Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS.—

As a number of Pals have been writing in asking for new games to play, I have been eagerly looking for some. This morning I came across quite a good one, which I am sure you will all like. It is called the "Terrible Track" game, and here it is:

Each Pal is provided with a couple of sheets of news paper, folded to a convenient size to form two long, flat pads. The player stands with one foot on each pad and, bending down, grasps the ends of the pads in his hands.

The idea of the game is to see which Pal can reach the opposite end of the room first by alternately lifting each foot and paper pad in a walking movement. As in most games of this kind, it pays to be slow and sure, for directly a player puts a foot on the bare floor he is out of the game.

The prize letter of the week came from MARGARET TURNLEY, Dawlish, 2 Freeman Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W., and Margaret wins the £1 prize.

Good-bye for one short week.  
Cheerio,

From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

### OUR RULES

EACH WEEK CASH PRIZES and PRIZE CARDS are awarded for good entries. All work, with the exception of jokes, riddles, games, and tricks, must be original.

With a Pal has twelve PRIZE CARDS a special prize of £10/- will be given. Pals must be under the age of 18.

Address all contributions and letters to PAL CONNIE, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

### CLEVER PAL

PRIZE of 10/- goes this week to CHARLIE OSBORNE, 20 Cockburn St., Paddington, Brisbane, who succeeded in gaining 12 marks, which means that he has won 12 Prize Cards.

## Hiking Along

By BETTY PHILLIPS

BLUE, blue skies, and an open road,  
A swag, a hilly, my only load.  
The bush for me, with the birds' sweet song,  
With a merry step I am hiking along.

The call of the wild is whispering to me,  
A fair, sunny land, that is open and free;  
The bush for me, with the birds' sweet song,  
With a merry step I am hiking along.

Price of 5/- to BETTY PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

## FUN FOR ALL

G.O. my son, and shut the shutter!  
These words to Tom, his Dad did utter.  
"Shutter's shut," the son did mutter,  
"And I can't shut it any shorter."

Booking Clerk (at small station): You'll have to change twice before you get to Bookaberry.  
Villager (united to travelling): Goodman me! And I've only brought the clothes I'm standing up in!

Prize Card to ERWIN PITFORD, 125 Park St., Moorelands, Vic.

"How shall I handle this?" said the attaché case, "the postman?" asked the new reporter.

"Make it snappy!" cried the reporter.

Prize Card to ERWIN PITFORD, 125 Park St., Moorelands, Vic.

"Who is the cleverest boy in your class?" asked the teacher.  
"I am," said the boy, "but the figures bother me."

Prize Card to ERWIN PITFORD, 125 Park St., Moorelands, Vic.

"What is the best way to hide behind a tree and eat apples?" asked the new reporter.

"Make it snappy!" cried the reporter.

Prize Card to ERWIN PITFORD, 125 Park St., Moorelands, Vic.

"Sambo, how are you getting on with your arithmetic?"

"I'm well, I've learned to add up the numbers, but the figures bother me."

Prize Card to MAVIS CARTHEW, Kewdale, N.S.W.

"Jimmy! Please, Master, can the elephant have dinner?"

"Too Keeper! Oh yes."

"Jimmy! Good! Then I'll give him a curtain out of my bin."

Prize Card to ELAINE JOHNSON, Deeville Avenue, Taren Point, Qld.

"Steen, Parent! While, I'd like to go through over the day without punishing you."

"With your mother, you have my consent."

Prize Card to PATTY FORD, 9 Cardinal St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

## JUST CHATTER



Introducing THOMAS MAY, of Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

JULIA CUMMIN, of Kensington (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter;

BELLE KNIGHT, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), has a big dog called Tim; DON HARRESON, of Rockhampton (Qld.), will be 15 years of age at the end of June;

THELMA HIBBERT, of Carlton (N.S.W.), does clever paintings;

MARION GURK, of Parkside (S.A.), is fond of jokes; VELDA MILLER, of Chippingollah, always reads about Fred;

JOYCE BROWN, of Millfield (N.S.W.), attends Coomera Domestic Science School; BETTY TURNER, of Richmond, Melbourne (Vic.), is one of our newest Pals; MEL LUCHERAND, of Port Lincoln, S.A., writes a very creative letter; JESSIE JOHNSON, of Yarraville (Vic.), is welcomed as our new Pal; IRIS ONTORE, of Werribee, N.S.W. (Vic.), writes good verse; TED BROOKHAM, 114 Pitt St., Sydney (N.S.W.), writes poems; LOCH LAMOND, Ullambarri, would like some pen friends living in Sydney.

ALEX TAYLOR, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), always looks forward to our section every week; JACK WRIGHT, of St. Peters (N.S.W.), recently went to the University of Sydney; GENE BOYD, of Gladys Creek, N.S.W., writes witty creative letters; DOROTHY OTLEY, of Liverpool (N.S.W.), has a horn, two dogs, and two cats for her pets;

ELIAN WOOD, of Warwick (Qld.), is fond of racing, swimming; RANSON MURPHY, of Moran St., Burghfield, would like some pen friends; ANTHONY RINGWOOD, of Albury (N.S.W.), is fond of sailing; NELLIE JEAN FRANCIS, of Merimbula (N.S.W.), says that the scenery around her home is very beautiful; JEAN DUNSTAN, of Lake Cootharaba (N.S.W.), is a member of our club; ANDY FOWLER, of West Wyalong (N.S.W.), has a chestnut pony called Belie.

COLIN TEMPLETON, of Graceville, Brisbane (Qld.) is fond of painting; MARIE JOHNSON, of Canterbury (N.S.W.), is fond of singing, tennis, and swimming; JIMMIE DAY, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a new bicycle; BETTY CORNISH, of Cremorne (N.S.W.), is a regular reader of our section.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

IT was Wunderlust's birthday, and everybody was full of high spirits.

The huge drawing-room table was laden with all nice things to eat, and some fifty-odd guests were seated around it.

Wunderlust was at one end of the table, and Fred was at the other. As Fred joined in the conversation and laughed heartily with all who sat near him, he suddenly remembered something. His expression changed and he became very sad. He had forgotten to invite Jane, a little orphan girl who lived with her aunt at Minshroom Grove.

Quickly he excused himself and got up from the table, saying he would be back in a second.

The seconds went, the minutes went, and it was almost half an hour before he returned with Jane.

Jane was soon comfortably seated, and all went on as before.

Although Jane now smiled, she had not been so happy a short time ago when she had thought everyone had forgotten her. She had gone, sobbing, to the riverside, and lay down on a soft patch of grass and cried. And there she had been when Fred went to find her, and perhaps she might have still been there if Jane's big collie dog had not shown Fred where to look for her.

Of course it was only a matter of seconds before Fred had persuaded her to go along with him, and now they were both enjoying themselves immensely.

Games of all sorts were played and people sang, danced, and laughed until the clock struck midnight, then they all went home.

WELL, that was a very enjoyable party," said

Wunderlust. "It is one of the nicest I have had up to date."

"I'm glad you liked it," said Fred. "Of course everyone had a lovely time. I really had a marvellous time myself, and I know little Jane did."

"I noticed you went and got Jane," went on Wunderlust. "I'm awfully glad you thought of her, for it would have been dreadful if we had forgotten her."

"I think we should take all the food that's left over from the party to her place to-morrow," said Fred. "For her Aunt and Uncle have very little money, and I'm sure they'd appreciate it."

Wunderlust thought that a good idea, so next morning Fred got the cook to pack everything very nicely in a big hamper and off he went to Jane's place.

When Jane saw the hamper she exclaimed: "Is it for Aunt Meg? How did you know it was her birthday, Fred?"

This was quite unexpected, but Fred just smiled as if he had known all the time it was her Aunt Meg's birthday.

Needless to say, Aunt Meg was delighted, and so Fred stayed and joined in the little party that she soon arranged.



THREE COOKS.—Prize of 5/- to STAN BROOKHAM, 22 Robert St., Willoughby, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white. Color in sketch with paints and chalks and send entry along not later than June 5 to Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of 5/- goes to the winner.



## Nearly Mad With Rheumatic Pains!



"Nearly every day, especially in damp weather, I suffered terribly from shooting pains and sharp twinges in my arms and legs. Nothing gave me any relief and at times I thought I would go mad. When I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil' it was with no hope at all. The very first application brought relief and I have had perfect comfort since."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly does relieve the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbar, and Neuralgia. This soothing, penetrating oil seems to reach right in through the pores and draw out all pain and ache. And there is no burning of the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' at your chemist and try it out on any pain, ache, sprain or swelling.

**S<sup>T</sup>-JACOBS OIL**  
CONQUERS PAIN

## Lost 27 lbs. of Fat On Doctor's Advice



New Drugless Reducing Method  
"My doctor recommended BonKora to me. It took off 27 pounds in weeks. Now weight only 110 lbs. Mr. Ransome, my provider, too."—Mrs. Carrie Gray (full address on request).

BonKora, the new safe reducing treatment takes off the fat—fast—safe. Triple action; triple need. Take BonKora. Eat big meals as explained in package.

Special drugs in BonKora. This treatment will help while reducing fat. Don't let only fat ruin your charm. Get BonKora from your chemist. Get it now. 25c per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, enclose postage. Write to Colgate & Co., Box 2001, G.O.C. Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you POST FREE in plain wrapper.

**Special Attention! Required for Sensitive Skin**

**Cutieura Soap + Ointment**

will care for it easily and satisfactorily. The delicate medication of Cutieura Soap protects tender, easily irritated skin and maintains it in constant health. Cutieura Ointment, as required, comforts, soothes and heals, stopping the first irritation before it becomes a serious skin trouble.

**RELIEF for Husky Throats**

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS VICKS

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

## AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 42

"I was lovely to sit here and listen to you," Philip said, getting up and making a place for her on the step.

"It's the most—beautiful time—I've ever had," Christine added, laying her hand over Vera's. "But we really must go now."

"Wait just a little longer, until the moon is up," Eleanor urged.

They sat in silence, watching the light spread from behind the mountain, and as they watched, thin and sweet and efflike, there came to their ears the sound of a violin. It was distant now, and they hushed themselves to utter stillness to catch the faint tones.

A pause, and Vera said in a whisper, "Jerico's coming," and something tender and proud in her voice made Philip catch his breath. So women spoke of those they loved.

The music began again, grew stronger. Jerico bowed to them, and came towards the verandah.

John stood up.

"Hello, Jerico! This is young Mr. Ransome sitting here with us. You know Miss Christine, I think."

Jerico held out a cordial hand.

"Hope you didn't mind the noise I made comin' round the mountain. Christine, you're looking grand. Them clothes make you beautiful."

Christine had risen.

"You were born paying compliments, Jerico."

As they spoke the moon rose high, and its clear, strong light showed Philip a man, still handsome and youthful-looking in his early forties, whose curly hair gleamed defiantly above a high white forehead, whose eyes, deep set and mocking, lingered on Christine, and then passed on to Vera, who smiled at him with a certain strained eagerness. John and Eleanor came down the steps, and after some protest from Jerico, who said they were leaving just because he had arrived, the horses were brought round and Philip and Christine made their farewells.

"Nice time?" Philip asked, as a curve in the road hid the house from their sight.

"Oh, yes! I loved it."

"Will you come up with me again?"

"Perhaps."

Philip leaned towards her and said: "Riding by moonlight—don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful," she said in a low tone, then, pointing to the fantastic tracery cast by a tall pine: "Strange the changes moonlight makes. By day that would be a straggly, unshapely tree, but now it's heavenly to look at."

"It is—like a fine etching."

He kept his voice impersonal, warned by some instinct not to be too hasty in his love-making.

Christine touched Fortune to a canter, and they finished the distance to Gilead's house at a fast pace, slowing to a walk as the house came in sight.

"Don't come in," she said at the gate. "Sandy is sleeping in the barn; he wanted to do that and help me run Fortune down when I came in. You go on home."

"I'd like to help you."

"No."

He dismounted to open the gate for her, and she leaned down to give him her hand.

"Thank you, Philip," she said.

He kept it a moment.

"Thank you, Christine," he said soberly.

THIS was all their parting, but Philip rode away comforted. He had persuaded her to break out of the shell of her isolation, and she had liked it.

For Christine this was the beginning of the happiest time she had ever known. During the week-days, when Philip's work kept him up in the hills, Simon came frequently to the house, took her out with him, sometimes asked her to drive with him and the children to inspect some of his farm holdings in the hills, made himself in every way an agreeable and pleasant companion. He exerted himself to interest her in his affairs. Towards Philip he assumed the tolerant attitude of an older man pleased by the progress professionally of a younger one. He charmed Christine entirely by expressing warm liking for Philip, and during the week-ends when Philip spent all the time he could with the girl, Simon kept himself carefully out of the picture.

It happened early in August that Philip had occasion to drive down from the mountain one Wednesday afternoon. Simon saw Philip go up to his office. Instantly a wild jealousy seized upon him. He had planned to

spend the evening with Christine himself, but if she learned that Philip was in town she might give the evening up to him. Simon turned into the shop and went to the telephone. He would put an end to this agonising uncertainty.

"Christine?" He tried to keep his voice even when she answered. "I want to see you."

"You're coming over to-night, aren't you?" she asked.

His heart gave a great bound. Philip had not told her of his arrival.

"Yes, but there is something I want to say to you now. Are you busy?"

"A little. I'm in the surgery doing some work for Gilead. Come over if it's something important."

He hung up and stood a moment by the telephone, aware that his knees were trembling, that his forehead felt damp.

Arrived at the house, Simon went straight to the surgery. Christine was

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## Age 13

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THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suitable to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.



It is not wise to give a laxative of adult strength to a child, just because you give it less often or in less amounts.

Stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can often be traced to this single mistake.

There is a better way to relieve those occasional sluggish spells or constipation in a child of any age:

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Doctors advise liquid laxatives, and hospitals use the liquid form. Almost any child who has been convalescing

## AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 49

"No," the answer came without hesitation. "No, I only like him very much. And I am fully conscious of the differences between us. So long as they weigh with me as they do now, you're nothing to worry about, Simon."

"I will take you any time on your own terms, Christine." He spoke with a kind of unconscious dignity. Some of the tension was eased between them and he went on more quietly. "I know you, Christine. I know how fine and honest and brave you are. I could marry you, no matter what you feel for someone else, and yet always trust you."

SHE straightened herself a little, her eyes proud.

"If I marry you, I marry you. There would be nothing else, ever."

"I know that, Christine." The promise hung between them and Simon said:

"Why not settle it all now, Christine? Save yourself and Philip, too, perhaps, from heartache? Everyone knows I've courted you for more than two years, no one would be surprised if we were married suddenly."

"There's Gilead—"

"He doesn't like me. I know that. But if you were happy with me, he'd get over that. I'll make you happy, Christine. And I'd never interfere between you and Gilead. You could still help him come over here as often as you liked."

"Why does Gilead dislike you so?"

"Because—well, I'm older than you are for one thing. For another, I'm no saint. My second marriage wasn't happy. I wasn't always faithful to Marie. Gilead knows that. But since she died I've done nothing that would dishonor you in any way. I swear that if you marry me I will be faithful to you."

"Gilead's terribly upset," Christine observed.

"Yes. But I've changed. He still thinks of me as I was before I knew you."

"Can a man change?" Christine asked.

"I've proved it," said Simon simply. "I have been different, better, since I knew you."

She moved to the window and looked out at the meadow.

"It's August now, Simon," she said thoughtfully. "Let me finish the old man asked bluntly.

"Christine."

Gilead glanced at him.

"They're two of us, then," he said. "She's not like herself these days. I think I know the reason, but I don't like to believe it of her."

"Can you tell me?" Philip leaned forward, and added, "Anything about Christine—I'd like to know if I could."

"Will you marry me?"

"Probably."

"Before the winter?"

"Before the winter, if my answer is yes."

Her tone was weary, but she did not flinch when Simon, coming close, laid his hand on her shoulder. Something in her passivity checked him, and after one long look into her eyes uplifted now to his, he released his hold.

"I'll go now," he said, "but at harvest-time—I'll have my answer—and," his voice lowered, shock with emotion, "and I believe—my wife."

She made no denial, stood still at the window, and heard the door close behind him.

Back at home, he felt elated over the interview. In the days that followed this elation grew and became apparent to others.

"Simon's come into some money," people would say.

"More likely Christine's given him the word. Funny that she should when she's so thick with that young Ranome fellow."

Philip could not escape some knowledge of this. He had found it necessary to spend more time in his office, tabulating the results of his mountain survey, and leaving the camp in charge of one of the men; he moved back into his rooms. Now and then he met Simon and felt in the older man's manner an air of triumph. Once, when they stopped to exchange talk about the weather, Simon let fall a remark that hinted at his having some promise from Christine.

Philip pondered this. He told himself stoutly that if Christine had given any promise she would tell him of it herself. But he could not deny a certain change in her attitude towards him of late. She kept their talk impersonal. She saw less of him alone. She took Sandy with them when they went riding. She busied herself with the children when he went to sit with her in the herb garden.

One hot afternoon Philip drove rather aimlessly up into the hills. He might look at a farm for sale near by. He might go on and visit the Rogers, with whom he, as well as Christine, had become fast friends. Or he might go to inspect the latent work of his surveying gang. But once away from

HOST HOLLOWAY says: The Holloway Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always as tasty and crisp as ever.

"Why do I often feel like this?"



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To be continued

# CAN AMERICA'S Tennis Queen Dethrone the ENGLISH STARS?

Helen Wills-Moody's Return to Wimbledon Causes Stir!

From JOAN HARTIGAN by Beam Wireless.

The news that Helen Wills-Moody has entered for Wimbledon and has actually left San Francisco for England adds terrifically to the interest of the women's championships.

Reports declare that she has completely recovered from her back injury. It will be interesting to see if she can reproduce her former form. If so, I think all women champions must look to their laurels, but comebacks are always difficult. Anyways, we all admire her courage and she will be a tremendous attraction.

Added to this interesting news about Helen Wills-Moody is the event of the French championships which commence this week.

ENGLAND'S two women representatives for the French championships are Peggy Scriven—the present holder of the French women's singles championship—and Kathleen Stammers, known among tennis enthusiasts as "Kay."

Both these players are left-handed, and I doubt if ever before two left-handed women players have been the sole representatives of their country.

Peggy Scriven is essentially a hard-court player, which accounts greatly for her inability to give of her best at Wimbledon.

This year she will again defend her French title, which she won in 1933 unaided by her association, and which she retained last year by defeating Helen Jacobs.

Peggy Scriven won the French women's singles championship, first in 1931, and then again in 1934. No one will begrudge her another victory this year, although many people think that the American, Helen Jacobs, stands a good chance of winning the final this time.

Lately she has been concentrating on



SENRITA ANITA LIZANA, the twenty-year-old Chilean tennis player, practising a forehand stroke at the Queen's Club, London. Note how the weight appears to be transferred to the wrong leg for the beginning of this stroke. Instead, Miss Kathleen Stammers, who will represent England in the French championships.

improving her backhand, and shows signs of benefiting from her perseverance.

Kay's game is very similar to Peggy Scriven's, except that, I think, she is inclined to hit her forehand shots slightly flatter.

Kay has played in France in previous tournaments, and surprised everyone two years ago by taking a set from Helen Jacobs in the French championships.

Kay Stammers added another victory to her record when she defeated Dorothy Round in the semi-finals of the Bournemouth tournament. This is the first defeat Dorothy has suffered since she won the Wimbledon singles last year.

If Kay Stammers reproduces her hard court form at Wimbledon she will upset the critics.

## Dorothy Round Rests

An absentee from the French championships will be Dorothy Round, who is resting a sprained leg. As Wimbledon is not far off, she has wisely decided to take no risks.

In the doubles, a regrettable absentee from France will be Elisabeth Ryan, who is giving up championship tennis and will not defend the French doubles title with Madame Mathieu.

She will also be an absentee at Wim-

beldon, where, with different partners, she established a marvellous record, winning the title nineteen times.

## Rising Stars

ANOTHER English girl worth watching is Mary Hardwick, who is showing remarkable development. Another attraction in the French championship is Senorita Lizana, who has taken two English titles in her month here.

Her handicap in her own country is shown by the fact that before visiting England she had never seen ladies' doubles played.

I am not sure who will represent France and the other nations in Paris yet, but it is almost certain that Frau Krahwinkel, Madame Mathieu, Mlle. N. Adamson, the Belgian champion, and Mlle. Payot, the Swiss expert, and Fraulein Aussem, the holder of the German singles title, who was beaten rather badly by Helen Jacobs in the Wimbledon championships last year, will compete.

Judging from the results in the hard-court championships we see another player who has improved greatly in the last twelve months, Miss Susan Noel. When I was in England last year this young girl was considered to be a good player, always difficult to beat, but today, through twelve months' hard concentration, and having given up squash racquets, at which she was champion of England for two years, she has arrived at tip-top form, and actually beat Mrs. Whittingstall, who had previously defeated the promising young Chilean, Senorita Lizana.

This was undoubtedly the direct result of Miss Noel's hard practice and undivided attention. Incidentally, Senorita Lizana has been tipped to cause many surprises in the Wimbledon championships.

Another player who has improved her game tremendously in the past year is



## WOMEN'S WEEKLY BOOK OFFER

Here is Taken No. 1 in the Women's Weekly book offer. Cut it out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN

4

Miss Mary Hardwick. Before long she should be one of the leading lights of tennis. She has control of every shot but appears to be at a loss at times to know how to use them and which use.

## Lost Lead

HER performances recently have been excellent. She was unfortunate in losing to England's No. 1 and Wimbledon champion in the hardcourt championships, as she had a lead of 4-3 in the first set, and after a long struggle was defeated in a close three-setting match.

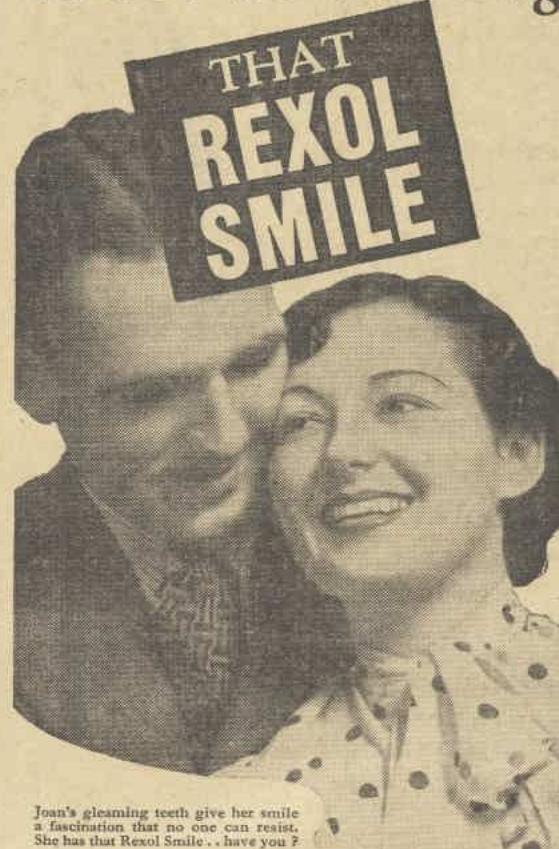
I was surprised by the small number of overseas competitors at Bournemouth. I suppose it was on account of the Jubilee, as not even tennis enthusiasts wanted to leave London at such a time.

Mrs. Hopman was a competitor at Bournemouth, but lack of practice prevented her from doing her best. While she has had more competitive tennis, she is sure to give as good an account of herself as she did last year.

Mrs. Hopman and I later paired together in our first tournament at Harringate.

NEW ZEALAND didn't offer much opposition to Australia in the Davis Cup at Eastbourne. Crawford beat Andrews without ever being extended, showing his best form. McGrath disposed of Stedman, only encountering serious resistance in the third set. It is difficult to forecast the chances in France from the Eastbourne results. The games were tame, but our men were full confidence before they left for Paris.

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# The SUN SHINES BRIGHT



By Norma Patterson



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

## CHAPTER 1.



WO by the clock at Louisville.

All day a line of closely knit-together automobiles, dust covered, mud-splattered, and bearing license plates from every section of the country, had moved through the streets, paused, moved again, paused again—a unicellular monster without beginning or ending. The continuous warning of sirens, the happy voices of friends greeting friends, the shouts and cries of vendors, mingled in the radiant day as thousands upon thousands swept through the gates in a tide of brilliance and color.

All the world had come to Churchill Downs to see the immortal ponies run.

On the edge of the crowds stood Sharley Dexter holding Sid's cold little fist in one hand and Timothy's in the other. Palpitations of bright air beat all about them but did not touch them, locked up as they were on a desert island that held only themselves—a slim girl with remarkably clear eyes under a grey felt sports hat, and two little boys—one babyish and round and jolly appearing, the other displaying a magnificent array of freckles across a comical but eager small face. Confused and bewildered they clung together, their faces wearing the hopeless look of those who have long searched for someone and given up, but their eyes leaped to a renewal of hope each time a dark blue suit came in view.

Derek had not met them at the train as he had promised. They had waited at the station and waited and waited. Finally when four o'clock told them it was almost time for the first race to start, on a desperate impulse they had boarded a street car and had followed the crowds to the race track. This had been a mistake. Why had they ever thought they could find Derek here in all this jam and confusion, and he had said wait at the station. They were too shy and too proud to ask questions, and besides you couldn't walk up to all the people in the world and say where was Derek, could you?

For a time the brilliant picture was so stirring, and absorbing that one forgot Derek—and then remembered with a heavy thud of the heart, and again began the forlorn search.

"There, Sharley—over by that man with the popcorn . . ."

"Where?" Hope swinging them skyward, hopping them back.

"No, that's too good a suit."

"It was almost Derek," said Timothy, the little comical one, in a freckled, husky voice.

Sharley kept her eyes determinedly hopeful, but she knew Derek. You never could depend on him. The crowds were begin-

ning to thin out; newcomers were hurrying. A man with a camera came running at top speed. Any moment now the bugle would announce the parade to the post.

The three little Dexters had journeyed a hundred miles to see the turf classic which their great-grandfather had helped to establish; and just outside the enchanted gates they were going to miss it.

Derek's letter had come only yesterday. He had written from the Downs where he had gone two weeks ago with the Ferren string. Derek had been employed as light exercise boy on the Ferren Farm, near Lexington, all spring. Derek could manage horses. It was in his hands—that firm, gentle, soothing, endearing touch.

Mr. Ferren, himself, remembering their father, had spoken to Derek about Sharley and the little boys coming up for Derby Day.

"You have a sister and small brothers, haven't you? They are horse people—they shouldn't miss the Derby." He had given Derek the money for their railroad fare, and Derek could get them inside. "I'll be at the train to meet you without fail," he had written, underscoring the words:

THE trip on the train, with the meadows of luminous grass flowing swiftly backward, had been pure magic. Everything had been marvellous until they had got to the station and found that Derek had not kept his word about meeting them.

Suddenly, out of the air, came the ringing notes of a bugle, and from sixty thousand throats wave after wave of cheering lifted and fell and lifted again. Timothy, to whom a horse was a god, threw himself down upon the ground and beat the earth with a desparate little fist. Sid clung to Sharley and wailed into the folds of her tweed skirt. Sharley was near to tears herself, but she said with that asperity she could put into an unreliable voice:

"If you wouldn't be brave now, Timothy, when would you be brave?"

But he was past all pride and prodding.

The mighty shout went up, "They're off!" And the staccato thunder of flying hoofs came to them on the sparkling air.

They would never get over this. How much better to have stayed at home, and what fools they were to have believed that Derek was to be depended upon. He didn't mean to muddle things, but he was strange and unaccountable, and you never knew what to expect of him.

"Will we just go along back, Sharley, and not see a thing?" sobbed Sid.

"This is only the first race. You didn't care anything about that, did you, Sid? Derek is sure to find us now that all the people aren't hiding us. Looking from any direction he can see that here we are."

"I wish I had a red handkerchief to wave from a pole."

"Or build a bonfire . . ." And presently, "Oh . . . oh . . . there goes the second race . . ."

Two o'clock. Three o'clock. Three-thirty. The golden, glad afternoon went along over. They sat on the grass, without hope, but unable to go away.

A hamburger man hovered and the savory odor proved irresistible. Sharley, the change carefully, bought two for the boys who looked starved. But just as Timothy was getting into his a little dog came and looked at him out of hungry, expectant eyes. Timothy tried not to see the dog but he kept squaring about in front of Timothy, and watching, and turning his head sideways with such a trusting glance, and licking his little tongue.

Timothy couldn't bear it. "Here."

The hamburger was gone in one ravenous gulp, and the little dog continued to look at Timothy with begging, hungry eyes . . .

Sharley had started to speak—and then kept silent. It had been Timothy's hamburger, and he could do with it as he pleased, and he had pleased to give it to a little dog.

"If we could get together another nickel," said Sid, horrified at the emptiness of Timothy.

But Sharley shook her head. "We've got to get back to the station on a bus or something, and I don't know how much it will be."

Suddenly, Sid uttered a loud bellow and leaped in the air. "Derek . . ."

"Oh, Derek . . . hurrah . . . three cheers . . . whoopla . . . Derek! Sid was doing cartwheels, his aching feet flipping blithely through the air; and Timothy was leaping up and down on an empty stomach. Derek came tearing toward them looking like a shining god.

"Sharley, I'm sorry. I couldn't leave the stall on time, and when I got to the station . . . I've searched and searched. Hurry—the fourth race is getting off."

He was dark and thin, with unsmiling, too vivid eyes, and a shabby blue suit; on his face was the same arresting look the others had—an earnestness that was pathetic in anyone so young.

The map of the whole world was now changed. Sid and Timothy leaping wildly about shouted questions. "Can we get seats? Will we see the Derby?"

"Yes, it's the fifth race. We aren't going to the grandstand. The kids couldn't see one thing—people jammed like sardines. Come on . . . run!"

They fled across a lot of space to where the stable-boys sat in the little green bleachers. They waited at a gate and then, with a hundred others, broke through while the guard on a grey donkey obligingly looked the other way. Across the track in the wake of the speeding fourth race—under a white rail—and, Derek shouting them on, they raced across the infield, to a position almost directly

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opposite the clubhouse, and facing a scene of spectacular gorgonness.

And now the claxon sounded for the fifth race—the great historic Derby! Clear and ringing, out of the heavens, the clarion call came—trembling down one's spine and racing through the blood and out into the finger-tips. The four young Dexters clung to the white railing. This was almost too much to bear. The earth shook with the roar of acclaim as pony after pony came stepping down out of the paddock and began the slow parade past the grandstand.

The sun shone on their glistening backs and on the silken colors of the jockeys' sleeves and caps. The jockeys seemed a race apart; small, wiry, knowledgeable, holding in capable hands the fortunes of all these people. They did not sit in the saddles but about three inches up in the air and forward upon the horses' necks.

There was a minute's wait at the starting-gates while one beauty caressed the barrier. "They're off!" Twelve jockeys lay down upon their horses' necks, and the race was away to a beautiful start.

Motion. Speed. Flight. Life at its keenest... at its highest!

Sharley clung to Derek's arm, and Sid leaped up and down, shouting his horse on, but Timothy was pale and silent. Timothy was racing. He was not the jockey, he was the horse.

To either side the crowds fell away, vanished. The wind divided and let them through. They raced to something within them—threw their hearts ahead down the flying turf and sped after. The mighty structures, the living rocking grandstand, sending up its thunder, the jockeys, the timing clocks and judges—what were these? One raced to meet one's heart, and the stoutest won.

They bunched at the first turn, and sprung out with new leases, but no winner yet in sight. The beautiful bay they had selected to win was eleventh as they came down the back stretch, but swimming sweetly, steadily, and with reserve. On and on—flattening out—moving up... fighting for position at the rail. At the three-quarters, he was lost from sight, and then suddenly, as they rounded home, the satin coat shot faster, faster, faster, until all the other contenders seemed in comparison to be standing still. O beauty... O little flying wonder! While one went drunk with joy and exhilaration, a new champion came smashing home to a new track record, and sixty thousand people gone entirely mad!

Of all that wild and screaming crowd, the very wildest, the very drunkest, were the four by the infield rail. So that an old track enthusiast across at the opposite fence, seeing them, paused in his own shouting to wonder and exclaim,

"The children of Septimus Dexter—they can be no others!"

A bystander said to Derek who looked haggard from emotion. "Your horse must won."

They hadn't, of course, one penny on anything. But they had a secret. Another spring—two of them—and there would come another Derby. And the most wonderful horse the whole world was at home in their own rickety stable—a long-legged colt, awaiting the fortunes of the years. And the thunder of those years came back to them now and echoed in their throats and brought the sharp sting of tears.

Without a word they turned and walked away with heads held high and very straight backs.

## CHAPTER 2

**A** MILE from the town of Haverhill, going west, just after you rattled over the bridge and climbed the hill, stood the three houses in a row. Each was set in spacious grounds and well back from the road. Seen from a distance they possessed an air of having withdrawn from the world for communion and companion-

ship. Yet no three houses could have been more different.

The Dexter house was an old ruin. Once this had been a noble place with wide habitable porches and Doric columns and a great front door that was never locked. A solid mahogany staircase; a high-walled living-room with its famous twelve-foot fireplace, and carved across the rugged mantel-beam an ancient proverb: "Who sets his foot in the stirrup must mount to the saddle"; the panelled dining-room where the gentry of the county had gathered at dawn about an ancient hunting-board for tankards of ale before riding to bounds.

The house, once painted white, was now a weathered grey, and if you ran a hand down the storm-beaten cypress boards, a fine grey fuzz came off on your fingers. Archways still stood over the gates at the end of the brick wall and the gravel driveway, though any stout breeze now might take them down. Nothing was ever removed until it blew away or toppled over or sank, gently, to ashes. Shad would have thought it flying in the face of Providence to wreck one of these sacred structures before its "time."

Five generations of Dexters had lived here, but only the first had contributed anything. It had been the plan of that first Dexter to establish in America a stud of pure-bred Arab horses, and he had brought over from England some of the first Arab horses ever raced in this country. He had dreamed of a second Cranbet Park.

That first Dexter had been immensely wealthy, immensely visionary. Strange, dark men, these Dexters, alien in their likes and dislikes, proverbially ill-fated. There had never been a practical one. So that while fortunes had been made, they had been lost with astonishing promptness. Money coming into their hands was no more to them than if they had been holding stakes for someone.

**N**OW the great stables yawned. There was nothing left here in the dilapidated old house but four orphans, two old negroes—Shad and his wife Frenzy—a couple of saddle horses... and a pony. All the fine old furniture had been sold. Only the barest essentials remained. The house, however, was not unlivable. It was kept scrupulously clean. Frenzy scrubbed with a vigor that justified her name. Sharley was forever polishing things with soap bubbles; and Sid and Timothy, set to work upon a floor, flung themselves into it with characteristic charging energy. Timothy here with his bucket, Sid there with his bucket, the Pacific Ocean between them, widening, widening, widening, until nothing remained on the continent of America and Asia but a small boy and a bucket and a little flag waving from a cake of soap.

So the wide boards of the floor were always snowy white. A rug flung down on such a floor, even a ragged rug, held distinction.

Upstairs the sleeping-rooms were as bare as barracks. Sharley's room might have belonged to a boy. There was a heavily-carved bed, a quaint maple dresser, a small rocking-chair, and an old sea-chest inside which Sharley kept, strangely, old dolls and story-books from childhood; a fan her mother had given her, bits of ancient finery brought from any New Orleans years ago. About the house or flying across country on horseback, Sharley wore denim overalls or whipcord and flannels. But hanging in her closet, carefully wrapped in an old linen sheet, was the little grey tweed suit very straight-shouldered and proud upon a padded coat-hanger; three or four thin cotton dresses, exquisitely darned and ironed, a frayed yellowing white silk. Folded away in tissue-paper was a single pair of white silk stockings and colored sandals. These dainty feminine things must last a long while. In fact, it began to look as if they must last forever....

Sid and Timothy roomed together, and

Derek had the small room at the back, though he might have had either of two large empty rooms. In Derek's room was a cot, a small bridle hung over the picture of a beautiful horse, other pictures of horses, a few clothes, little trophies from famous stables and races.

**O**LD Jonathan Converse, who had owned the middle house, had been a sort of self-appointed guardian to the Dexter orphans. He had loved Sharley. In the ways that no one except Shad knew, he had helped out over there. But Jonathan Converse had been in his grave for three months now, and his house and its grounds had been left to a distant grandson whom none of them knew.

At times Sharley held her breath and shut her eyes against the future; it didn't do to look too far ahead. One kept a straight upper lip and held one's head high and never, never acknowledged that in the dark night—the wind-swept, crying nights—a terror came down to chill one's bones. There was nothing ahead but a gauntlet pony and even should he prove the wonder they believed him, so much can happen to a pony—especially to a Dexter pony. And one never felt quite sure of Derek....

The negroes were getting too old to do the work about the place. Frenzy had been Miss Sally Archer's personal maid in her girlhood days in New Orleans, had seen her run away and marry that dashing and handsome young Septimus Dexter, and had come with her into the new life and had stuck faithfully through all that followed that catastrophe, for it could be called nothing else. She had dressed Miss Sally for the last long sleep of peace under the willow in the family private burial grounds. Now she was sickening by Miss Sally's chills.

The Converse house, separated from the Dexters' by a hedge, was a dignified brick mansion of some distinction, surrounded by generous acres, the usual brick stables and servants' quarters to the rear. Immaculately cared for, the place had grown more beautiful with time. This was a man's house. No woman had lived here for twenty years; only old Jonathan Converse and his servants; with Mark Dade, the youngest grandson, dashing out infrequently from town; and Austin Converse, the oldest grandson, and his wife Fay, coming regularly once a week for dinner and to discuss current politics and business issues.

Jonathan Converse had been credited with having the level-headedness of any man in all that neck of land, but the final disposition of his property had led people to wonder if, after all, the old man hadn't grown childish at the last. You would have thought, they argued, that he would have remembered that little Dexter girl who had been like a granddaughter to him and who was making such a brave fight to keep her family of young brothers together—and they must be practically starving out there in that falling-down old barn of a house. Yet Jonathan Converse had not given Sharley one penny. He had left the house—and its forty acres—and a modest income to the northern grandson, the remainder of the estate being divided between Austin Converse and Mark Dade, but—and here was the unaccountable thing—Mark, that young scatterbrain, had received in addition a lump sum upon which to dance happily to the devil.

East of the red brick mansion stood the third house. This place was new, having been built only seven years ago by Jeffery Jouette when he returned from a long sojourn in Europe, bringing a beautiful young wife. It had been Mrs. Jouette's idea to build an Italian villa, and she had chosen this site because of landscape possibilities. Surrounded by gardens of exotic beauty, the rose-colored walls of the house lifted to a brilliant blue tile roof.

It was so different from its neighbors, so different in fact from every thing else in this leisure land, that a person passing and glancing up and seeing it rise from

## THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

the quiet meadows where here a horse and here a cow grazed and stood in utter simplicity—stopped and gasped in disbelief. Just as they gasped at seeing Sewanee Jouette herself. Jeffery Jouette had been dead four years, and the beautiful widow lived abroad about half of each year.

Although arresting, this house lacked a quality that was an integral part of the other two. The Dexter house and the Converse house each held a part, so that upon entering them you were instantly conscious of the depth of the trodden years, the piled-up living, the richness of human experience. They had become like an old clock that had struck off the years and the centuries until, at last, it stood free of the whiplash of time—using time only as a recording medium for its strokes.

**T**HE Jouette house had sunk into nothing, absorbed nothing from the soil, possessing but beauty—temporary and vanishing. Sewanee, or Swan as she was called, associated very little with the people of the village. A woman of mystery.

On the morning following the journey to Louisville and the great Derby, Sharkey awoke early and lay watching the dawn come out of the east. The sun was not yet up, but color touched one flying cloud and seemed to quicken its pace. A rolling mist came in and hid its way with the landscape, now removing the lake, now putting the lake back.

What a wonderful thing the Derby had been! So stirring, so perfect that it was almost lucky to have missed the preliminary races to have reserved all their hearts for this one epochal event.

They had come right away afterwards. There had been another race, but they had turned their backs and walked right off. They had seen the best, why sink to a lower scale? Derek had taken them back to the long stables and there the little boys, their eyes all but popping out, had stood face to face with heroes. Timothy, pale with impatience, had touched the satin coat of Gallant Knight. After that and all the way home on the train he had held his hand, palm up, on his knees. Glory was upon it. She knew he was planning not to wash it for a long, long time.

Derek had been sweet, filled with remorse about not meeting them. He had taken them to a sandwich shop for supper, and Timothy had eaten there in peace with no little glow to look at him. The boys, worn out, had slept all the way home on the train. She had had to pilot them out and down the steps of the car like sacks of meal with collapsible knees. And standing there bolstering them up as best she could and wondering however they were to get out home, she had heard a familiar whistled and a long yellow ear had slid smoothly and without sound into view. Mark.

"Oh, Mark, you did come. How sweet." "Course I came, woman. Here, gummie a boy and you take a boy."

At this Timothy moved to life. "I can take myself, thank you." And with a dignified stumble he fell up into the rumble and disappeared from view. Mark, rendered weak with mirth, had managed to hoist the sleep-walking Sid over.

He helped Sharkey in, went round and swung in on the other side. Without vibration the powerful car leaped forward. Sharkey hadn't approved of his buying this expensive car, and they had had a quarrel about it yesterday, and Mark had left in a huff.

He bent down, his face close to hers. "Like it?" longing for her approval.

She drew in a deep breath. "It's—velvet."

"You mad yet?"

How beautiful to come home to somebody like Mark. For reply she slipped her hand under his on the wheel, and Mark gave it a squeeze, and they rode like that for a time, happy, in complete understanding.

Sharkey gave him the high-lights of their day, all except about Derek not meeting them; people were always expecting Derek to do things like that.

Mark said, remembering. "Say, I've got news, too. My cousin came to-day."

"Not the one who's to live in the old house?" Sitting up, instantly excited, interested. "Whatever is he like, Mark?"

Mark hesitated at describing him. "Oh, he's a good fellow. Grandfather set great store by Brutus. Bookish, quiet sort. But absolutely undistinguished. His voice dropped, he sat closer. "Sharkey, this bus wouldn't mean a thing to me if you didn't like it. If you don't want me to have it, Sharkey . . ."

Lying in the bed now, Sharkey's face grew tender and very soft with thinking of Mark. She was sorry she had been cross about the car; he was so proud and happy over it; and she had ruined his first thrilling day of possession. She had promised to ride with him this morning. With a fling of the covers Sharkey leaped out of bed.

When she came down to breakfast Sid and Timothy had the morning paper across the breakfast table, their two saucers of oatmeal pushed aside untouched and were scrapping over the "Courier-Journal's" report of the race. She stood in the door regarding them with half-troubled eyes. She was dressed in boots and riding breeches and shirt, her hair brushed severely back and pinned in a low knot. It was strange hair. In the house, or when Sharkey drooped, it was colorless and without life; but it could take on shade after shade of light, flame.

Frensy came in with hot cakes. "De young, gummey whut de ole man lef' de big house to, he come yestiddy, Miss Sharkey."

"So Mark told me. Did you see him, Frensy?"

"Yessum. We pecked." "What's he like?" Mark hadn't been very explicit.

"Well, he ain't tall and important lak Mister Austin Converse, an' he ain't young and gran' lak Master Mark Dade . . ." (Sharkey flashed her a prideful smile at this, but the boys said—hump! stuffed shirt! They didn't like Mark. They couldn't comprehend why Sharkey was so much over him.) "He been a kinder medium man," said Frensy, "but he sho got a nice smile."

"He couldn't be a Converse," said Sharkey loyally, "and not be grand."

It was a relief to have him here. With Derek gone all spring and the Converse house standing empty, Sharkey had felt the insecurity of their position. Any day Aunt Berta might descend upon them and discover the true state of affairs and snatch them all off to terrible relatives' houses. Nobody wanted them, but her mother's family felt responsible and were irritated at feeling responsible. Every now and then somebody, Aunt Berta usually, came and made a large fuss about a family of children living alone out in the country in an unsafe house.

So far, Sharkey had managed to persuade them otherwise. They knew horses and wild things, but imprisoned inside the houses of people—inside their strange useless conventions and rules—they would die. And they couldn't live separated. They would all die!

If only this new Mr. Converse would be friendly; if she might count on him as an ally. She felt her heart lift with a new hope.

### CHAPTER 3.

**B**RUTUS CONVERSE was still dazed by his inheritance; still sceptical that this wonderful old place actually belonged to him.

The news of his altered fortunes had descended upon him like a thunderclap as he sat at a little table in the Museum making precise, minute, and absolutely accurate notes in neat rows of little blank books.

For ten years the order of his days had not varied by an iota. For ten years he had lived the uneventful, prosaic, secluded life of the scholar, at work in library or

museum gathering data for various organizations or research expeditions, or for gentlemen who wrote books that perhaps a dozen people would read. Gravé college professors came to Brutus as to an encyclopedia, and in his quietly unassuming way and among a very limited number of men, he was rather famous.

At exactly five o'clock each afternoon he removed his green eyeshade, gathered up notebooks, pencil, and hat, and walking in his precise and not very tall walk, made his way through the crowded streets back to the small room at the top of three flights of stairs that was home.

Here in the long evenings the pencil of Brutus moved again. But this was different. The winged and bodiless fancies that crowded the pen of a dreamer; pictures that swept his heart; theories that must be true; the march and thunder and force of this so astounding universe. He made his living by the world of facts, but his evening pencil dipped into the nebulous world of visions. It was all a maze as yet, but some day when he had earned the leisure for it, he would get this down and learn its meaning.

So he lived his prosaic life, taking his scholar's walk, climbing his dark stair, eating his meagre lunch—a little man with a blithe step moving among the tides of men. For underneath all this solemn exterior Brutus was singularly light-hearted, and the world about him and through which he passed without so much as an echo, was filled with marvels for him. In fact, he was so different inside from his quaint and unnoticeable physiognomy, that Brutus often felt that he walked invisible through the streets. For a student, a thinker, an observer, the position had its advantages.

**H**IS days moved with such clock-like regularity, that if a telegram came to his room his landlady could dispatch the messenger to a certain table in a certain corner of the Museum, knowing that Brutus in his green eyeshade and horn-rimmed glasses, would always be there to receive it.

He spread the yellow paper upon the table before him. For a long while after the messenger boy had gone his way, Brutus sat staring at what lay before him. He was thinking that he had always planned—longed—to visit his grandfather in the South, but his salary was meagre and work had pressed upon him, and he had postponed the day—and now it was too late. Through the years they had corresponded, and his most real source of contact had been those long letters written in an old man's shaky copper-plate hand.

Brutus took off his glasses and polished them very carefully upon a fresh handkerchief, and put them back on again. His hand slightly shook. Cloverdale . . . the ancestral home of his father's family.

He had been born at Cloverdale, had lived there as a small child, but upon the death of his father, his mother had returned to her own people in the north. Recollections of Cloverdale then were colored by the glamour childhood throws over the commonest events and places: a meadow of flowing grass, peopled with the elves and fairies and gnomes of his story-books; a seven-toed giant stalking巨人 over his domain; a slow, grey donkey that was a princess held in captivity by a witch. His grandfather's library, and the old man sitting in a deep chair talking to a small boy as if he were a grown man. Sometimes the little boy had a strange feeling that his grandfather thought he was a grown man. He could see himself stepping aside quite out of the picture while his grandfather talked to this other person.

He spoke the word aloud. Cloverdale. That fine old place. It belonged to him. There was money, too. He was to have the leisure for the writing he had always wanted to do. It began to break over him . . . it swarmed up in him . . .

Word of his inheritance had come in February, but his next three months were

contracted for, and it was on the 17th of May that Brutus Converse journeyed South.

The trip was a sort of dream. With every mile the South came to meet him—came from his memory to meet the picture flowing past the Pullman window. The quiet hills, the valleys and their moving mists, the little waiting towns, fields that wheeled and spun, moss-covered trees, and an atmosphere that was soft and at the same time brilliant with golden iridescence. It had not been then a childish illusion—this memory of an unburdened tranquillity, a gentleness upon the face of nature that met some inner necessity for this.

Even the voices of his fellow travellers seemed to change, to lose tension and settle to a quieter enjoyment. This was the South—beloved, peaceful South with something luxurious hidden at the heart of it.

The train slowed, stopped. He went down the steps into a lot of fresh air. The string of cars moved out—became a blur in the distance. He stood on a platform in the softened purple dusk. Yonder was the town—Haverhill.

A voice spoke from the shadows. "Zat you, Mister Brutus, suh?"

Brutus spun. Standing by an ancient but dignified automobile was a bent figure peering up at him.

Instantly the figure straightened. "Yan-sah, dat's you." There was relief and welcome in the voice. "Fee Noah. I got de eyar heah. Dishebo's Jason drivin'."

Brutus remembered him—the trusted houseman of his grandfather. He grasped the old darky's hand. He didn't speak. He couldn't.

He remembered very little of the trip from the station.

The car stopped. Jason swung open the door. Noah spoke in a queer shaken voice. "Welcome home, Mister Brutus."

A little distance away he saw a group of dark figures standing humbly. His people . . . his home . . . Nothing like this had ever happened to anybody!

It was strange to remember a youthful fact, to recall its varying expressions and tendencies to wonder which of these finally got the face, and to have one of them emerge from an automobile and stare up at you.

Austin Converse had departed in a red blazer with a baseball mask in one hand and a catching mitt in the other, his face a characterless but engaging mass of putty; he emerged now with a seamed forehead, a tight mouth, restless eye. Of all the faces Austin might have chosen this was the one most frequently used—the face of the least resistance, the tired business man's face.

For the moment Brutus felt like saying, "That's a good one, Austin. Now let me make a face." But of course he was making one, and Austin was staring at it, growing reconciled, accepting it. He could hear Austin's thoughts. "You always were a queer, bespectacled little fellow."

**T**HE two men clasped hands. Austin said, grinning, "I'd have known you at the ends of the earth. Well come, Brutus. This is Fay."

Fay, a thin-nosed woman with a company manner, tilted her face to be kissed and scintillated. "It's too perfectly thrilling to discover a new relation. But I'm dreadfully sorry for you. After New York what will you find to amuse you in this little backwoods village?"

"That's right," said Austin, "tell him the worst. Set him against us right at the start. That's the spirit."

"Well, it's true. No one would choose to live here." The remark was pointed, and Brutus gathered that Austin was responsible for the town.

They were standing at the side entrance, and now there was a roar and a powerful yellow car swung through the gates and executed a hair-raising stop one full inch behind Austin's rear bumper. Fay gave a faint squeal; and Austin muttered things.

A handsome boy spilled over the door and

leaped the steps to wring Brutus's hand. "Kinsman, howdy. I can't remember you so I guess I wasn't present then, but one more member of the thinning ranks is a prize. Here you, Fay? Aus, hey."

Mark Dade.

Across the dinner-table Brutus admired his two tall cousins. They had stature, breadth of shoulder, something he lacked. Certainly Mark Dade was the handsomest youngster he ever had seen.

Brutus said, "You're both Converses." "And yet," said Austin, regarding Brutus intently, "you are more Grandfather than either of us. It's there, Brutus, behind the eyes."

**B**RUTUS said, "But I was the alien," he waved a hand at the panelled walls, "and favored. I didn't know how you'd take . . ."

"Nothing to that," replied Mark emphatically. "You're the goat. Grandfather knew better than to leave Cloverdale to either of us. Aus would have chopped it up for city lots, and I'd have had it under the hammer."

"Don't ever think the old gentleman made mistakes. He didn't. They may seem mistakes for a time and then you're amazed at his sagacity." Austin spoke with feeling.

"He wanted the life of the place preserved," said Fay, "the negroes kept. You were his hope."

Brutus spoke with embarrassment. "I'll stay, of course."

"Fine!" Mark clapped him on the shoulder.

Austin heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad to hear that Brutus. Always liked to run out for dinner or an evening—couldn't stand it longer. Quiet gets on your nerves."

Only Fay was sceptical. "I'll give you one year, Brutus, to reverse that decision."

Noah had moved off to carry the word to the kitchen.

"Now," said Mark, "we still have a large free arena in which to hold the family fights."

Mark left early. He was going places, and he must meet the ten-thirty from Louisville. See you to-morrow.

When Fay went away to instruct Mandy as to Brutus' comfort, Brutus and Austin took their cigars to the terrace.

Austin said, "Money is a strange commodity. Brutus. It does queer things to people. Makes strangers of us. You'll find us a little upset. Can't come into money and not have it make a difference. It just does. Grandfather knew this. He . . ."

Austin broke off, stood lost in thought.

Presently he went on. "Ever since we got the money Fay argued to go abroad for a year. A year! Just as I'd got the opportunity to get into business in a really big way. Have an option on a hundred acres—going to open it up. If you'd like to come in with me . . ."

Brutus thanked him. "Is Mark with you?"

Mark is with absolutely nothing but foolishness. He should be in college, but this money has gone to his head. Look at that car, when a second-hand flivver would have been his measure. Now here is what I can't understand: Grandfather—a man of keen wisdom—left that young nitwit a good bunch of money to throw right away. Why, Brutus? I can't figure it out—hanged if I can. Most of Mark's is tied up till he's twenty-five."

"I'd never thought of Grandfather as wealthy."

"You'd be surprised."

When Fay and Austin left, Austin said, "If you want to know anything ask Noah. We all go to Noah for advice. He was Grandfather's right-hand man. Mighty happy to have you with us, Brutus."

"And if you still like to read," said Fay, "I'll bring you out all of the late things. There's nothing here—nothing written since 1880!"

Brutus said he should be grateful.

"And the girls are all excited over a new

man in town. I've accepted dozens of invitations for you."

He looked at her in horror. "But please—I'm not a lady's man. I'm getting," said poor Brutus in a panic, "right into some work that I've been gloomining over for years. It will amount virtually to retirement."

She laughed. "We'll see."

He looked with alarm after the vanishing car. He was afraid that she would.

That room is there with the books—the orchestration of books. He went out and paced the ground from hedge to hedge, feeling at each step the pull of the soil for his feet. Now he understood why no place had ever enticed or held him. The roots of himself were here.

He was up early in the morning, inspecting his grounds and the stables, one of which had been made into a garage.

As he stood surveying the fields, a long-legged colt came over the low stone wall with extraordinary limberness and floated across the pasture.

At once a little crowd of boys swarmed over and after him and sped like rabbits in pursuit. No, the tallest one was a girl—something in the way she ran. Brutus followed, enjoying the chase. They saw him, gave up trying to catch the pony, turned and came back.

They removed their caps to address him, and the tall girl did, too. The sun tangled in her gorgeous hair, and flame leaped about a face that was slender and fragile and yet possessed a quiet strength.

She said, "You're Mr. Converse, aren't you? I'm Sharley Dexter, and this is Timothy—and Sid." The little boys offered their hands gravely. She looked at him out of troubled eyes. "I'm afraid you'll have to make the wall higher, Mr. Converse."

"It was a beautiful leap," said Brutus admiringly. "He sort of swam up." He turned to watch the pony in the lower pasture. That perfect co-ordination of movement! "Has he had any training?"

**H**IS words had the effect of electricity across three young faces, but especially the little funny one with the freckles. Never had a small face so shone.

"He's bridle and saddle wise, and he can make time right now around that paddock," said Timothy in his husky, warm voice.

Brutus nodded. "And over the neighbors' fences."

They all laughed; and they stepped closer, as if between sentences they had become friends. Timothy flopped his cap against his knee and beamed at Brutus. "It's his legs, sir. Looks like they never will stop growing."

The smallest boy now spoke. "We saw the Derby. It was yesterday. Our horse won." Each sentence a swift miracle.

Timothy held up a brown palm "Gallant Knight. I smoothed him down. Velvet just flyin' velvet. I haven't washed my hand yet."

"Why, Timothy!" cried Sharley, but she was enormously amused.

The pony they had chased, which had so easily shown them his heels, now voluntarily trotted up. Brutus eyed him. Every delicate quivering muscle bespoke the emotionally high-strung thoroughbred. And that coat of polished silk. The eyes were steady. Brutus bent down, ran a hand over a foreleg. He stood up, stepped back, respect in his silence. He knew what he saw.

The young Dexters also knew what he saw. For a hushed moment they all stood eying the colt in silence. Flecks of gold came up in Timothy's worshipful eyes. He was the kind to lose his heart to things—a horse, a dog, a friend, an ideal.

Sharley broke the spell. "It's fine having someone in the old house, Mr. Converse. It's been lonely—lately."

"You knew my Grandfather?"

"Oh, yes, sir. We loved him."

It was not his age that made them call him sir—after all thirty-one is not on

crutches—but that something about him, that little old-manliness. He had been like that when he was five. It had stuck through college. It had him now. And he felt such a kid at heart.

**T**IMOTHY had hooked the bridle over an arm and they said goodbye and led the dazzling pony away. When they reached the gate in the wall they all turned in a chorus of friendliness and waggled their caps at him and went along through.

He stood dreaming after them. There had been something extraordinary about the whole performance. They were remarkable youngsters, and in a way that eluded explanation, he found them pathetic. As they had stood at the gate looking back they had had an air of being grouped together, and standing together—against something.

Noah was polishing the hood of the ancient car. Brutus walked over.

"That bunch of youngsters, Noah . . ."

Noah grinned. "Beaten' bunch you ever seed, Mister Bruce. Mainly. Foks is dead. Miss Sharley she jes' bout raised 'em boys. I specks you won' remember Mister Septimus Dexter. He musta brang his young wife heah whilst you wuz growin' up in de nashville. Hess people. Raised sum ob de fasters' bosses in Kentucky. After de trouble all de houses went, 'cep'n dishere colt's dam. She wuz twenty-nine year ole when dis colt wuz foaled. And she jes machecky died ob ole age a while after."

Noah's hair was grizzled; the skin clung to his cheekbones in a thousand tiny wrinkles; his eyes were dim. But they held pictures. He watched the pictures go past—those one.

"Ill-fated family, suh. Mister Septimus was a fine man but he had a scalawag brother—Horace Dexter—what got into trouble at dis tracks—had to skip de country. Dey los' all de money. Den Miss Sally she died. Some foks say she jes' bout starve to death. Yassah—hit's a fact. Mister Septimus wun all broke up—got to drinkin'—blamin' himself. Wandered sum track to track—goin' down. Two year ago hit wus he got killed. Word come back."

"Do these children live alone in that big house?" asked Brutus in consternation.

"Dey got cuilid folks on de place—an' dey's one more boy. Derek . . . de dark one . . ."

The way he said it . . . "Black sheep?" asked Brutus, concerned.

"How you goin' to tell, Mister Bruce? Dese others, dey gots de sunny side ob de family—Miss Sally Archer—her sides. Derek—he's all Dexter. Broodin' and say-nuthin', and some takes it as sullen. He'd stan' right than an' die in his tracks. Tore he'd admit what he don' think is nobody's business."

Long afterwards Brutus remembered this. How well old Noah had understood that dark and prideful nature.

Noah spoke from behind the bars of a race. "Things runs in yo' veins, Mister Bruce. What you sin' to do bout dat?"

There was something else he wanted to say. The dim old eyes sought the eyes of Brutus across the hood of the ancient car. And Brutus saw that this was no casual conversation. Noah had deliberately followed him, had made the occasion.

"Yo' grandpa wuz mighty good to 'em. He known Miss Sharley wuz tryin' to hol' 'em all together, an' de kinfolks raisin' a runnus wanlin' to scatter 'em betwix' diff'rent families. Yo' grandpa stood by Miss Sharley. He wuz on her side. Cou'se maybe he figured Miss Sharley'd marry Mister Mark some day . . . Maybe he did an' maybe he didn't . . . Anyway," the troubled eyes lit. "He never lef' 'em nuthin'."

Noah stood, an ebony and strangely stirring ambassador from one generation to another. "Dey's a explanation somewhere, Mister Bruce!"

For a time after the old negro had spoken

Brutus stood looking into those troubled eyes, trying to read their message.

Noah turned again to polishing the hood of the car. He spoke now in lighter vein and with an air of bearing proud news. "You got handsome neighbors to de east, Mister Bruce."

That very afternoon Mrs. Jouette, seeing Brutus on his lawns, came straight to meet him . . . a vision floating through the little white gate that connected the two estates.

She said, both hands out in welcome. "I'm Swan Jouette, Mr. Converse. I was going to be the first to greet you, and now all these others have rushed in ahead of me. Why didn't someone tell me the exact day to expect you? Are you acquainted with the whole town?"

She spoke of France—Paris. "My husband died there four years ago. I have a little place near Paris where I spend most of my time, but every year I come home. One grows restless." A shadow touched her face briefly. "This spring I'm making a rock garden. Come and see it."

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When he left, she walked with him to the white gate. "Will you let me help you with things?" her voice wisful. "If you're going to make alterations in the house, or build flower beds, or just mint juleps? I shall be childishly happy. We women so like to feel that the men depend on us, need us."

Brutus promised.

He turned back towards his house. The sun was just measuring its last minute against the chimney-pots; he watched the moment vanish off the colored clay and disappear in thin air. In the magnolia tree a mocking-bird was at vespers, and three liquid notes dropped into the fading light. Face lifted, hands clasped behind him, he paces the grounds.

#### CHAPTER 4.

**S**HARLEY knew as soon as she saw Derek that something was wrong. He came home in the night, walking out from town. Sharley had gone to bed but she was not asleep. She didn't like nights. There was nothing between her and that hovering vague uneasiness which she could keep shoved back during the saner hours of daylight. The trees rubbed their backs against the wind and sighed; a dog at a distant farmhouse howled forsakenly. She heard a foot crunch on the gravel walk below her window and then Derek's slight cough.

Her flashlight was under her pillow and at the moment her fingers touched it, her feet touched the floor. When Derek's key turned in the lock Sharley, leaning over the upper banister, focussed the light upon the opening door. Her voice came a bit breathless. "That you, Derek?"

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turned at that—his arms half in and half out of his sleeves—and looked at her. "Why? Anybody been round here?" A quick panic in his dark eyes.

"Of course not. But, Derek," she spoke from a sudden need of help, of comfort—someone to lean on—if only Derek would share with her the problems that belonged to both of them. . . . "I've been thinking . . . and perhaps we should give up this house as Aunt Berta thinks—take the boys to Uncle John's. . . ."

His eyes with their hidden fire held hers for a moment, as if he were going to speak—then he turned away, silent, impassive.

"Well, good-night," said Sharley quickly. "I'm glad you're home."

"Good-night."

She went back to her room. She shouldn't have said that about giving up the house—and the very moment he had entered, too! She had only been grabbing at something to talk about, and the loneliness and responsibility of her position choked up in her throat. She never understood him. He left her alone with the house and the little boys, coming and going as he pleased; half the time she didn't know where he was. But if she spoke of this the quick pain on Derek's sensitive face haunted her for days.

The next morning she and Timothy and Sid were already at the breakfast-table when Derek came down. He entered without a word, took his seat. Sharley poured his coffee, passed it to him.

The eyes of the two little boys lifted in brief veiled scrutiny to Derek's face dropped again. They were wild to ask him questions about the various horses, the Derby, all the fascinating inside magic that Derek knew. But he was in a mood. When Derek was in a mood it flattened things out. It made you swallow on a dry lump in your throat.

"Mr. Ferron was glad the kids enjoyed the races," said Derek now out of a blue sky.

Nobody mentioned that they had seen only one; in fact they had forgotten it themselves. He was going to say something more. They all waited, not quite chewing. He so seldom spoke that when he did—when you actually found out what was in his thoughts—it seemed a remarkable thing.

"They'd like to see Sandow over at the Warren Stables."

Sharley put down her cup, in her eyes a startled stirring. "Who told them about Sandow?"

"I didn't. That is, I didn't bring up the subject. He knew."

For some reason they had tried to keep the pony a secret. The Dexters had had such proverbially bad luck with all their horses that they trusted no one. But of course, he had been registered. And, besides, you can't keep a horse that looked like Sandow a secret—not in Kentucky.

Sharley spoke quietly, but there was firmness in her words. "If he wants to see Sandow let him come here. I don't think we—I think we ought to be careful, don't you, Derek?"

**N**OBODY said anything. Derek finished his breakfast, rose. When he got to the door he said, "I'm going on back this morning." "This morning! When you only got in at midnight, Derek?"

They watched him walk away. Sid was the first to speak. "He's gonna do somethin'."

Timothy moistened dry lips. The freckles on his pale face had popped out as if newly painted there. "He'd better let my horse alone. Oh, Sharley, you won't let him take Sandow will you?"

"Hush. No." Yet if Derek did, what could she do?

Derek had got his hat off the hall table and was going towards the stables. Timothy and Sid went out on the side porch where they could watch the stables and the gates that led to the road. They sat down in the

rickety old porch chairs, feeling hot and quivery.

Derek brought the pony out of the stall, trotted him up and down, ran a hand down his foreleg, examined a hoof. . . .

Timothy was in a dreadful state. "I'll fight him."

"I could lay you down with one hand." Derek was trotting the pony back. He was coming away walking quickly, his old cap pulled over his eyes.

The little boys riveted their gaze straight ahead, as if scrutinising a plain white cloud and Sid got a pecan out of his pocket nonchalantly and rocked on it and ate it. Timothy felt pretty sick.

Derek was going away down the road towards town. Here was the strange, the uncomfortable thing about him. You might get furious at him—want to kill him, but when you saw him go, your anger (which had been largely fright) vanished. Derek was pitiful. His clothes were shabby and worn and had a forlorn droop. His eyes—those dark and brooding eyes—held trouble. He never told the things that ate at his heart; he kept it all to himself. He wasn't mean; he was haunted by something.

From the doorway Sharley, too, watched that slow departure, the long arms and legs slicing the air. Dust rose with every step and settled on his shoes and on the shoulders of the threadbare suit, until finally the dust and Derek were one, and together had vanished.

Sharley wished they did not have that little horse. Horses had brought the Dexters only ill-fortune and trouble. They all loved him too much. Timothy did. It was terrible to love anything the way Timothy loved Sandow.

It was a wild day, blustery and dark, with an occasional whip of rain. Mark had promised to come out and Sharley dressed and waited for him but he didn't come. There was a breathlessness, a tightness in the wind as if it did not contain enough air for comfortable breathing.

A storm was brewing. She racing clouds drive up from the South with all the furies of the Caribbean behind them. Birds were tossed upward against the dark heavens in unpremeditated patterns, and the trees shivered and crouched close to the earth in anticipation of what was coming.

**T**HE storm broke at midnight. The old house, loosely stitched together, moved and rattled its bones and complained loudly. Sharley sat up in bed hugging her arms, amazed at the terrific din. Through the flashes of lightning she saw all the poor trees lashing their frantic arms, and the white road gleamed stark and unprotected.

Something struck the house with a deafening crash—it must have bee the roof giving—and a window-pane blew in, snatching books and magazines from the table, banging them against the opposite wall. There was a second crash, and the little boys calling to her through the din. Her feet struck a puddle of water as she fled across the room.

"Sharley—something happened."

"Yes, my window blew in."

"Sharley, if this house goes over where will we be?"

"Over," said Sharley grimly.

The front door blew open with a loud bang, and instantly the whole place was filled with storm.

"We'll have to go and shut it."

"Sid whimpered. "I'm afraid to be left."

"We'll all go and shut it."

Hand in hand they crept down together, wrestling with the big door, piling furniture against it. Outside the trees were growing horizontal instead of up and down, and the porch chairs had got down on their knees and were praying. Any place inside seemed unsafe. Sharley said, "We'd better stay down." And then, "We'd better go up."

As they clung together in indecision and

uneasiness, suddenly a light shone through the trees and the storm and the wild uproar—a light from the Converse house. He had put a lamp in the window nearest.

Like oil on troubled waters the little light laid its hand upon the storm, and at once the fury was abated, the wind howled and retreated, the thunder grew more distant; or was it only that his nearness made the night safer for three frightened children?

"I believe he did that on purpose, Sharley," shouted Timothy.

"Yes, I'm sure he did. Let's get back to bed. Everything's all right now," said Sharley with a new confidence.

**I**T had been a bad storm. The little boys were up early inspecting the damages, shouting in about it.

"The chimney's got some teeth out."

"The steps are gone."

"The old arches over the gates aren't over the gates!"

"There's roots in the air and branches in the mud."

"That was a twister," said Sharley, viewing a wrecked earth.

"Twister! It was an upside-downer."

There was much mopping up to be done and Sharley in overalls was busy with the inside of the house while Shad collected the scattered exterior.

They were still at it when they heard a car turn in from the highway. Sharley thought, "There's Mark" and leaped up. Timothy and Sid leaped up. At once the earth turned black for them. Timothy hung himself face down on the rug and began beating a desperate flat into the floor. This was the end. The devil had got them at last. Good-bye to life and hope. Aunt Berta was riding up the drive.

"Oh, Sharley, she'll get us this time."

In a panic Sharley remembered her overalls. If there was one thing that made Aunt Berta more furious than another it was to find Sharley in riding-breeches or overalls. She leaped for the stair to change, calling back, "Sid, fly to Frenzy—don't you dare be sick, Timothy."

He moved his pale face on the floor in soundless agony.

The house held a brief silence.

Then, "Here . . ." called the dread voice. "Somebody come here. Where are your steps? Have I got to fetch my own yard-man all the way from the next county to do a set of steps so I can get inside? Where's everything? Where's everybody?" Her voice rising higher and higher, growing more irritated.

Frenzy came hurrying. She was almost past walking, but in such an exigency Frenzy could hurry. "Wellum if it ain't Ms' Berta! Dem steps blew off in de night. Shad he's out lookin' fuah 'em dis very minute."

"Here, give me a hand, I can't leap."

With her chauffeur on one arm and Frenzy on the other, Aunt Berta was hoisted on to the porch. She stalked in leaving poor Frenzy to recover alone.

"Where's Sharley? Get Sharley in here if she's not already off on a lot of horses."

"Siddy," gasped Frenzy, "run upstairs quick an' tell Ms' Sharley day's a nice surprise down heah for her."

Frenzy was the only one on the place who could be diplomatic. The children were too honest to be either tactful or diplomatic.

Aunt Berta had let herself down in a chair very cautiously—these chairs did not look safe; and she sat puffing, her florid face lined with misery. She was not a handsome woman but there was a distinction to her. Even in the dowdiest things Aunt Berta was still a personage.

Sharley came flying down the stairs in a little white dress. "Hello, Aunt Berta, how nice . . ."

Aunt Berta lifted a hand and cut her short. All night long she had seen their mangy and strewn corpses buried under the wreck of this old house; she could not easily make the transition to levity or even politeness.

She fixed Sharley with a terrible eye. "Sharley, all last night I lay awake worrying myself sick about you children. I don't know what I've been thinking of to leave you here alone like this. I didn't expect to see so much as a chimney standing when I got here this morning."

"How can you get hold of Derek, Sharley?"

"I'll write," said Sharley in a dead voice, "to the Ferren Stables." She could see Derek getting the letter, going wild, tearing frantically back. Would any power on earth drag Derek into Uncle John's shipping office? It wasn't that Derek preferred the tracks, the horses, but—he was the spirit of this.

"It won't take you an hour to pack—when you haven't got much. Now get busy all of you, I've got to be home before five o'clock."

Into this atmosphere now walked Sid, towing by the hand a young man in horn spectacles, with a way of peering pleasantly forward, his head held a little down and sideways.

There was about him an untroubled air of security.

Brutus paused in the door, took in the blustered, flushed old lady, Sharley's look of white resignation, Timothy's pale grief on the floor. Sid had said only, "Frenzy wants you to stop over there." But Sid's face had been in trouble—his ice-cold little hand had.

Brutus had laid aside his pencil at once, and had come.

**A**s he appeared in the doorway they lifted their eyes to his—and he caught the last despairing signal from shipwrecked sailors adrift on an open sea.

Sharley introduced him. "Aunt Berta, this is Mr. Converse. My aunt, Mrs. Branin, Mr. Converse."

Sharley said, "He's in Louisville."

"In Louisville? What for? Isn't he still on the Ferren farm?"

They would have come off better if they had known how to lie, but it never occurred to them. "He didn't say."

"He didn't say! That's just an example of . . . Sharley, you're old enough to know that a seventeen-year-old boy has no business hanging round race tracks, and especially with his queer tendencies. That boy is following right in the steps of his—all the Dexters. Race tracks! Low people. Gangsters and hijackers. These little innocent boys growing up knowing nothing else. Well, you get word to Derek. He's going in John's shipping office in New Orleans. John's a stern hand. He'll know how to manage Mr. Derek. I doubt if you've got a bite to eat in this house . . ."

"Why?" said Sid, coming out from behind her chair, "they's turkeys . . ."

"And cabbage," came a miserable voice from the rug, "and strawberries and onions . . ."

"And popcorn and sorghum and they's chickens and a cow . . ."

"And a horse . . ."

The word was ill-advised. "Yes, bound there's a horse. No doubt you are planning to race him." Three guilty faces affirmed this. "So! That's it, is it? Let me tell you this much—horse-racing is the reason there are four penniless orphans left in this falling-down shack to-day! Don't interrupt me. Sid, what do I care if there's an old tough turkey rooster out in the yard? I'm here to talk business—I mean what I say this time. The three of you are going home with me to-day. Right now. We can get word to Derek, and make arrangements about Shad and Frenzy later. Sharley, you are to live with me. Derek will go to New Orleans—stop that mouthing, Timothy, it won't do a bit of good. Tom is to take one of the little boys and Fletcher and his wife the other. We arranged it this morning by telephone. You'll be close enough to visit—Christmas anyway."

Aunt Berta went on giving loud commands. She didn't notice that Frenzy had come to the door and beckoned Sid. In fact, Aunt Berta was distinctly avoiding

looking at them. She was sorry for them, but this did not solve their problem. What she was doing was the only sane course to follow. They would move a while, but they would get used to it.

Steady, thought Brutus—steady on the rug there . . . steady on the sofa and over by the door . . . From the hall, steps started up abruptly, as Frenzy's satisfied feet went shuffling along off to the kitchen.

Brutus said, "Oh yes. I promise to keep an eye on them. Any time you want to get a message to them, or hear how we're doing, telephone me. But we're really getting this other branch line in right away."

Aunt Berta heaved a great sigh. After all, what she had wanted was an easy mind, and not to be held responsible. She reached up, caught her hat by both sides, and gave it a hard yank over her ears; she began collecting gloves and handbag, edging her enormous size skillfully out of the chair.

"Sharley, get Derek home from Louisville. Make him stay away from those wicked races. I want you children to have yourselves and not be too much trouble for a neighbor who's kind enough to think of your welfare. No, I can't stay. I'm getting right back. No, no, Sharley—not any tea. Besides, I don't believe you've got any. Come out to the car with me, young man. I want a word with you."

Shad had found steps. Aunt Berta was eased over.

He said, "Don't worry about the children. They are delightful—fine company. I've taken them under my wing."

"Take Derek under your wing also! Thank God I can sleep to-night. These children—you don't know how I've worried . . ."

"Not until the car was out of sight did Brutus turn.

They stood on the porch looking at him, and the collected gratitude in three pairs of eyes, the mute thanks, was a little too much. For the dignity of all of them he waved a gay hand—and walked quickly away.

But when he reached the hedge he heard feet running behind him, and the breathless voice of Timothy. "Here." The little up-thrust eager face; eyes golden and worshipful. A fist shoved into Brutus' hand. "Here." Timothy's knife. That treasure. He would have to take it . . .

#### CHAPTER 5

**B**RUTUS'S days now fell into well-ordered and charming divisions. He had an early breakfast under Noah's competent eye, and then got into the library, which he called his study, for hours of concentrative, incredibly happy work. At one o'clock there was a sharp break. An hour had struck. Brutus put aside the magic pencil. He saw the startling noon-day colors upon the trees—upon the willow outside his window. And after the Chinese gong had sounded, very softly through the tranquil rooms, and he had had a light lunch of cold sliced meat and green salad and a little cup of coffee, he got his hat and stick and went for a tramp across the wide meadows.

Sid and Timothy dropped down from nowhere and without question fell into step with him. They had got sticks like his; they looked at his hat and put theirs on at the exact angle. Brutus walked energetically but he did not have to slacken his pace for theirs. They were eager walkers: they were, in fact, runners. On their faces: an alertness, an absorbed earnest forwardness that made him think of little drummer boys running at the side of a ragged, mistaken army, hearing only the ecstasy of their own drums.

Sid was good-natured and fun-loving and full of mischief. He had a delicious laugh that bubbled up musically. But there was a rare quality to Timothy, with his comic face, his freckles, his golden worshipful eyes. As the three of them tramped across a field one day a feather flew out of the sky and Timothy, stepping forward, held forth his hand—and received it upon a grimy palm. He stood perfectly still looking into the sky—a party to a miracle.

He said, "God's feather." That moving, trusting countenance!

## THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Sid, not wanting Timothy to feel favored, burst out, "You reached and snatched it."

Timothy remained unmoved, gazing into the sky. "He threw it to me."

From somewhere inside him these things came up—alive, flaming, astonishing, making for Timothy a miracle out of the most unremarkable happening.

Brutus was happy. He believed he was the happiest man on earth. He not only owned Cloverdale and forty acres, but now he had got a large family. It was rather thrilling. He had been Mr. Converse to them only so long as he was a strange suit of clothes standing before them; now he was Brutus. They whistled under his window as if he were another boy.

"Brutus, we've got some pretty good worms and are goin' fishin'."

Brutus got his hat and came right along with them.

As they charged across the meadow they heard shouts behind them, and Sharley came flying. "Wait for me—I'm coming."

She was grave, more so than nineteen has a right to be, but she was gay, too, and when she laughed he thought it was like the flutter of a bird's wing in her throat. They found the boat, fumbled with the rusty lock.

Sid shrieked, "The bait—the bait! They're all walking away."

"Here—you get on that side and head 'em off—I'll get on this side. Soco—shoo—you earth worms!"

The spiritless bait were at length collected; they drifted out in the boat. The lake was so clear that the wind was visible on it in little running tides that hurried up to lap their prow. Along the banks the trees laid their reflections down upon the water, and the boat moved across these images but did not disturb them. Their lines trailed placidly behind, a penciled mark on the water. Somebody's arm shot up; a fish made a silver arc in the air, and lay flapping in the bottom of the boat. Timothy watched him sorrowfully, beating in flight and panic at their feet. There was no triumph in catching such a sad face. Sharley shipped the oars — sat dreaming.

"Why are you quitting?" they wanted to know.

"Not quitting—just stopping." She rowed on.

**S**UPPER on the opposite bank. Coffee with ashes in it. Fried fish and ashes. Bacon and ashes. It was marvelous.

The afternoon deepened. Sunset, and that flame in the west. Then, shadow by shadow, the day moving out. Dusk—a thin transparency, possessing the earth. They came back—silent, happy, thrilled. Tied the boat. Tramped across the meadows to lights in windows.

"Oh, Brutus," said Sharley, glancing up starry-eyed, "we're so much happier than we've ever been before. You've made it. Given us security. We've never had this Brutus thank you for liking us."

Mark Dade came out for dinner. He was due to take Sharley for a bus ride and said he might as well snatch a meal off Brutus. He fussed about Austin.

"Austin is so restless it gives you a pain to be about him. Can't sit still a minute. And nobody knows anything, but Austin—Whatman Austin. The world's wisest. And gooh-new it does him. Worries to death all the time. Used to worry because he hadn't enough money; now he worries because he's got money. If I hadn't had had any more gumption than to pick the wife he picked I'd keep mighty still about the judgment of others, even in the matter of yellow cars. Fay's a thin wafer. Brutus. Little pink pill for pale people."

Brutus threw back his head and roared. Mark joined in, appreciating his wit. "That's right, what?" Glancing up one eyebrow cocked ironically. "And speaking of wives." He nodded his head toward the

Dexter place. "Brutus, get to know them. They're all right. Even the kids. Darned little rascals and a bit scornful of yours truly, but they're cute. Straight as arrows. And that girl—that little girl over there . . ."

Mark's voice, the whole expression of his face, altered, softened, making a different man of Mark . . . "You wouldn't know there was a girl like that left in the whole world. I'm gonna fix things easy over there. I'll find a way to do it if I have to take Miss Sharley across my knee and give her a good stiff whaling. Well, I'll blow along over."

A pony in a field circling and circling. Every movement a poem of liquid, untired power. The sun on the silken back. Derek sitting on the white board fence watching him. Did all the ghosts of all the Dexters come back to watch this one perfect horse circle the paddock? Were they sitting on the white board fence—these ghosts—their dark, brooding eyes upon Sandow? Were they all converged into one thin-faced boy who pulled his cap low over his eyes and watched and watched?

"Good-morning, Derek."

**I**T was remarkable how he could make the transition from recognition to startled accost and never lift the first expression off his face, never reveal a hint of what was going on back of those burning eyes.

His response to Brutus's greeting was little more than a short grunt—and Derek had gone back to watching his pony. ("Why do you intrude? We don't need your help.")

Brutus leaned on the fence, genially. He talked of race tracks. Only when he showed a rank ignorance was a remark drawn—wrenched—from Derek. "No, sir. That's a mud track." And of a race run some years ago in England. "Well, yes, sir, but you see they don't start them off that way now." . . . "No, sir, Mr. Converse."

Had he got any nearer by the little talk? No—there was no way to get nearer. "He distrusts every move. He's afraid somebody is going to try to help him—help the family. He's afraid of other things. If only I felt that he knew I was his friend."

Sharley stuck her head in the study door.

"May I come in? Am I interrupting anything?"

"Just finishing," said Brutus, who had just begun, with a wide sweep to the left, putting aside the closely written pages, his hand unsteady with the happiness of having her.

She perched on his desk. She had a riding crop in one hand and she flicked it against her boots, and looked down at Brutus in his old swivel chair. "I can see why you can write. This desk—it's a good thinking desk."

"Perhaps it's the desk that writes and not I."

"Yes. It must be. Brutus, I want to talk to you about Mark. I wish you'd sound him out about his work. Mark's got it in him to do big things. He has a marvellous mind, and all the energy and enthusiasm in the world, but this money has been upsetting. I don't want him to get to feeling," said Sharley, thoughtfully, "that because he's come into money he's exempt from things."

"Is he apt to feel this?" asked Brutus, making little squares on the blotter and trying to keep down out of his eyes how pleased he was to be thus consulted—to have them bring their problems to him.

She put her head to one side and considered this. It was characteristic of Sharley that first she reflected, and then spoke.

"Well, he was going to be an engineer—bridges and things—and he meant to get into Massachusetts Tech this fall. He was wild to go. And now he doesn't say anything more about it. This money has, a little, changed him. I don't mean it's

changed the real Mark, but it's set him thinking of other things, made him tell he has rope. He doesn't see the necessity of plodding."

"And you wish him to plod?"

The daughter of all the Dexters answered him. "Yes, Brutus."

"Are you going to marry him, Sharley?"

Her face sobered. This was the most serious thing in her life. Her voice was husky with feeling. "But not for a long, long time yet. So much must be settled before I can think of marrying. And of course, we are awfully young yet—or rather Mark is. A man is younger than a woman of the same age. Perhaps it wouldn't be just right to marry Mark before he's had a chance to see more of the world—try his wings a bit . . . only a very little bit, Brutus . . . not far." Her smile soft and lingering. "Oh—I'm sitting on your sermon."

"It isn't," said Brutus with dignity, "a sermon. Distinctly not."

"I hope you take a long, long while to write this book, Brutus." She had almost said sermon again, and her eyes brimmed over with mischief.

It was beginning to dawn on him that Sharley was beautiful. The knowledge had had to accumulate within him. It was not her features—her face was too thin for beauty—but a quality ethereal and shy and sensitive, but possessing the strength of tempered steel that, suddenly, like a light, shone through the features; and the features were secondary to the light upon them. And all that gleaming mass of bright, bright hair.

She leaped up abruptly. "There's Mark," and flew to meet him.

They came back hand in hand, like happy children. Mark was charming. There was nothing serious here. Life was a play, and just now he had the whole world by the tail. His name for Sharley was "Woman." In a tone of voice that quite scalped her. But the word was flexible upon his glib tongue; he could put love, fun, condemnation, command, warning all into it. He hardly needed any other for conversation. He wanted Sharley to come play; they stood arguing this.

"What'd I say but for, woman, if you won't play in it?"

"But, Mark, I've work to do. I told you I couldn't . . ."

"And I catch you red-handed playin' with Brutus—"

"I only stepped in a second to tell him something important. But if I go with you it'll be eleven o'clock to-night before you want to turn back."

"Woman, be careful how you trifles with my affections. I'm gonna get me another woman."

"I'll come, Mark . . . I'll come." Wrapping her hands in mock despair. "Must I dress? Will you wait while I—"

"You'll do with the boots."

They skipped out—Mark's arm about her shoulders. Brutus looked after them—so brilliantly young—their sweet foolishness . . . And getting back to his paper found it dull. . . . A sermon.

When Mark came in again Brutus swung the talk to various professions, and from there to ambitions, dreams, the heroic trend in man—where the heart lies! The work that a man chose for his own, the thing he meant to leave behind when he himself was dust. For no man was a man without a work that was dear to his heart. Wasn't this true? Hadn't Mark found it so?

"Well, yes . . . now you take me . . . Brutus, I've always wanted to build. No, no, no houses. Grah! Listen . . . enduring things. Bridges. Causeways. Studied like hell to get into Massachusetts Tech this fall."

Mark lost himself. He was down in the

bottom of a deep well made by stacked-up books, his fingers run through the dark mass of hair. His unconscious egotism, his youthful airs and undirected energies—all the new disturbing tendencies that had come with too much money to spend—fell from him. He wanted terribly to do this thing. His face was thoughtful, determined. It was the face, Brutus knew, that Sharley loved; brooded over, was trying so hard to cling to.

There was determination in Mark's voice—he had played lately—he had forgotten this. "I'm gonna sell that yellow rattle-trap and do some digging this summer, get into college in the fall. Why, this stuff, Brutus—it's fascinating. It's hypnotic."

He rambled on far into the night.

Brutus had promised the flustered Aunt Berta that he would take Derek under a wing. But the weeks went by, and although Derek appeared on the scene now and then, Brutus could get him under no wing of his.

He was mending a place in the stone wall that bordered the highway when Derek trudged by, coming from town. Brutus, glancing up, was startled. The boy looked dreadful. He would have passed Brutus with unseeing eyes but Brutus called out a cheerful good-day and Derek nodded slightly, not turning his head.

All day the face of Derek haunted Brutus. In the evening when he settled to his accustomed reading that face came between him and the page. He laid aside the beloved volume and crossed the lawns to the west.

The little boys were making a great hullabaloo in the hall, stamping and scampering and yelling.

**W**HEN he came up, Sid warned him. "There was an awful bug, Brutus!"

"Did be get away from you?"

"I got away from him! Timothy has stamped him!" He shouted Timothy on. "One leg needs to be deaded." More stamping.

"How's that?"

"Paused out."

Brutus sat on the front steps with a boy on either side. They sat very close to Brutus and put their hands on his knees and told him the history of their day. . . . And this morning, Brutus, Timothy had a fight with Gus." Gus was a black boy on Brutus's place. "And Gus licked him."

Sharley coming out, heard, spoke quickly: "Is that true, Timothy?"

Brutus gathered it wasn't the fighting that shocked her, but the licking.

Timothy squirmed. "We tangled—but it was a draw."

They knew by that that Timothy had got the worse of it. Brutus wanted to say, "But Gus is twice Timothy's size." He wanted to say, "I'll speak to Gus about fighting with the little boys." But he didn't say either—aloud. They had their codes—these little Dexters.

"I saw you drinking tea, Brutus, with Mrs. Jeurette," said Sid. "I don't like her."

"What could you possibly have against so charming and gentle a lady?" asked Brutus in genuine surprise.

"Silly! I don't like eyes that—skip. And she's got a dog. Not a regular dog, but one of those prettified sassy things, and she gets him on a string, and up and down by that string go she and that dog."

Sharley, at length, got the boys off to bed. She'd not get a chance for a word with Brutus until they went, she said. They slid backward up the stair banister. It was hard work and took a long while, but they finally accomplished it. There was a huff, and then Timothy called down that Sid had gone to sleep on the top sheet.

"Just leave him on it," said Sharley quickly. "Are they awful, Brutus? I'm always thinking I should do something about them, start a strict régime of training, teach them manners. Aunt Berta says they're like stable boys."

"They're the finest youngsters I ever knew. The most natural."

"You're sweet, Brutus. There are fine things about them. They have a sense of honor, and they wouldn't lie or cheat or break a promise. What a moon!" She clasped her hands about her knees and sat dreaming up at it. She spoke wistfully. "Tell me about the world, Brutus. The wide, wide world."

**H**E talked of Paris in the spring, of Rome on nights like this, Russia, Vienna.

Presently—he had heard no step, no sound—but he knew that someone had come out on the porch, Derek. And from the darkness he was listening—listening. And the hunger of that listening filled Brutus with an unnamed sadness.

Shad came to Brutus with disturbing news.

Since the day Brutus had rescued them from Aunt Berta, Frenzy and Shad had accepted him as the word of law. They called him, "Boss." So upon making his discovery, Shad came straight to Brutus. The pony, Sandow, had been taken out of his stall in the night. He was back before dawn. The old negro's eyes were veiled, but he and Brutus were thinking the same thing. Derek. That was why Shad had gone to Sharley.

"No use worryin' Miss Sharley with it, Boss—Nawshuh!"

"Not a bit," agreed Brutus.

Brutus thought it over, and the next day he departed for Lexington, ostensibly to buy books, but in reality headed for the Ferrin Farm. He knew the veteran horseman was interested in Septimus Dexter's children, would guard their interests. Brutus hoped also, to talk with Derek.

To his amazement he learned that Derek hadn't been on the place since Derby week.

"He was supposed to come back with the string," Mr. Ferrin said, "I don't know where he went. Just walked out on me."

This troubled Brutus more than he liked to admit. He didn't want to think wrong of the boy, nor to put him in the wrong light with his employer—yet who among them knew Derek? Brutus thought of his surreptitious coming and going, not a word of explanation to anyone; of the pony being spirited away in the night.

"Had he had trouble with anyone?" he asked.

"Not a thing so far as I know. Derek is—Derek. He can't mix. Leave him alone with the horses and he's okay. He can manage any horse on earth—sooth the fractious colt by a touch of the hand. I've thought—this is between us, of course, but I've had it in mind to make him assistant trainer here in due time, and eventually the trainer. He's only seventeen now, you know. But there's nobody on the turf today with a keener knowledge of horses."

"Now, as an example, that yearling they've got—Sandow. . . ." (So he knew about the colt already) "they've raised him on milk and grass. That wasn't accidental, it was foresight. Forces his growth and cuts down his handicap. This yearling is tall for his age."

"You've seen him?"

"No, but I know all about him. He's crossbred. Where the Dexters made their mistake was, they tried to raise pure blood Arab horses, but the Arab horse is too small. This yearling's dam was one—Sanskrit, but his sire, Dow Umber, was of another breed of champions. I've had in mind all along to make them an offer for Sandow."

"I don't think they'd sell, they're so attached to the pony. Personally, I wish they would. It would simplify things. But—and this is what I came to talk about—if we could make arrangements to bring the horse here for his training period I'd be glad to stand the expense. He isn't

safe where he is, and the sooner he's away the better."

Mr. Ferrin agreed. "But leave the matter of expense to me. This colt will take care of himself if he's what Derek says he is, and the boy doesn't exaggerate. I'll send my trainer, Watson, over to look at him and talk with Miss Dexter."

But it was Ferrin himself who came.

He said to Sharley, after he'd had a look at Sandow. "I suppose you don't want to part with him—sell him?"

They were standing in the paddock—Sharley, Sid, Timothy, Brutus, Ferrin—watching Sandow.

The shocked expressions on three faces answered.

"Then," said Mr. Ferrin, "let me take him over to the farm—train him. You aren't prepared to protect him properly, Miss Dexter. Anything could happen out here. This colt looks like a sensation. Of course, he may be just another sprinter, and nobody can predict what a yearling colt will do, but my opinion is that you've got a stakes horse here—possibly a future contender. He wants to be handled properly, though. You needn't worry about the money. Sandow will take care of himself."

"We've always intended," said Sharley reluctantly, "to train him ourselves. Race him."

He looked thoughtful. "It takes a wise hand to do that. It isn't only what a horse is capable of doing, but other things—track knowledge—a shrewdness that, perhaps, your father never had. Miss Dexter. He was too much the visionary dreamer. I've got that shrewdness; I've made money on it, made horses on it. If a contender looms on the skyline, care and supercare are needed to guard him. I've had half a dozen people already speak to me about this colt of Sanskrit."

Sharley was amazed, alarmed. They had tried to keep him a secret. "We have never talked about him to anyone."

"You can't keep him a secret. Somebody says, 'I saw a horse in a field—he looks like a second Man O' War,' and there you are."

Touched, Sharley looked at Brutus. He nodded. She looked at Timothy. "What do you say, Timothy?"

Timothy was tense, white-faced, but he had a wise little head. He had been regarding Mr. Ferrin closely, drinking in every word. He had made his decision. It cost something, but he had decided. "I say yes, Sharley."

"And you, Brutus?"

"It's the best plan."

"I don't like to do anything without asking Derek. . . ."

"Leave Derek to me. And send him back, will you? I've come to depend on Derek. Best hand I've had. Well send for the colt to-morrow."

Sharley hadn't known that Derek was not at the Ferrin Farm, but not by so much as a flicker of an eyelash did she reveal this.

**A**s Mr. Ferrin turned to go, a small brown hand touched him, a pair of serious eyes looked at him from a freckled setting. "He likes," said Timothy earnestly, "a fistful of sugar for breakfast. I always saved him mine."

"I'll remember," promised the horseman, making a note of it. "I'll save him mine."

So Sandow, looking surprised, was carried away the next day in a truck. The little Dexters did not see him off. There was a last gallop about the paddock, a last handful of sugar, a last burrowing of the velvet nose in Timothy's pocket. Sharley buried her face against the satin coat, Tim put his arms about the silky neck. Brutus, coming to see that the colt was properly loaded, saw the three Dexters charging frantically across the lower meadow, not looking back. They stayed away all day.

Derek came home that night. Sharley,

her heart pounding, followed him to his room; might as well get this over with at once.

"Derek, we sent Sando to the Ferren Farm to-day—Mr. Ferren came yesterday and talked us into it."

Derek spun. "Sharley!" He was the happiest boy alive. "Listed . . . I wanted to suggest this, but you thought . . . when I said what I did last May you thought . . ."

"Oh, Derek, I know. We've been so afraid of letting him out of our sight. But Mr. Ferren will train him, take care of him. Brutus thought it best."

"Sure." He was also at once alive, young, relieved—a load dropped from those thin young shoulders.

In the morning, his face eager and renewed, he was swung away—the old boyish Derek. The last thing he said was—he had started down the walk to the big gates, and he turned and came back—stood smiling his queer, gaunt, infrequent smile. "Everything's going to be fine now, Sharley."

#### CHAPTER 6

**B**RUTUS was gifted with a charming hospitality. To be able to throw open doors—his doors—to people was such a privilege as to become a ceremony, a ritual each time that he did it. And something of the glamour of this was communicated to any chance visitor, endowing this visitor with a special and lasting quality. So that a person, crossing the all-at-Cloverdale, stepped into a glorified edition of himself.

Cloverdale became a Mecca.

They had all of them loved and venerated Jonathan Converse, but they had visited him largely from a sense of duty. New Cloverdale was almost dramatic in its satisfying qualities. Mark on his way to Sharley's, on his way from Sharley's, invariably blew in. There was nothing of imperative urgency to discuss, yet these sessions were glowing, memorable. They talked of Mark. And with Brutus giving this his careful attention, and Mark expatiating, expounding, analysing, in a very short while, indeed, all there was of Mark lay revealed before them like a paper skeleton upon the desk.

Austin came out once or twice a week, bringing his business problems. But once here, a new relaxation held him and sometimes he sat peacefully smoking, glance fixed on nothing, fingers quiet of their ceaseless drumming.

Even Fay began cultivating him. Mark Austin, the Dexter, Swan Jouette, visited him; Fay cultivated him. He was not aware why his mind made this distinction; it was something in her manner.

She would arrive in the morning and with that little scintillating air would insist on carrying him off from his "dull old work." She had brought him those books she had mentioned; Brutus waded through much sawdust for her sake. She took him for endless rides; and when he couldn't possibly squirm out of it, she had him to luncheon at the Country Club, at dinner to tea.

What was there in her light, inconstant blue eyes that so impressed him with a lack of sincerity? She was being nice to him because there was something she wanted. He wished she could get along faster to telling him what this was. He wanted to say, "What is it, Fay? I'll be only too glad." It embarrassed him to look right through the plate glass of her face. The fearful tragedy of faces! There was so little privacy upon them; nothing, practically, was hidden.

At last it came out. Would Brutus try to persuade Austin who was so overworked (now she's getting to it—hurray!) . . . who was so overworked to drop business for a year and go abroad? Austin never had had a real vacation and he wouldn't be such a nervous wreck or so irritable and snappy if only he'd get away for a rest. What was the use, she continued, of having money if you only did as you had done

before? Austin simply didn't realize. Why, if he never worked again they could get along—quite well, too. The trouble was he'd got into a rut, and needed to be shaken out of it. He needed to get away—is go (she was going to say it again and unconsciously he braced himself) abroad. She was so sick of this backwoods little town. "How can you stand it here after the places you've been?"

"It's absolutely the most restful spot on earth."

She shrugged her shoulders. It marked him in her eyes, as the dunder he had suspected him of being.

Ahead! It wasn't what Fay thought it; she'd never glimpse, never comprehend the fascination, the beauty, the historic significance of places. She would miss all that. She was chasing a quality that she called "culture." In a Pullman, in the cabin of a boat, places that cooped Brutus, Fay saw herself acquiring this.

If Austin and Fay were coming to dine at Cloverdale, Fay hurried out ahead of Austin to get in word with Brutus, tell him what to say. Presently Austin's funny little flirr with one finger bent in churned up the drive. Brutus thought—poor fellow, needing rest, relaxation, and the curtain just about to go up on the act.

Fay waited until that mellow, off-guard hour after dinner, then—

"Brutus, tell Austin what you told me this morning about that watering place on the Brittany coast." Her light blue eyes sending their little messages, her face alive, scintillating, all of Fay in a nice glow, her expression prodding Brutus (plain-spoken Brutus) to take up his cue.

Austin moved in his smoke, lifting reproachful eyes to Brutus. . . . Brutus.

Brutus considered them, which to be loyal to? Mentally he reconstructed the conversation of the morning. It had run like this. "Brutus, have you been to . . ." mentioning a crowded, fashionable resort. He said that he had. "Tell me about it." "Oh, it's not so bad—if you don't mind tourists." That had been all.

**H**E glanced across at Fay suspended in mid air, hanging on his word, making a crisis of what he was going to say or not going to say; her too light eyes nodding their lids at Brutus—encouraging a little child to talk.

"It really is—all right," said poor Brutus in a sweat.

Finding Brutus of little service, the next time she came out she suggested having Mrs. Jouette over in the evening. "I'll run over and get her now."

Yet Austin burst out in a loud, "Ah!"

When Swan Jouette came, and when Fay, to the secret amusement of Brutus and the humiliation of Austin, had got that conversation back on to Europe, and when Swan—a lovely, reposeful picture in white, her hands still on the arms of her chair—took up the cue . . . ah, now it was a different thing.

The room was dim, only one soft light glowed upon the piano. Swan talked. Occasionally a hand lifted and vague mists of diaphanous white floated with unstudied grace, and lay still again as the hand lay still.

The men sat with heads thrown back, smoked, listened. Dreams went by. Old castles and cathedrals, winding ancient roads, bridges and embattled fortresses, moats and ruins and lakes. Austin could listen forever, blowing rings at the ceiling, a look on his face that was near to peace.

It wasn't Europe then, it was—Fay.

Mark, halting by on his way to Sharley's, remained in the charmed circle. With a swift inclining glance with words that were somehow intimate, Swan gathered them all about her, so that while she did most of the talking—was the lovely nucleus of the gathering—this was so subtly inobvious as to leave the impression that they were doing the talking.

His cousins now, Brutus saw, were differ-

ent men, exhilarated, keener, more alive, excited in a strange, slow way. As for Swan, what could be said of her except that so much beauty and charm made you happy. The glow of the lamp was softer, more luminous; conversation became significant—a mere word dropped into the charged air was an inspiration, a stroke of genius. Swan was romance. She cast a spell over them all.

#### SWAN

to be liked by other women, but Fay was using her just now, and she would sit listening a little open-mouthed, and presently when she spoke, her voice had taken on, temporarily, the slow, drawing inflections of Swan's, the mannerisms of Swan.

On a hot uncomplicated afternoon Fay and Austin arrived together. Austin hailed Brutus dreamily from his books. "Hey, old bookworm, any rest here for the weary?"

Fay hurried at once into the object of her visit. "Brutus, I'm going away for a short vacation. I simply must. My nerves are in a fearful state. My doctor says . . . But if I leave Austin at home alone he'll dismiss the maid and live on cheese and crackers and get nervous indigestion again. So I thought if you'd take him in out here . . . Can you for a month, or maybe two?"

Brutus beamed. He could think of nothing finer. "Old man, come out. Have the run of the place."

"Now, Austin, you must remember that you can't smoke just before a meal, and, Brutus, please see that he takes his indigestion drops at night, and doesn't read after he goes to bed. He thinks too much about business, worries too much. If I could get him away for just one year, but you can't tell Austin anything. Nobody can tell him one thing."

Fay at length was off.

Austin moved out with Brutus. The arrangement was so to the liking of both men that they went about trying to hide their shamefaced grins.

Mark also came every day. He enjoyed his battles with Austin as much as his inspired sessions with Brutus. Noah brought out tall, frosted glasses on a silver tray. The world, the summer and its heat seemed far away.

Swan came to do honors for Brutus. Soon this had grown to be their custom. Swan fitted into this gathering of men as no other woman could have. She did not detract from the clannish masculinity of the company, but added to this.

Her coming changed everything. Nothing in Swan's presence could be casual. She could not move, laugh, frown, speak, arrive, stay away, but a great many threads were pulling and counter-pulling. The men had different faces; even Noah stepped with a surprising nimbleness and grace.

When Swan talked, when she spoke to a man and looked into his face, the light from her own face and its quivering intimate message made his hand unsteady. She sat by Austin, and her violet eyes, as if drawn against her will, looked suddenly into Austin's, and poor old Austin right there before them took on a definite fire. Or again it was Mark and his fire. Or Brutus.

Brutus was always the silent one, the background. Yet Swan never allowed him to feel left out. While talking with the others she would continually turn the full, warm question of her gaze upon Brutus with a look so intimate, so understanding, that he felt that a closer tie existed between Swan and him than between Swan and these others who so engaged her in spirited repartee.

Only Sharley was shy of Swan, staying away when Swan was there, quietly refusing to be brought into friendship. Was there a shade of condescension in Swan's manner when she met Sharley? She said once to Brutus,

"I'm afraid you're letting those little

babobs next door impose on you, Brutus." She lifted her lovely eyebrows. "Aren't you allowing them to—use you?"

**H**E looked at her with a certain rising wonder. Use him? But there was the miracle—to be of use. You didn't appreciate people perhaps unless you had never had them, or had had only a very few of them.

She couldn't abide the little boys. And whenever she saw Sharley and Mark together, in their secure happiness—their brilliant, trusting youth—darkening came over Swan's face, making the features sharper with a touch of wintry desolation.

After dinner—a dinner of candle light on polished mahogany, and old thin silver and sparkling crystal and Noah in the shadowed background, of Virginia candied ham and peach cobbler and coffee as only Mandy could brew it—Austin and Brutus took their pipes of peace to the terrace.

Presently a moon would come up, but now there was only the spell of darkness, the crickets, the shaken leaves, the scented silences.

Austin said, "This is about perfect, Brutus." Austin, who hadn't had a touch of indignation since Fay left. And then, "You did right never to marry."

The finality of that never was disconcerting. He was only thirty-one, Austin must be forty. Yet it was true; he was not a marrying man. It had never occurred to him that he would marry, and this had nothing to do with his regard for women, which was completely approving. But marriage belonged to those who participate in life, and he was the onlooker. To take part—to live—one must lose one's self in despair, in anger, in heat and high ecstasy and abandoned madness and passion.

Austin was speaking—about marriage, no doubt. "It's nothing but fights." He was bitter, but his voice to-night was without passion. "Women! They set their little traps for us; they let us know they'd die if we didn't marry them. And we, poor simple-minded fools, let ourselves be pulled in for life; sign a contract to buy this woman for the term of life all the things she wants. It amounts to that. A woman gives nothing. What my opinion of women is . . ."

"A couple more weeks and you'll be crying out loud for her to come back."

"That's the devil of it. Even our miseries get to be a habit and we miss them. Brutus, do you believe that wanting is a law of life?"

"It's the force that shoves men into trouble, into success, into gaol, into a dormant genius."

"Now, you take Mark—Mark's making a bright green fool of himself wanting things, and buying them. It's like throwing stones down a bottomless well."

"He's talking of college again," said Brutus, a deep satisfaction in his voice. "Then, too, Sharley is so level-headed I think she'll keep him clear of pitfalls."

"I can't see what she . . . Mark's not up to her standard; he's one thing, Sharley's another. She'll find it out one day."

The moon came up, sending its unreal light over the tops of the trees. That mocking-bird again dropping its achingly notes into the silvered air.

Swan was on the terrace with Brutus when Austin came home. Austin spent shorter and shorter hours in town each day, leaving Cloverdale about ten-thirty in the morning and getting back at four or earlier. He used, as an excuse, the summer heat, but the peace of the place drew him like a magnet.

"Just in time," pronounced Brutus, beaming. "For a business conference."

"You'll think I'm a baby," said Swan, lifting shy eyes.

If a man came into the room—any man—and Swan glanced up, between them at

once there was a spark. Brutus could have sworn it was visible. But the man in question would never have believed it existed for anyone but himself.

Austin sat down. What was the issue he wanted to know, a trace of color under his skin?

"It's about a piece of property," she told him. "I have an offer for it, and my lawyer has advised selling. Your grandfather always instructed me about such things—I'm incapable of carrying on business myself."

"Where is the tract?"

"You go out Highway No. 6, and you turn to the left—"

"At the first turn?"

"Yes. No. I'm no good at giving directions, but I could take you there."

"We'll drive out. What about going this afternoon—now?"

"If you would"—her eyes drenched in their violet light. "Sure it won't be a bother?"

Brutus waited dinner an hour, then ate. He had some new books and he lost himself in one, and when he finally laid it down and glanced at the clock he was surprised to find it was after twelve. Austin had not come in. Well, he was free and forty. Brutus went up.

Sometimes later he heard Austin on the stair, and then his cigar glowed in the dark doorway. "Turned in, Brutus?"

"Just have," said Brutus casually, trying to shove the hour back to a decent bedtime one.

Austin stood on. He wanted to talk. "Brutus, there's a little lady for you. Restful, companionable, adaptable. Makes a man feel like somebody. She's unhappy, too . . . not had an easy life."

Brutus dozed. Awoke. The cigar end was alternately dimming and flaring; Austin was still speaking his piece in the dark doorway. Poor old Aus . . . starved for a little sweetness. Do him good, this spree. Stir him up. He needed it.

#### CHAPTER 7

**B**USINESS was no longer the one absorbing interest in Austin's life. A month now since Fay had made her petulant departure, and he was a different man. He sang in his bath, had new clothes, and took pleasure in them, held his shoulders straighter, began combing his hair over a thinning place on the top of his head. Lines had been erased from his face.

What Fay had tried in vain to make of him, Swan had accomplished in a few weeks with her look of shy admiration, of appealing unprotected helplessness. Austin was more alive and at the same time more tranquil. A new essence flowed in his veins.

Every evening they rode together, had dinner at a remote inn, returning late, Austin spoke of buying a new car—a high-powered roadster, innocent of anything comic in this.

Mark came dashing out to Cloverdale. "Look here, Brutus, what in heck is Aus up to? What kind of a jam is this? Is it funny—screamingly funny—if it didn't happen to be tragic. Aus—the great Whatman! Doesn't he know people will talk—talk—talking. When Fay hears of this—good-night!" He flung himself up and down the room dramatically. "Do something, Brutus."

"I don't see what I can do," said the un-perturbed Brutus. "What harm can come of a little shaking up? Doesn't he deserve a holiday?"

Mark eyed him pityingly. "It's plain you don't know Fay. Look out—that's all I've got to say. Poor Aus—it's sad to think of this landing on him in his old age. And by the way, Brutus, I wish you'd speak to Bolling. He's getting a low variety of sport in holding out on me. If I've got money why can't I have it? But there's no

budging that old fossil. Bawls me out . . . Gosh—I'm not two."

"Don't go acting in front of Bolling then."

"I need money. How can I go to college without any money?"

"Sell the car." He thought—but did not say this—sell it to Austin.

"Yeah." College was vague and far away, and life was here now—this day, this hour, this moment. "I went to college for four years, what about Sharley? They haven't got anything over there. They've pinned their faith in Sandow, but I can't see any luck falling to them from that source. I just can't imagine it somehow."

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Brutus asked, "If you and Sharley marry, can you get along with Derek?"

"Sure. I could get along with Lucifer. I even hit it off with those wild hyenas, Sid and Timothy—think they're cute."

"I've tried to make friends with Derek," Brutus said. "But so far I've failed. He's beyond me."

"To start with, Derek is a lot shyer than anybody knows. And besides, he takes things hard. A solemn, solitary kid who'll always walk alone. Hold people at a distance. Damn pride, sensitiveness. His father was like that. Derek and I used to fraternise, but he's changed since his father's death, and just recently—well, if you asked me I'd say that Derek has been going through something. What, I don't know."

THERE was the sweet

thing about Mark—that big-hearted generous understanding of another "kid who seemed to be going through something."

But the next moment he had swung round. "What about it, Brutus? Would you suggest politely to Mr. Bolling that he advance me a needed modest sum?"

"Decidedly not."

"Gosh—the old bank is full of money, and I can't touch a copper. That's the land of the free for you. Well, then, Brutus, lend me ten."

The next day it was five. "You've got to keep up with people, Brutus. You can't be a cheap guy."

Then, "Say, Brutus, have you got a dollar on you?"

"Spending too much, Mark?"

"Who, me? Why, I never see any money. I get it in this hand and it's gone in that. It can't even make the pocket. Me spend? Lord, that's funny. It simply fades . . ."

Swan was pouring tea for Brutus and Austin when Mark's car swung through the gates. Evidently Sharley had been watching for him, and she came flying across the lawns as Mark went to meet her. They stood swinging their clasped hands, laughing into each other's faces, frankly happy, frankly in love, a brilliant quality to both of them. They came on, absorbed in each other, not noticing the group on the terrace.

With a foot on the steps Sharley saw Swan. It wasn't that her expression changed but the light, the vividness went from her. She hesitated—but to turn back would be discourteous to Brutus—so they came on, nodding and smiling, but in the manner of each was youth's level appraisal, and condemnation of what was going on. Just the merest trifle, Sharley lifted her shoulders—or her skirts—as she passed Swan. Mark's glance went to Austin—Austin sitting a loud target, decked out in new finery. They were both disapproving, but Sharley blamed the woman and Mark the man.

As Mark's eyes cut across Austin's, the boy's lip curled ever so slightly in contempt. Swan, glancing up, caught that look. And she understood that youth was judging them.

Brutus, beaming on the new arrivals, ordered fresh tea.

Mark and Sharley sat down, uncomfortable in the presence of whatever they were in the presence of. At the first possible

## THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

moment Sharley rose. "We can't stay, Brutus. We only came for a moment." Mark also rose.

But as he passed Swan's chair—Swan, who had not uttered a word, had only sat with her quiet hands clasped quietly in her lap—she lifted her eyes to Mark, let him have the full force of that dazzling violet gaze—a look of clear tragic supplication bordering on tears.

Mark stood there amazed, arrested... Sharley spoke from the steps, coolly, "I'm going, Mark."

"Okay." And Mark, stumbling over a chair and looking slightly drunk, joined her.

For three days Brutus saw nothing of Mark. This was strange, because the boy had been coming in daily; always stopping as he went to Sharley's, as he came from Sharley's. But although Brutus had listened for it, he had not heard the yellow car on the drive next door.

He was writing when, upon the fourth morning, his study door was flung wide, and Mark plunged in. His face was so contorted by conflict or struggle or terror—or drawn and fiery—that Brutus stood up.

"Are you in serious trouble, Mark?"

He was thinking of money.

Mark ran a hand through his wild hair, and the hand shook. He burst out, "I want to marry Sharley to-day."

**B**RUTUS leaned abruptly forward, his eyes narrowing to slits. The wrinkles of his hands upon the desk shone white, as he tried to wring from the boy's words their true meaning—and for the moment getting the wrong interpretation.

His clenched hands relaxed. His face was once more Brutus' face. He had been mistaken, of course. He waited until he could speak with a steady voice, and because he felt he had wrung Mark in his thoughts he spoke very gently.

"But would she, Mark?"

"I'll make her. I'll grab her by the hair. Brutus"—his young face haggard from earnestness—"it would be the best thing for all of us if I married Sharley to-day. There wouldn't be any trouble if I did." His words came with difficulty as if he shoved his way through tempestuous emotions.

"What sort of trouble?" asked Brutus, trying by the calmness of his own voice to calm the excited Mark.

He made an impatient gesture. "I can't marry her with nothing in the pocket, can I? I've got to have money."

So. It was only the old money argument again. Brutus lost patience. He spoke severely. "Mark, understand this. I'm not going to insist on Boling drawing on your principle, so that you can blow that in as you've already blown in the substantial sum Grandfather left you."

"If I had it back I'd spend it differently."

"The main thing is you've spent it. All of it. A senseless thing to do. Sharley wants you to go to college. It means much to her. She comes from a race of men who spent carelessly, recklessly, and left nothing for their families—and all with the best intention. You owe it to Sharley to be a different sort of man."

"I gather then," said Mark, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience, "that you won't do anything for me."

There was a note of despair in his voice that touched Brutus' heart. But he said firmly, "No."

Mark stood there, hands in his pockets, head down.

"All right, Brutus. Remember, I came to you with this—I appealed to you. And you refused to help me."

With only one reckless gesture he flung out of the room. The bang of the door sounded like a pistol crack through the startled house.

Brutus stood, gazing at the door.

"But I was right," he said at length to the empty room.

## CHAPTER 8.

**W**HEN Mark had come dashing into the study that day and demanded of Brutus that he use his influence with that old fossil Boling about letting Mark have money, Brutus had been disturbed and vexed by the boy's violence, but he had not remotely guessed the truth.

That morning Swan had telephoned Mark. "Could you come out here, Mark? I want to talk with you. This morning—right away!" Her voice low and dimly thrilling on the wires.

Mark had hung up the receiver and stood, surprised, speculating on his face. He remembered Swan's look of yesterday; how those strangely moving eyes had swept up to his—and something had happened to him. In his own vernacular, her glance had "knocked him winding." It had been shyly pleading, and at the same time had held a promise.

At the Jouette door the French maid took his hat and showed him upstairs to Swan's private sitting-room. The room was so arresting in its beautiful appointments that it halted Mark on the threshold and he stood blinking as if he had got too much light in his eyes. His glance went upward to the ceiling, and about the walls in quick, unconscious tribute; and then he was searching for the source, the climax, of all this luxurious softened luminosity. She was by the window half reclining among the brilliant pillows of a couch, a book lying open but neglected beside her.

She did not rise, but extended both hands in a gesture of impulsive welcome. "Oh, Mark, you will think I'm foolish. It was dear of you to come."

She was in white as usual—a lacy, soft diaphanous gown that came to her ankles and her throat and her wrists, and lay intimately along the exquisite lines of her body.

Mark said, "How so?" And was embarrassed by the blunt awkwardness of his words, hearing them fall discordantly upon the room's quiet elegance.

"Sit here, Mark." He sat on the edge of the chair, a little red in the face, ill at ease, feeling like a great clumsy puppy, all arms and big feet. He could be glib and superior, a man of the world, with the girls of his own age; but Swan was so much older, so very far removed from him in wisdom, sophistication.

Her eyes were on his face, studying him.

She said gravely, "I could see yesterday that you didn't approve of my friendship with Austin. I wanted to talk with you about that."

He shifted his puppy feet. "Aw... I..." She must think him an unworlily infant, knowing nothing, silly and narrow-minded. "Aw, I..." and ended, "Am I a silly sort?" Ashamed of his cousin, apologetic.

She mustn't think the whole family morons. She said quickly, "You mustn't blame him. It was I. Do you think, Mark, I shouldn't let him be friends with me? It is nothing more." Her voice concerned for his good opinion, shaken. "You don't know what a lonely life a woman in my position lives. I have," she made a small gesture with slim hands, smiling sadly, "no one."

The little smile quivered on her lips, and abruptly at the contact of his eyes, the depth of color in hers seemed to overflow in unshed violet-colored tears that hung on her lashes, making a picture of wistful beauty that was to haunt Mark always.

He couldn't speak. He sat helpless, gazing at her. Mark would have cut off an arm for anyone in distress, and he saw that Swan was. Gosh—he hadn't known she was in trouble."

The room held his breath. There was no sound but the rising thunder that was coming from a very far way off, and racing, racing down upon them.

She was the one who spoke. "That's why I sent for you. I'd like you to think well of me."

"Think well of you." He was choked with

feeling. "I think you're an angel, Mrs. Jouette."

"Don't make me feel old by calling me that."

He almost shouted it—the word, as he spoke it, was a challenge, a call. "Swan!"

Her hand touched him—lay in his fingers.

He didn't know how it happened, but he was on his knees by the couch, the top of his head buried against soft, warm lace. The exquisite, maddening perfume of her filled his sinuses. Her arms were about his neck. There were tears on both their faces.

When he left her, he drove blindly mile on mile. Drove until his hands ceased their trembling; until the fog cleared from his eyes; the hot excitement from his veins. Limp and spent, frightened at what—unintended, unwittingly—had happened to him, and conscious that a force beyond his power of control had driven him into this, Mark had hurried to Brutus, begged for the money to marry Sharley to-day—now—the only thing that could save him. Brutus hadn't of course seen...

Mark didn't go back to Swan, nor did she send for him. But when, as was inevitable, he met her on the streets with Austin—for ever with that fool Austin—a trembling seized Mark. His knees went limp. He could not look at her; no power on earth could have dragged his eyes to hers, yet he would gladly have died for one glimpse of those limp, violet eyes. She was all sweet attention to Austin, and Mark understood that she was trying hard to cover up the thing that was between them—the miraculous secret of their love.

As Austin and Swan passed on Mark let his eyes just sweep her face, caught that faint, haunting ghost of a smile, the wistful sadness of her eyes—and Mark went off his head again.

Got into his car. Drove and drove and drove. Somewhere—he hadn't an idea of direction—he stopped for gas. Drove on. There was Sharley—and he loved her as he had always loved her, and there was this feeling for this other woman. He was running from it, but he didn't know how long he could hold out.

Perhaps if he went away for a time he could forget her. Perhaps if he went back there, faced her, talked with her, the spell would be broken; he would see her as Swan Jouette, the beautiful neighbor of his grandfather and of Brutus. He swung the car in a sharp curve, and headed for town.

**A** FEW days later, Brutus, crossing the highway before his place, stepped back quickly to let a speeding car pass, and recognised the yellow roadster, Mark and Swan.

Many things cleared up in Brutus' mind. He remembered the afternoon on his terrace when Sharley and Mark had swung happily across the lawn, and the shadow that had crossed Swan's face, converting its beauty into something sharper. She hadn't been able to bear seeing them happy; she must step in, prove her own power. And Mark, like the child that he was, had been afraid—*to come to Brutus.*

Mark had never had an affair of this nature. The boy knew nothing but the love of Sharley—that kind—and it had in no way prepared him for this other. Mark was very innocent. In all their long talks, when the boy had turned himself inside out for the benefit of Brutus, there had been nothing about women. Not one word. They hadn't existed for him because there had always been Sharley.

He heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and looking up saw Sharley coming on Bob Lee—coming from the direction the yellow car had taken. Then she had seen.

He held open the gate for her, trying to keep his eyes innocent of what they both had just seen.

But Sharley was more honest. He must have looked rather miserable, for she reached down and touched his shoulder and said, "It's all right, Brutus. Mrs. Jouette is a sort of disease; you have to get over

her. I've lived by her a long while... Poor Mark. He'll go round looking drunk for a time, and then he'll come back feeling so very remorseful. Don't think hard of him. Brutus, I know Mark."

He thought, she's simply marvellous. He watched her disappear towards the stables; bright hair streaming in the wind. Her brave and gallant smile went along with him as he turned home, with a lighter heart. Yes, she was right. To anyone who knew the beauty and honesty and integrity of Sharley, Swan Jouette could offer no more than a momentary diversion.

Yet, after he had seen Mark and Swan together the third or fourth time he began to worry again. Mark hadn't been near Sharley for a week or longer; he hadn't been back to Cloverdale since that day he had thundered in here and thundered out. Things were wrong; awfully wrong. There was Austin spending all his evenings with Swan, getting in deeper and deeper, not knowing that Mark and Swan were together every morning, streaking the highways in the yellow sleep demon.

If only he could get them all together; set the two women down side by side and let Mark compare them. And he thought about this for a time, and then he had a little plan. He would give a dinner, Mark and Sharley, Swan and Austin. He could see them fitting snugly back into the pattern of their old friendships, the old delightful gatherings—himself the contented background.

With a quiet glow of anticipation, Brutus asked them.

Nobody could refuse Brutus anything, but they didn't want to come to his dinner. Neither Mark's affair with Swan, nor Austin's, was of the type that flourishes best under the glare of lights and the watching eyes of others.

As for Sharley, she was almost in tears. She couldn't understand why Brutus was doing this. She didn't want to go. She couldn't go. Dear blundering Brutus, couldn't he see that he was playing right at Swan Jouette's hand?

Besides, whatever could she wear? She went to her closet and got down the little old silk dress—the only suitable thing she had—looked at it, flung it in the bottom of the closet. Mrs. Jouette would be exasperate in a Paris creation. Oh, Brutus, how can you?

**F**RENZY came up to find her working over the shabby little dress for she had fished it out of the closet again because she had to. Together they made it longer, made the waist a trifle higher, fashioned tiny puff sleeves from the old sash.

Sharley shampooed her hair. Dressed. Dashed a bit of powder over a face that was colorless and looked strained.

"I don't know why Brutus is doing this."

The dinner was a mistake. Brutus saw that it was almost at once.

Instead of shining, Sharley sat silent, withdrawn, colorless, even her bright hair dull and without life. She could not compete. She was too proud. She kept her head high and her glance level, and Mark could choose whom he pleased. All the light had been drawn from her, and she appeared—in the little shabby dress—a silent, uninteresting girl, much too thin and angular.

At Brutus' table, set with the tall, plain candles and the dignified old silver and the rock crystal, there was but one woman. In such a setting Swan was at her best; dim, kind lights, three men, a gawky country girl with no social background, as foil.

Swan possessed the gift of drawing from a person the best that was in that person; and to-night, without seeming to dominate the conversation, it was she who held the strings, pulled them this and that way. Occasionally she appealed to Sharley, tried to draw her out. She could be generous to-

night. She had snatched youth from youth; these two men were in love with her; she was intoxicated with her own power.

The dinner that was a nightmare to everyone except Swan came at last to an end. Brutus rose with relief. He was still clinging to his dear project. This hadn't gone so good, but there was still time left. Sharley was hurt and refused to give Mark a word or a glance. But she was so fair-minded and forgiving; if only Mark would make the first move towards reconciliation.

Brutus quite brazenly sat Mark and Sharley on the divan in a dark corner. He said, then, "Sing for us, Swan."

He took his cigar to another corner, Swan crossed to the piano. Austin leaned over it.

**S**WAN sang. She had a haunting, exquisite voice, with a broken note of sadness in it, and she chose to-night to sing the old quaint songs. "Believe me if all those enduring young charms..." "Drink to me only with thine eyes..."

Brutus, in his corner, forgot these people. He threw his head back and gazed at the ceiling through eyes that smarted... he who had never known a devastating love. Yet all the yearning of his bewildered, wistful youth, the deep wild hope, the plodding trodden years, the disillusionment—all he had hoped for and been denied, all he had loved and given up, all he had missed—choking up within him in a sadness scarcely to be endured.

Swan's hands dropped from the keys. A spell was on the room—on the figures carved in the marble of pale light. Austin bending over the piano, his face hidden from the others; the motionless figure of Swan, washed in light, fragile, ethereal, vanishing... In the far corner, Sharley, a little frozen iceberg; and beside her, and absolutely unconscious of her, was the desperate, huddled bulk of Mark, bending forward, elbows on knees, staring and staring at Swan.

Swan moved a hand, and broke the spell. "Are you all still there?"

Brutus hastened to speak, afraid that the others might say—might write upon the air with their voices—words never to be erased. "Very much here. Will you sing for us again?"

But Swan rose, the fingers of one hand trailed the old ivory keys. "It has a lovely tone for such an old instrument, hasn't it, Brutus? It holds romance in its heart. No, I'm going. I have a little headache. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Mark sprang up, strode across the room, his chin determined. It seemed to Brutus that during that brief and deadly interval while Swan sang, the boy had changed—put aside a phase, ceased to be a boy. There was unexpected maturity in his voice.

"I'll walk with you."

Even Swan was startled. She had just been starting to slip her hand through Austin's arm, and now she looked up quickly at the tall boy who had shoved between her and Austin, hesitated, and then accepted with easy grace.

"Why thank you, Mark." She put her hand on his arm. "It was a lovely evening, Brutus." She glanced at Austin—smiling unfathomable things. "I won't keep him a moment, Sharley," with a brief nod in that direction. They were gone.

The echo of their steps died on the terrace. Austin lighted a cigarette with an unsteady hand, strode vaguely from the room.

Sharley stood up. The last guest was going. "I'll run along, too, Brutus."

He walked beside her to her door, miserable, silent. But there was no use blaming himself—this was bound to come. It had gone further than any of them knew. Mark, defiantly and before them all, had taken his stand.

#### CHAPTER 9.

**W**ITH all the uncontrolled fire of a first love, Mark had fallen in love with Swan. He didn't know how it had happened; there was nothing in it that a person could reason about. He had loved Sharley; she was his world, his inspiration, his ambition. He had never cared a rap about another girl—they simply didn't rate at all when you stacked 'em up beside Sharley. And now this other—this madness that had entered his blood, that consumed him, ate into his flesh.

Sharley had always mothered him, as she did her brothers, and in much the same manner. They had grown up together, romping over the lawns at Cloverdale. Sharley was like a boy in some ways; she knew how to take care of herself; she scorned help; she could make Mark feel pretty young—as, for instance, when she had read him the riot act about buying the expensive car.

But Swan, while older, was more clinging, more helpless—a person you took care of. It put a new sense of responsibility on Mark—a new dignity; and he liked it.

At first, each time that he thought of Sharley, his whole body writhed in torture, as if a speeding arrow had smote him, hitting him from the earth in a death stroke. But by now the undertow had him.

That first morning—the morning of his first visit to Swan—Mark had realised that only one thing could save him; and even this could not save him beyond that one brief day of frantic resolve. And he had gone to Brutus—he had torn in there and made his desperate appeal. He had known what he was talking about, too.

But Brutus had waved him aside as if he had been a wilful child. Now it was too late. He didn't go back to Brutus. What was the use of trying to explain what he himself couldn't understand? He didn't go back to Sharley. That was unthinkable. He had done her a terrible wrong, walking right out without one word. He knew her pride—knew Sharley would never make a move towards him. And he thought of her tenderly and with sadness as someone he had known long ago in his youth, someone he had hurt beyond reparation. In a way his feelings for Sharley had not changed, had not diminished. This other was altogether different.

He went to Swan in the mornings when Austin would be out of the way—that Austin Austin with a fool wife in the offing—Austin, who imagined Swan interested in the dull, middle-aged sort of idiot that he was. He felt sorry for Austin—he did, indeed. Swan, of course, was beautiful to everyone. It was her nature to be. Austin took this personally, took her beauty personally, her eyes, her hands.

Austin didn't come into town until the morning was well advanced. Mark strode impatiently about the streets, hanging out on this corner and that, in this drug store and that, until at last he saw Austin's car parked in the usual place on the Square.

At the sight Mark's heart did something funny—the throttle was thrown wide open. He hurried into a telephone booth, got Swan's house on the wire, lived through the wild moment of suspense while the maid carried his message—knowing she would refuse to see him, knowing she was growing tired of him.... Then her voice.

"Why, of course, Mark—how soon can you get here?"

He started up the road to the blue-roofed villa. Once this road had led gayly and with a blithe contentment to Sharley; other times it had led to Cloverdale. These occasions—these roads—were wiped from the map.

The maid took his hat, smiling at his youth and beauty. She was French and discreet, not the usual blab-mouth yellow variety. He paced the drawing room floor, swallowing repeatedly. Lips dry, heart racing. She might have changed her mind; he could never feel sure of her because he was too unsure of himself.

By and by the French maid let him go right up, unannounced, to Swan's private sitting room—the intimate room of books and personal belongings and perfume and flowers, and the print of her mule in the deep purple rug, and the shape of her body in the couch cushions.

She would be curled among the pillows with a bit of worsted embroidery or knitting; and Mark crossing the floor without speaking—for what were words?—would take the knitting from her hands, lay it aside and out of their way, drop down beside her, put his head against her face. And for a time—an incarnate, timeless time—only this exquisite moment—only the sound of their hearts.

Swan, murmuring, "My dear boy . . . my dear, dear boy . . .

He didn't like her to call him boy. He was always afraid that he looked ridiculous and awkward and young. But if he stirred in protest she only held him closer, as if in Mark she clung to something long gone, long despaired of.

Mark thought, "Nothing like this ever hits—just people. There couldn't be two loves like this."

He said one day, "Has Austin ever been in this room?" suddenly sick with apprehension.

"Foolish," putting a hand over his lips.

When he left her he was always moving in a trance of splendor, the whole world glossed over with magic. This might last through the remainder of the day, but at dusk—that uncertain shaken hour of dusk—he began to lose confidence and at last Mark was completely sunk.

But he could settle to nothing. He hung broodingly on a drug store stool, ordered a soda, forgot to drink it. Went out and bought a ticket to a movie; sat there ten minutes. . . . I can't stand this. Into the car then and out on the roads.

Every parked car was Austin's car. Twice he almost stopped, almost faced them. That's Austin's—I know the dent in the rear fender . . . that's Austin and Swan right there. But the last parked car had been Austin's, too. He couldn't be both. "I'll go back to my rooms and ring her . . . see if she's there . . . find out that way."

He tore back. Sat with his hand on the receiver. If only they're not in the car, and not out in the car; there was a freedom to the lonely roads that he couldn't bear to think of. "I'll just ask the maid if Mrs. Jouette is out. . . . No—why not ring Brutus and ask if Austin is at Cloverdale, like I wanted to speak to him?" No, he couldn't ring Brutus. Brutus was not his friend any longer. All the world had forsaken him; he had no friends, no one but Swan, and she was out in that car on the dark road somewhere with Austin.

"This is hell. This is just plain hell."

Yet the following morning with Swan safely beside him in the speeding car, her head against his shoulder, the two of them alone in the world, how he could laugh at last night's fears.

"I was wild last night, Swan. I saw a park road on a lonely road off the Highway. It looked like Austin's. I thought you—he . . .

"I didn't even see Austin last night."

**T**HREE—how much suffering he might have spared himself if he had picked up the telephone receiver and asked. "And besides, Austin is only helping me with my property, as your grandfather did. Why, Austin has a wife."

"Wife! That's a good one. He's got a clothes-hanger!" He roared at his own jest, feeling light as a feather, relieved, released from jail and out into the free air again. "But he couldn't be with you and not go mad about you."

"You mustn't doubt me."

"You aren't real, Swan. You're fire, madness."

She said, "Kiss me, Mark."

He drew the car swiftly, expertly, to the

side of the road. Stopped. For a drowned instant they gazed deep into each other souls—sobered—and he was crushing her against him. If she said Austin was nothing to her he believed it. He believed anything she said. Her word was all he asked.

"I hope," said Mark, humbled, "that I may drop dead if ever I doubt you again, Swan."

His words startled her. She moved easily in his arms and dropped her head so that she had her face to herself.

Mark began objecting to their making a secret of their love.

Why must they for ever avoid the town, stick to unfrequented roads, dodge people? There was nothing wrong or futile or clandestine about this.

"You belong to me. I want people to know it. We are going to be together forever. I want Austin to know. It might as well begin to percolate through that thick skull of Whatuman."

She sent him a smile, but she began to feel slightly uneasy. It was growing increasingly hard to keep Mark off this subject. She didn't like to be perturbed; she liked every path smoothed out before her.

Mark was beginning to present difficulties.

#### CHAPTER 10

**W**HILE Mark and Swan were upon the highway, tearing a tunnel through the fabric of bright air, Austin was bending over his morning mail, absorbed apparently in the typed sheets that lay before him. But his eyes went straight through transparent paper, the vapor of desk and walls, to a starlit garden.

Austin knew there could be nothing ahead for him in this. Only the brief release—the jeweled moment to carry with him through the long, deadened years that stretched before him? He believed that the reprieve had been granted him. For this short while he was freed from the nagging unloveliness of life with Fay; and presently the curtain would fall for him, and the darkness would fall—but he would have his memories.

He recognised that he had changed, and he wondered if others had noticed it. He was calmer, but his pulse was quickened to a deeper, more profound beat. He was kinder to people, more pitying.

"Love makes you more understanding. It makes your heart see the other fellow's heart—remember that the next man is yourself. That's what Swan has done for me."

Austin did not know that Mark was going there. Where Mark was jealous—suspicious of every man who looked at Swan, Austin was lost in his own newly-awakened emotions, this dear, unexpected, amazing dream.

He saw very little of Brutus these days, nor did he realise it. Austin breakfasted a couple of hours later than Brutus did, and usually he had dinner with Swan somewhere, returning well after midnight.

Summer was gone, and the September day lay in a golden haze upon the earth. Sid and Timothy were in school. Jason took them to town each morning in the ancient car, and went after them at three. Sharley had protested, and then had given in. "Go along, Brutus. Do these things. Make a nuisance of us."

"Jason must go in for supplies and the mail, anyway. The boys might as well go along, too."

She was thinner than Brutus liked to see and her face had a look of waiting, of listening; and sometimes in the middle of a conversation her eyes departed on a little journey of their own, forgetting to come back.

Sharley was in trouble, but here was no bowed down grief. She took it standing. There was a rock on the cliff, high above the lake, and often they climbed to this and sat through the long afternoons, and without getting any of it into words they consoled each other.

She gave him the latest reports from Derek. He was doing so well and seemed to be happier than he had been for a long while. Sandow was making notable strides towards a brilliant future, outrunning them all at the early-morning tryouts. Derek had written enthusiastically:

"It was the wise thing to bring him up here, Sharley. He's in the hands of a master conditioner and should make good at the first asking."

They fell silent for a time, then Sharley spoke of the thing that was heavy on her heart. "You see, Brutus, he's not going to college this fall."

"No." And he said, "You'll have to be patient with him for a time, Sharley. This—is this isn't love."

She spoke quickly, warmly, her compassion reaching out to defend Mark as she would have defended Derek or Sid or Timothy. "I know! Poor Mark. Men are so awfully pathetic. Brutus—so awfully dumb. Now a woman can see straight through Mrs. Jouette."

"Perhaps a man can, too, and still not be able to save himself. I'm going to tell you something that I think you should know, Sharley. At the very beginning of this, Mark came to me—he came dashing in there like a wild man wanting me to go to Boling for him. He was trying to persuade Boling to arrange to advance him money so that he could marry you at once."

"Marry me?"

"That's what he said. Now that I look back I can see that Mrs. Jouette must have sent for Mark, made him feel her power, for she has the power, Sharley—and Mark was terrified. He was trying to run from it, and this was the only thing that could save him. I didn't understand; I thought his request was idiotic. I told him so. The lad was wild."

"Marry me?"

"That's what he said. Now that I look back I can see that Mrs. Jouette must have sent for Mark, made him feel her power, for she has the power, Sharley—and Mark was terrified. He was trying to run from it, and this was the only thing that could save him. I didn't understand; I thought his request was idiotic. I told him so. The lad was wild."

"Marry me?"

"I don't see why. I've always known that Mark was—in a way—weak. It isn't because he has no strength of character, but he's never been tried. He's only twenty, and everyone has loved Mark and petted him and made life too easy for him."

"Keep believing in him, Sharley."

"I can try. I'm glad you told me about this, Brutus," she repeated again. "You're such a help. You can't imagine what this has done for me!" She turned and looked at him with tender affection. "You've been worrying about it, too, haven't you? You worry about us all, and you study ways to help us. You never think of yourself, and you don't even know that you don't."

"And this gets us absolutely nowhere."

"It makes everyone love you."

He pulled his old hat over his eyes to hide them.

In the day, and before others, Sharley could pretend that she was taking this trouble philosophically; she could even make herself believe this—in the day. He would come back to her one morning, repentant, remorseful, grabbing that desperate lock of hair. She had only to wait, to continue to believe in him, to remember that he was the same Mark that he had been a month ago—he hadn't changed.

She got through the day. But in the night. . . . A sharp dissolution. The earth, the dear familiar earth, gone from underfoot. Oh, Mark, where are you? A late moon spilling its silver over the tops of all the weathered oaks; the darkness yielding up its dim and brooding shapes. Mark's car out on the road to-night. . . . And she's just playing with him. She'll reduce him to pulp and toss him aside. She's without mercy. How can I bear this. If only I'd never known him.

She wished she hadn't been so cross about his buying the car. He had come tearing out like a happy child to show her what he had, and she had taken a look and frozen up. Mark had gone off in a huff. Why couldn't she have appeared light-hearted about it like any other girl would have.

He's gone. He'll never come back. Not the man I knew and loved. And even if he were to—if he stood right here before me now with his eyes warming up, it wouldn't be the same. Nothing can ever be the same.

Brutus waited for Mark to come to him. The boy had made a belated parent of Brutus, telling him all his secret thoughts, his ambitions, his enthusiasms; not his trouble, because Mark had none. He thought that one day Mark would come tearing up, slamming doors, looking wild, wanting Brutus to help him out of this tangle. "Do something, Brutus."

But Mark didn't come. Brutus at length went to his rooms in town.

As luck would have it Mark was at home. When he looked up and saw Brutus in the doorway his only greeting was to throw his book across the room with a smashing bang.

"Happy welcome," said Brutus, coming on in.

Mark was in no humor for jesting. He thought that Brutus had come to lecture him, and he called out in a furious voice:

"Go on. Say it. Get it over with. I know what you've come for."

Brutus sat down and regarded him steadily. Mark put his face in his hands. Because Brutus, while not speaking Sharley's name, had brought her into the room with him. And for one agonized second Mark looked straight into that little face—the tender glance, the little sharp chin, the eyes that held so much, the strength and pathos of her. It was like a knife straight through his heart—going in, in front, coming out in the back—holding him stabbed and bleeding and pinned to a wall.

He took it out on Brutus, who continued to sit silent and regard him thoughtfully. "I can't expect you to understand—to know what I'm going through. You're a hermit, Brutus. You've never lived. You don't know what love is—lost in your everlasting printed pages—sitting and judging people."

"I'm not judging you, Mark."

Mark flared up. "Do you think I imagined this? Do you think I didn't fight it? I even went to you. . . . Do you think it's pleasant loving anybody this way? It's hell!" Grabbing his hair with both hands.

Nothing was gained by the visit. And after a time Brutus took himself off sadly.

#### CHAPTER 11

AUSTIN was the last person to learn of Mark's affair with Swan.

As long as Mark was content to keep to the less frequented drives, Austin remained happily ignorant of what was going on right under his nose. But Mark wanted Austin to know. He was tired of that clown, with a silly wife in the background, hanging round his girl. The next time he had Swan in the car he turned the wheel defiantly, triumphantly towards town. The first person they passed was Austin.

After they were by Austin's thunderstruck countenance, left with its mouth hanging open on the post office corner, Swan turned her face to Mark and smiled—a level, thin, icy smile.

"Good!" exploded Mark. "Fine. That's what I came for."

She continued to smile, her eyes veiled and narrowed.

He had made her ridiculous. Mark's ardent love-making on a lonely road was one thing; to be laughed at by the town for running around with a mere child was

another. And she would have to face a reckoning with Austin. She disliked, of all things, to face reckonings.

In the morning Austin sent for Mark. He left word with Zeb. Mark's colored boy, that Mark was to come to his office.

When Mark, who slept late, had the message, he ha-haed! Good! Fine! That's what I was driving at. Now at last he'd get the chance to tell Whataman exactly what he thought of his secret philanderings. He not only went to Austin's office, he bounded there. He couldn't get there soon enough.

Austin was sitting at his desk when Mark entered. He burst through the door in his makeup way stood, his eyes excited, breath coming hard, a man who had been running. He couldn't after all command that calmness, that superiority, that cold impassioned ridicule that had been his rehearsals of these scenes. His eyes met Austin's; locked. No, there could be nothing calm about this.

Austin said, "You've got to stop going to her—annoying her."

After a little—when this had had time to sink in—Mark threw back his head and roared, Ha-ha. This is rich. He sobered; looked at Austin. "Have you considered—Pay?" Went off again into sidesplitting mirth.

Austin had been sitting down, and now he got to his feet. He leant forward over his desk, resting the weight of his body on the tips of his ten fingers. The look on Austin's face at length sobered Mark, cut short his unholy mirth.

"Leave my affairs," said Austin, "where they belong—with me. I'm speaking of you now. And I'm saying," he paused, and the pause gave emphasis to every word, bringing out of each an exalted secret meaning—"stop annoying Swan with your schoolboy dramatics."

MARK glared. "Just what do you mean—annoying her? Just exactly what do you mean?"

"You damned infant—making a joke of yourself out there . . . if you had any brains at all you'd see without being told how you must appear in the eyes of a woman like Swan Joubert." He spoke furiously, but his voice was controlled, quiet, placed in the lower register.

This hit Mark in the raw. He was always afraid of that—afraid she wouldn't think him quite a man. He jammed his hands in his pockets and glared. (Where were all those cutting things he had meant to say?) He heard his voice weak at the knees, shaky. "You seem to speak with a lot of authority about what happens at Swan's."

"I do speak with authority."

The quiet convincingness of his voice; the steady, cold regard; something new in Austin's manner; another Austin rising from the shoes of a fussed and restless and irritable Austin, standing here in withdrawn and imperious command of himself.

I do speak with authority. Day by day Mark had lived in expectation of Swan telling him this very thing, knowing he would die if she did. He had no self-confidence. His estimation of himself fluctuated with the hour, moved with the sun across the heavens—hung on a word, a chance glance. All the vainglorious arrogance went out of him. There was no longer anger in his voice. Only a terrible anguish.

"Did Swan say that?" Waiting . . .

"If you want it straight—she did."

He knew this—Austin didn't lie. Even in such an exigency Austin's word was Austin's word.

"Then," said Mark, "there's the devil to pay." And spinning on his heel, and banging the door, went forth to pay him.

Swan was growing weary of Mark's impetuous, hot-headed love-making. At first it had been like regaining a lost youth

to bear the out-pouring of his fiery ardor. It had been so long since she had seen in any man's eyes the sacrificial adoration of a first love.

But the novelty had worn off, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to live up to the sustained high plane of Mark's regard for her. She had let herself in deeper than she had intended. Yesterday, distinctly contrary to her wishes, her request, he had turned the car straight through the business streets of the town—straight past Austin. She had smiled then, and had been secretly furious.

**L**AST night Austin had come near to making a scene, and Swan had been ruffled and slightly outcounteracted. She had said, in defence: "But what can I do, Austin? Is it my fault that the boy is in love with me?"

After his scene with Austin, Mark went straight to Swan. Without waiting for the maid to give him permission he leaped the stairs, three at a bound.

Austin said, "You've got to stop going there—annoying her."

Swan, with a tiny watering can, was bending over some potted flowers in the sunny windows of her room. He strode wildly up to her, stood looking at her, the muscles of his jaws jerking, his skin twitching, his eyes strange, bewildered, too bright.

He said softly, "Now, Swan, you're going to marry me."

She laid aside the watering-can, and caught her hands against the lace at her bosom. But the gesture and the sudden widening of her eyes were mute warnings. She stood very still.

He said again, in that dangerously-quiet voice, "Now, Swan . . ." he started off like that . . . "Now, Swan . . . you're going to marry me . . ."

"Marry . . ." The word on her lips was a far-away, startled question.

"Is that not what you meant, what did you mean?"

She made an effort at light laughter, patting his sleeve with two white fingers. "Don't be melodramatic, darling."

"Melodramatic . . . Look here . . . since when have you . . . you said . . ."

She turned the full power of her eyes upon him, the tears rising in them.

At once all the accusation, the anger went out of him. He caught her shoulder between his hands and looked at her through his own tears. "Oh, Swan, forgive me. I was out of my head with things that idiot told me—I was wild with jealousy. It wasn't true what he said. He lied! I know now!"

"My dear, dear boy . . ." her hand stealing up to touch and lie against his cheek.

He caught her to him, covered her face with kisses until at last she put up a hand in weak protest. "Mark, do be sensible."

He laughed instead. "Since when have we wanted to be sensible? You do love me—you're going to marry me. I want you to say it. Tell me now . . ." holding her closer and closer, a hand under her chin so that her face was just beneath his.

She murmured in soft persuasion. "Why not go on like this? Hasn't this been beautiful?"

His hands dropped. He stood away and looked at her. Not that the scales had fallen from his eyes, but her answer hinted at a freedom a loophole—made way for others who might claim her affections. "Then you mean—then all the while . . . you've never really meant to marry me?"

"I've never really meant to marry you."

He swung about. He didn't want to see her face. He shook his head vigorously to dash away a gathered mist, and a damp lock of hair came down in his eyes. He was furious at the look of hair, and he grabbed it and yanked it backwards and pounded it with all his might against his head.

Still not looking at her he took a turn up and down the room. He talked as he

strode to and fro, trying to fix this in his bewildered mind. "You were playing with me. All the times we were together. All the words you said to me. All your kisses . . . were what you'd give the next man." His voice was slow, a person musing in a passage, reasoning his way through scenes, picking up from each a new interpretation . . . "It was rotten. I tell you it was rotten . . ."

"Mark, can't you control yourself . . ."

"Control? No, I can't. Look here, you sent for me . . . you told me to come here.

At that time I had another life. I was happy. I didn't know you. And you sent for me. I threw away all I had—every-

thing. All that happy life, I threw away for you. And no . . . the look of hair was back in his eyes, the beads of perspiration rolling from his forehead . . . "Why, Swan, don't you remember . . ." his voice shaken at the sacred moments they had shared "right here in this room . . ."

And then, once more, he knew the truth—knew there was nothing back of this tame-paper face to meet or comprehend this tide of love within him.

And without another word he turned and left her.

His car was on the drive. He leaped in; the gears clashed, the car shot backward at terrific speed headed directly at the concrete gate-post, missed it by a fraction of an inch, swerved to the brink of the ravine, righted itself, and vanished in a cloud of dust.

From the terrace at Cloverdale, Brutus and Sharley were witness to that wild exit. They stood speechless while the car—moving at a furious speed—grazed the stone pillar, swerved across the street, hung on the edge of the ravine, and leaped to a new speed.

Sharley caught her breath with a sob. "Oh, Brutus, this is terrible—terrible. You'll have to go after him. You can do more with him than anyone."

Brutus got his hat at once. He knew the utter uselessness of chasing that yellow speed demon with his old worn car, but he meant to do it. He stood a moment, his hat pressed against him. He was troubled—greatly troubled about Sharley.

He said, "Don't let go." His eyes sought the high and sailing clouds. "Whatever you have believed in, continue to believe in that. Nothing can touch you."

**S**HE bent her head as if listening, not to his words, but to the hidden meaning of them. "I don't understand."

"It's just a thing I feel." His voice rang. "You are different from most people. There's a quality—an armor about you that sets you free! Nothing can touch you."

"You think strangely, Brutus."

But there was something in the clear ring of his voice, the faithful torch of his face, that reached through the unbearable moment, and sustained her.

Brutus went after Mark. Late in the afternoon he found him on the streets in town. Brutus stopped him, spoke. Mark brushed past with unseeing eyes. He had been drinking heavily. There was no doing anything with him in such a state, and he didn't want to make a scene on the streets. He went to Mark's rooms and waited. He waited half the night.

About three Mark stumbled in, muddy, incoherent, dishevelled. Brutus got him to bed. Sat in a chair all night. Slept. When he opened his eyes it was just daylight, and Mark was looking at him.

"I'd appreciate it, Brutus, if you'd get along off . . . let me stay alone . . . forget about me."

"I want you to come home with me—stay out there for a while."

"Yeah?" snorting . . . "Do you? With all hell out there to remind me—to face me? Look here, I don't want to hurt anybody. I've got to get past this some way . . . and the only safe thing is to stay dead drunk."

"You're asking for trouble, Mark."

"I'm not asking for interference. You don't know anything about this—so why leap in when you're not wanted. You had the chance to help me. I went to you at the start of this—remember? Well!" He turned away, put the covers over his face, and not another word.

Brutus went down the stairs and out into the early morning streets. Past the closed doors of shops, and the empty post-office square, and the houses with their shut faces. The town was just beginning to stir, a few people moved in the pale light, looking aged and without hope.

He found his car, turned it homeward. But there was no gladness in the fine upstanding morning, the dew-drenched meadows, the white spaced fences, the green and gilding stream that passed forever under the old bridge. It seemed to Brutus a fearful thing that youth should be so tortured.

He learned from Noah that Austin had not yet come down, and after drinking his coffee went to his study. Chagrined and dismayed by all that was happening about him he sat down at the desk and dropped his face in his hands. What to do? Should he speak to Austin?

Speak to Austin who was moving in a dream of his own, as far off in one direction as Mark was in the other?

And sitting thus with his face bowed forward upon his arms, he heard the door open. Brutus heavily lifted his head.

#### CHAPTER 12

**F**OR an interval after Fay appeared in his door, Brutus sat blinking at her, involved in a sort of shock, having to recall her from memory as someone they had once known. It came to him how completely they had forgotten Fay—at least, as an element to be considered. Fay was a presence when she stood before you; but there was nothing here of sufficient force to thrust forward into a situation when the clay was absent from it. She was only a thin voice lifted up. Absorbed in their several entanglements they had overlooked the deadly centre of the storm. And now it was come upon them.

He must have made a ludicrous picture, sitting there struck by lightning, peering at her in oblique stupidity from over the corners of his glasses. Somewhere between shock and bleak acceptance his innate courtesy must have come to his rescue. He was on his feet.

He said, weakly, "Welcome."

She took a deep breath. "Brutus . . . I've heard. I can't believe this of thing. I want you to tell me the whole thing—the worst. I want to know the worst."

She had closed the door behind her, and she hurried across the little space and dropped her handbag and gloves on the desk, and picked them up again, and then again put them back in a really distressing state.

He found himself, by the expression of his own face, trying to shove across to Fay a measure of control—a hint of dignity for the poor scattered face baring its awful secrets before his unwilling eyes. He wanted to save her from the humiliation of going utterly to pieces before another.

He said, pleasantly, "What's all this about, Fay? What is it you've heard?"

"Now—" the note of hysteria climbing up her shrill voice, "now, don't try to shield Austin, the way men do. If Austin has done me a wrong and he has . . . if he has made me the laughing stock of this town . . ."

He put a chair for her and touched her shoulder and spoke gently.

"Let's sit down and talk this over quietly. I don't know what tales have been carried to you by some busy-body, but I do assure you that nothing has happened that in any way affects your dignity. Austin—I've had him right here in the house with me all the

while—he's the same old well-behaved Austin—by the way, have you had breakfast? Let me ring for coffee."

"No, I'm getting at the bottom of this first. I might have known she was a woman of that stripe. I might have known that Austin—given the first chance in eighteen years of married life—" (Ah, he thought, poor Austin.) "would rush into a disgraceful affair the very moment my back was turned. Oh, this is beyond bearing . . . I wonder I . . ."

**H**ER words ended in an enraged gasp. Austin had come into the room.

Upon his entrance, Austin had been taken by surprise. He was as much out-countenanced as Brutus had been. Compunction and remorse had followed, and he started across the room to take Fay in his arms, to put his head down on her shoulder and be forgiven and comforted—the little boy in him running home to the mother that lives in every wife.

Her shrill tirade halted him. Her eyes spilt sparks into the room. She talked faster and louder. "Do you deny it? Do you?"

Austin had withdrawn, and he now stood with folded arms and endured what he could not check. He spoke wearily, "I deny nothing."

"Then what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," said Austin maddeningly.

She wrung her hands, all dignity gone, all control, all reserve. Brutus embarrassed and uncomfortable, had no alternative but to witness this. It hurt something within him to see unleashed fury twist and contort a human face—unmask all the inner shallowness, the little mean corners of thoughts, the little evil suspicions, the words it harbored in secret. Never again could Fay look entirely clothed. The thin features would always wear the tracery of this unrevealed hour.

"If you and that hussy think I'm going to give you a divorce . . . if you think I'm going to make it easy for you and that shameless hussy . . ."

Face hard, arms folded, he could only stand apart and endure this.

"Neither of us has ever dreamed of such a termination of our friendship."

"Then that's worse. You intend just to go right along with your affair—right before my very eyes . . ."

"Fay—again—there exists no 'affair' as your mind conceives it. I admit that Mrs. Jouette and I have been friends—perhaps more"—a brooding question—hope—in his voice, "but it has never been more than that . . . a sort of dream . . ."

"Look at him, Brutus! Look at that! He and his dream . . ."

"I wish we were out of here, thought Brutus desperately, measuring the distance to the door.)

Austin said, "You insist on mislunderstanding, Fay. I had no thought to wrong you. But for a time I was delivered from the ugliness of this. This scene right here. All the others like it. Years and endless years of such. Of unfounded accusations and jealousies—of the mess that life has become. I was shown," said Austin quietly, "life as it might have been lived—the peace and companionship and beauty possible. That is all. The full extent of the crime. The beginning and the end."

There was no step-ladder in Fay's mind by which she might mount to this. She saw that Austin had changed. This woman had placed him in a fine regard of himself. Another woman—a bad woman—had changed her husband. She could only increase her shrillness.

Now she had begun gathering up her gloves, her handbag, dabbling at her eyes. She said, "I can go myself to that Jouette woman."

"She wouldn't know what you were talking about," answered Austin, "but her servants would."

"You can stay here—where you'll be near

your lady friend. I'm going home. I don't want you about me. I don't want to see you."

He answered with a calm fury. "I'm going home with you."

And went.

Brutus dropped into his chair. He passed a hand over his eyes and looked about at the quiet room, finding it impossible to believe that the walls could still be standing; that surrounding him upon his orderly shelves were his friends, his books; still looking down with unaltered serene faces. Poor Aus. He thought Austin had come off pretty well, all told. Years and years of this ahead of him.

This brought him to their immediate problem. He thought of Sharley and her stricken face; of Mark as the boy had been last night, driven by a thousand devils; of Austin . . . there was no accounting for what Fey might do. She had no reserves. Brutus put the blame of all this where it belonged—upon Swan.

In a measure, he, too, had been responsible; he had brought them together here at Cloveldale. He didn't intend Mark's life to be wrecked . . . Austin's . . . Sharley's . . .

**H**e rose. There was determination in the sound of his quiet footsteps as he passed through the hall and out.

He went through the gate and had started towards the house when he saw that Swan was in the pagoda at the far end of the garden path. He followed the flagged walk that led past the lily pond.

She had some knitting of worsted stuffs, and her fingers were busy with this. He thought of the mischief wrought—and she sat in this dim retreat of tranquillity and peace, untouched, unre troubled. He was suddenly infuriated.

She lifted her eyes, and saw that he was angry. She spoke with the hurt, surprised disbelief of a child. "You are angry with me." Her knitting dropped to the bench. "Brutus, you don't like me. We were to be such friends—and it's all spoiled." Her eyes, glittering in his, were the color of concentrated twilight.

He put his hands in his pockets and regarded her unsmilingly.

"I want to ask you this: do you think what you are doing—what you have done—is worthy of you?" He spoke, he realised, like a schoolmaster. He was so furious that his voice was almost gentle.

She looked distraught under his level gaze. "If you're speaking of Mark," she threw out her hands helplessly, "you are laughable. Brutus—all of you, attaching such tragic importance to a kid boy's infatuation. Can't it go as a part of Mark's education?"

"I'm not thinking of Mark alone. I'm thinking of Sharley."

The violet eyes seemed to deepen in their dark and lavish color, and the faintest perceptible quiver went over her face. Her voice was untrifled amusement. "Aren't you always thinking of Sharley, Brutus?"

He was conscious of a warmth under the skin, but his features remained stony.

"Besides," said Swan, not giving him the opportunity to answer, "do you believe they would be happy together? She's so serious, isn't she? And why not Sharley accept it as a part of her education, also? I can't provide callow youth with definitions for holding their men!"

"You've broken their engagement. You've wrecked the boy's life—at least for a time. He's in town dead drunk. You're breaking up Austin's home." He looked at her intently, searchingly, through his heavy glasses. "For what, Swan?"

"Aren't you consigning all the lesser motives to me?"

She put her work on the bench and came and stood beside him. He caught himself within her and kept her distance.

She lifted a white arm to the vine-covered pillar, and leaned her head against it. "It isn't very pleasant for me—having hot-

headed boys sighing and contemplating suicide under my window." Her voice slipped down into that broken note of sadness. "Won't you believe this, Brutus? Won't you try to understand me?"

The woman was uncanny. There was sweetness here, a sort of wrung pathos—the way her eyes misted over with a quick start of tears. She stood with her lips apart, watching him, one hand pressed over the fluttering lace at her bosom—hanging on his word, waiting fearfully his appraisal.

She was so close that he was conscious of her heart beats, of the warm fragrance of her breath between her parted lips, of the soft, exquisite texture of her skin—and of something that awaited a touch to leap into blossom.

She put a slim hand upon his wrist. "Dear, unegotistical, unsuspecting Brutus . . . don't you see that it was you all the while? These others—only because I was so tormented . . . so . . ." She bit a quivering lip and dropped her face.

Her fingers on his wrist were the sting of an electric wire. That strange singing in his head, a madness in his veins—going out into his finger-tips. Without conscious movement, without taking a step, he had her in his arms—the tight, warm, living weight of her yielding body—and he was kissing and kissing her in an infatuated rapture.

At length he put her from him. Shocked the fool from his eyes. It came to Brutus—so this is what got the others. Now I understand about the others; and to understand was to be more lenient—kindler. And on the heels of this thought, another—a vision breaking upon him like a light; if he took her these others would go free.

Swan was speaking. "If you cared for me, Brutus . . . If you married me . . ." walking her eyes on his face.

He lifted his shoulders in a definite gesture of putting something from him. He spoke then to Swan.

"All right," said Brutus, unromantically. At once he became absorbed in what was happening on Swan's face, for something was. Her whole countenance was in a rich irradiation, as if the splendor that had glowed just beneath her skin, moved now to vivid life. She was stirred—enormously stirred—and surprised at this, that a confusion was upon her and she scarcely knew what she was doing.

She began backing away from him in a new shyness. "Oh, Brutus, I'm so happy. I . . ." A slight tremor went through her. She put both hands over her heart and the little ruffles fluttered and sank, and again he saw upon her face that startled confusion.

"I've got to get away . . . I've got to be alone . . ."

Turning, she fled down the path.

#### CHAPTER 13.

**I**t was early afternoon and Brutus went for a long walk by himself. The morning had been warm, and the outflung squadrons of the sky, blowing up from the south, had sailed the blue heavens with gay and confident banners. But now they were coming back in defeat, their proud banners furled, closely harried by the darker hordes from the north. It was going to turn cold. Leaves blew in a fluttered quandary; and a line of wild geese that had gone north yesterday now wrote their confusion across the low skies in a line to the south. Pieces of paper and dry weeds were held high against the skimming clouds.

Brutus walked without regard to distance, conscious only of a necessity for motion. Eventually he came out on the crest of a hill, where stood a single tree with an arm pointing forever westward. He sat down by it, put his back against the warm, brotherly trunk, and pulled his hat over his eyes.

All nature came up in shapes of symmetry, building true line upon true line, beauty upon beauty, its wavering, indeci-

minate form fulfilling to the last atomic measurement the destiny of its laws. Not a stick, not a blade of grass, not a bird skimming the distant ether, but swam in a sustained and steadfast order.

**F**OR man, then, there must be something—for this pitiful and groping and minus organism—man—who stood here that he might testify for himself.

It came to Brutus that all his life he had journeyed towards a definite objective. With what hope, with what a ringing step that former Brutus had travelled, believing he had something to do with his own destiny. Yet, behind him, in a vast stream, the years had been pressing him on to a separate and demanding prophecy.

Ahead of him in this new life, as yet, there were only blank pages. He would not venture into that life to-day. He would linger in this blurred vacuum of feeling, keeping with him only the one thought—he had found a way to save them. He would remove the disturbing element from their lives. He would marry Swan at once, shut up Cloveldale (in the end he would turn it over to Mark and Sharley—it should have been Mark's in the first place), take Swan to Paris for an indefinite stay. What his cousins would think of his seeming defection would not matter. It was to straighten out their lives that he did this.

And what of Swan? He repelled the confusion that had swept her, leaving her breathless, surprised, tremulous—no doubt restored to the old confidence of being able to claim all men as her legitimate prey; not one—not even the least of these—left laggard. This victory over Brutus, the unsuscitable man, gave Swan back to herself. Her flutter, her happiness, had nothing to do with Brutus personally. With Swan the chase was the thing—the breath of her life. She had to have it. Understanding this would give Brutus the key to their life together. This and the fact that he wasn't a particle in love with her.

In loving a person one yields defiance, and he was not in love with Swan. Her subtlety of intuition would divine this and continually intrude her. His power over her . . . he corrected the harsh sentence . . . the secret of a peaceful life would be—not to let Swan possess him. He could make her a serviceable and a pleasant husband. Swan would be fairly happy—much happier in fact than married to a man in love with her, and jealous and raging at the little necessary excursions afield, the matter of slender fingers and parted lips and fluttering lashes.

He pulled his hat a little lower. There was something in the sharp gathering up of sky and cloud and hillside and little lonely farm house, as they drew together in a comforted hour before the storm, that matched the ingredients of his mind. He let his heart open, and the unacknowledged truth came forth, and Brutus bowed his head before it.

Another image. He saw her riding the winds, her bright hair flying, a hand upflung in quick, glad greeting, the clear eyes turned for one heart-stilling moment to flesh their message at him . . . and she was by—a trail of light. He saw her sitting on his desk—so near as that—hands clasped about her knees, head tilted to one side, pausing in a way she had before speaking. Her words—each true and honest little word set in a light of its own—came haltingly at first, as if she was thinking her way through what she was saying, and then in little rushing tides, bright with their inner vision; upon her face—that lovely, small face—the picture of her unspoken thoughts, and the edges of these would get over to Brutus before she had found words for them, and would please him mightily.

He thought, "It's strange the things men want." And this—his house, this peaceful country, Cloveldale, Sharley, the little boys—had come very near being his dream. And he knew that no man can get too close to his dream.

Sharley would believe that he, too, was deserting. She would never know the truth; that in going over to the enemy he dedicated his life to her. She would misunderstand. But when happiness came at last, she would thank him. He wished he might know when this time came. And if Sharley was happy, what did it matter how long the uncolored years stretched before him?

Queer old world. Austin would give an arm for this chance of life with Swan. Mark, for a time, would. How many men had wanted her; and the man who did not was the man who was taking her . . .

The day had faded. Night shut about him. He rose, and shouting against the chill wind, turned home—a lonely and battled figure.

Brutus sat far into the night with his book. But he was not reading; the black lines and curves and marks could beat no pictures into the confusion of his mind. Time dripped its seconds through the little brass wheels of his clock; the wind moaned and cried out shrilly; and the hand of the night rattled a window-pane.

Through the ceiling, through the walls, the thick night pressed in, dampening the fire. He thought to-morrow—to-morrow could not visualize a to-morrow. On the hillside he had found resignation, but this had left him. It was not so much what he was taking on that crushed him, but what he was relinquishing. And this was strange—strange because he was relinquishing what he never had had.

**H**E went to bed. But the tension in the air was like a cord tied about his throat, and he finally got up, put on his dressing-gown, drew a chair to the window, and sat there the remainder of the night.

He was still sitting here, when, at dawn, he heard voices below, and the dog growl, and then other voices rising sharply in a small disturbance. The night had turned to a cold greyness, and outlines of familiar objects emerged and drifted towards him. He heard Noah's unwilling slow step on the stairs, coming along to his door, pausing. He knocked with a grudging apology as if obeying someone below—as if he hoped Brutus would not hear.

"Come in, Noah." The old darky entered. Across an amazement that was already on his face, there rose a fresh amazement at finding Brutus out of bed.

"Excuse me, sub fuhr disturb'in you so early. It's dat French woman tom Mis' Jouette's sub. She's a fool, Mister Bruce. She standin' down in de hall and she say Mis' Jouette's dead." Noah shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Jouette who had walked the earth yesterday, wasn't of come dead to-day. "She say run you to come."

"I'll be right along."

He found himself hurrying. He felt, rather than heard, figures flitting between the two houses.

The servants were scuttling about in a headless terror, the two women—the mulatto girl and the French maid—wringing their hands, and jabbering at him. A black woman and a black boy stood with mouths dropped open and eyes bulging, in hastily got together garments. Brutus could get no sense out of any of them, and he had started to vault the stairs when he heard a car roar up the drive, and recognised it as Newsome's. Thank God they had had the sense to telephone for a doctor.

Brutus met him at the door.

"Anything serious?" He was out of breath and he had no tie on.

"I haven't been up—they seem to think so."

The doctor took the stairs in leaps and disappeared.

Brutus passed the hall. It was too small and he went into the free space of the drawing-room. The place was filling with light, and a finger of the light moved round the walls pointing out to Brutus, one by one, the pictures, the bowl of flowers with green stems visible through colored glass,

the individual arrangement of chairs and divan and table; a room so impregnated with a personality that he saw—actually saw—the white hands move above the tea things, the violet eyes slowly lifted, a lace, crumpled handkerchief as if just dropped, a book with a marker . . .

He turned quickly from the room. He would wait outside. He knew now that the doctor's call was useless. She had gone from these things.

The hubbub of the servants had withdrawn behind doors to await the doctor's verdict. He was coming down now. Brutus heard the marching footsteps on the stairs, when they stopped beside him. Brutus spoke.

"Well?"

"She is gone." The words held a queer, wrung misery.

Brutus had the feeling that grief stood beside him, and he put his hand on the doctor's arm, consoling him.

"Was this unexpected?" asked Brutus.

"Not altogether—a condition there. Still, she might have lived a reasonable life-time." It was the voice of a man who had suffered loss; who had no idea he was giving himself away. Brutus could not look at him. But there was another question that he must ask.

"Could she have known?"

"Do you mean was she conscious at the end? No, she died in her sleep. A slight contortion of the face. But the other—yes, she knew."

The doctor stood with his head thrown back. "Have you ever noticed, Converse, how a person who has but a short time to live will grab at life recklessly, not to be cheated of anything?"

The clock in the hall was striking. Six Impossible. Brutus had lived a lifetime since Noah had come knocking on his door.

They spoke of formalities. "Inman is her attorney."

"Yea, I'll notify him. He'll know whom to wire. I've spoken to the servants."

Brutus went across the grass with the silvery dew upon it. Footsteps of the early excitement had made a dark trail, and Brutus stepped along in this. At the gate he looked back.

She had never been real. She was the dream that haunted men.

**S**WAN had had no relatives. She had lived alone with the servants. A nephew of her husband came on and took charge.

The rite must be gone through with. Women had not been Swan's friends, and the cars that moved slowly through the streets of the town were filled with men; business associates; her lawyers, the doctor, the clergyman, friends of her husband, the servants, Austin and Fay.

Fay went for the sake of "appearance." With all the stacked-up enmity that was between them, these two rode, slyly-faced, to the funeral of what had divided them. Fay looked neither to the right nor to the left. Austin was locked up within himself.

Mark didn't go to the funeral. He was dead drunk somewhere. Brutus had been afraid that he would only be drunk enough to make a scene, and was relieved by the thoroughness with which Mark drowned his sorrow. Mark's grief was real. Something of him was dead.

Neither was Sharley there. Brutus had gone over and talked with her about it. "You wouldn't like just to go along with me to the services?" he asked wistfully. "There'll be," said Brutus with his old-man sense of responsibility—trying to collect a few women for Swan as he would gather a sheaf of lilies to lay on her bier, "so few women there."

"No, Brutus, it wouldn't be respectful to the dead if I went. We were not friends in life and it would be wrong to pretend we had been. I feel what I feel," said Sharley with a wan candor, "and under the circumstances it would be disrespectful to her to put on a false attitude. I'm sorry, Brutus."

Dear Sharley, so slim and brave, who stood up to her own grief and did her own thinking.

#### CHAPTER 14.

**B**RUTUS thought that all their troubles would vanish with the passing of Swan. But this was error. If she had searched for a way to live forever in the hearts of these men she could not have chosen better. Death was the final, the incontrovertible gesture.

Austin came out. There was no one to whom he could speak but Brutus. He and Fay were living in a stern-lipped truce awaiting the ultimate doom, as yet unpronounced by Fay. Austin indulged her in her role of commendable generosity. He wasn't much interested. What did anything matter?

"Yet there was something that I had there for a time . . . The experience was worth—was worth this suffering."

Austin would live and die believing in the dignity of their grand passion, and if this was dignified to Austin within himself, it did not need the stamp of a sterner appraisal. Austin's eyes would never be quite free of their dream; he had been denied disillusionment. But to Brutus had been granted the burden of the double vision.

"A man lives through dreary monotonous years, Brutus. I'm all broken up, and I can't even show my grief. I must go along as if nothing had happened. There were moments between us . . ." said Austin with a pifful sort of pride.

Though Austin didn't know this, he was inwardly pleased and surprised to have had a romance with a beautiful woman. Never again could he feel so humdrum. Beauty had walked with him.

Brutus said, "Why don't you get away for a time, Aus? New scenes, new faces, new interests . . ."

The idea slowly took possession. "That's a good plan. I ought to. I'm not fit to work. All shot to pieces."

So it came about that Fay got at last—and over at least one dead body—her trip to Europe. They went almost at once. Fay withdrawn, self-righteous, and behind that smug triumphant. Austin living in his dream. Brutus saw them off with relief, and turned his attention to Mark who needed him.

Mark was a different proposition—as different from Austin as middle-age from youth. Youth—the saddest thing in the world! Mark's sole object in life now was—never to be sober—never to be alone with realization.

There came a wild time for Brutus, fishing the boy out of places he should not be in, hugging him home; chasing the yellow madman as it made a saffron streak through the land. Practically no road was safe. A mad man was loose upon them. Seeing him streak through the town, taking a corner on two wheels, narrowly missing a worthy citizen, Brutus inwardly raged.

After days of searching, Brutus with Zeb's help got him to Cloverdale, carried him, a dead weight, up the stairs, put him to bed. For one night he was safe—and the populace safe.

In the morning he was sober-looking at Brutus out of hurt, unrecoupled eye. "So . . . you've dragged me here . . . the last place on earth . . ."

"Mark, while your head is reasonably clear you've got to understand some things. One is that Fay and Austin have gone to Europe. For a time they're out of the picture, and I want you to move in with me for as long as you can be satisfied."

"That's just how much you comprehend. . . . There's simply nothing out here that I want to look at."

"You've got to learn to look at things. Face things. You can't dodge life by running away from it. Stand up to it, Mark. You're a man, aren't you? All of us have troubles. And we don't waste our lives running like cowards."

Without lifting his head he glanced up

ward at Brutus through his tangled hair—a look of such drenched grief that Brutus found it hard to keep his face stern. Yet he must. It wasn't so much grief over Swan, though the boy thought it was, but learning what life can do to us—the breaking of the lance.

As a matter of fact, Mark was suffering from two angies—Swan and Sharley. For Sharley's face—the grave, forgiving, once-loved face—kept coming up in unbearable memories. But the madness of the other love, the real love—for Sharley was only a sweet and trusting child who had mothered him with gentle fingers—tormented his flesh. And so he was caught between the two, and if he didn't stay drunk he'd do something terrible—kill somebody. So long as he was drunk it might be only himself that he killed, and that would be sweet . . . sweet . . .

"You nearly ran down a man, yesterday, Mark."

"Did I, Brutus? I'm sorry for that." His face twisted—quivered. He said, "I quarreled with her—Austin—that darned fool—said things to me and I went insane with jealousy. I dashed out here and made a scene. She's always been so gentle, Brutus, and what I said to her hurt. I meant it to hurt. I said awful things—ugly—and left and didn't go back. And she died. And now I can never say I'm sorry.

Brutus smoked and smoked.

**A**FTER a time the broken voice went on. "I hadn't meant what I said. And now a part of the earth is gone for me—all that was beautiful. She was the vail of beauty that was spread over everything, and now that's gone I see the naked earth and its people for what they are. A filthy place, too hideous to live in, inhabited by hideous people—diseased, selfish, callous. . . ."

"Mark . . ."

"Callous. No souls. No more soul than any other grasping ugly animal. And what was beautiful—gone. I'd rather be dead than on such a world."

Brutus spoke quietly. "There's Sharley."

It struck its arrow straight through him. "You see? You see what life has done to me! Shown me two women, two wonderful women, and then excised in my ears and snatched them back. Brutus, do you suppose after what's happened—after the way I've acted, that I could ever go back to Sharley . . . even on my knees . . . even begging for friendship—a kind regard? . . .

I didn't do this of my own will, and when I saw what was coming, I appealed to you. I came straight to you. I was in trouble and I thought that you . . . but no, I was only a brainless fool wanting to show in money." Bitterly. "And I was fighting for my life. For Sharley's life. Perhaps for Swan's. How do I know that I didn't kill her?"

Brutus got to his feet. He paced the floor. He couldn't, of course, tell Mark; even if he did Mark would not believe him. Better to say nothing.

"I mustn't think of Sharley. She belonged to a part of my life that was young and happy and uninformed. I've gone to the dogs since then, and I've got the decency to stay away. I've got that much decency. I hope we never meet."

All day Mark sat in a dull despondency; he wouldn't eat. Brutus kept a close watch on him, never letting the boy out of his sight; but in the morning when he went to Mark's room it was empty. And the yellow car streaking the highways again.

When Brutus, after three days' disttracted search, had dragged him back and got him sobered up, he spoke severely. "Mark, if there's one ounce of manhood in you—if you aren't through and through—get a grip on yourself!"

"That's all right, Brutus. Say what you please; hit a man when he's down. You don't know life or suffering—you and your books. What I'm going through isn't rhetoric—it's hell! You—an old maid—what

do you know of love or passion? You've never wanted to blow your brains out, or send your car over the edge of the cliff—that cliff right out yonder on the Three Forks Road. Your fingers fairly itching to give one wide final swing to the wheel, and feel oblivion rise to meet you . . . to wipe out all memory, all mistakes, all the torture. I tell you, Brutus, I have to stay on that Three Forks Road."

"Then," said Brutus with composure, "stay off it." But beads of sweat stood out on his brow.

"That's easy to say, sitting here with your volumes and your words of advice. You've never lived!"

The business about the cliff stayed with Brutus through the long night while he lay listening for a step, a creak of the door. And in the morning he had a plan. He didn't dare leave the place, so he sent Jason into town with a wire, and instructions to wait for an answer. By noon Jason was back.

Brutus had a friend on a ranch in Arizona who had been asking him out for some months. "I need another hand," Frank Rice had written. "Why don't you come and try it? Plenty good place to write in." He had wired Frank asking if he might send Mark and Frank had been pleased.

Brutus put the matter to Mark at once—that very afternoon.

To his vast relief Mark said, "Yes, I think I'd better."

Before he had time to change his mind Brutus had him packed and his ticket bought. He didn't let Mark out of his sight until they stood on the platform saying the last words.

"Mark, you've got the stuff in you. Fight it out and come back to us a man."

The boy wrung Brutus' hand. "I'm no end grateful, Brutus. For everything. And I'm sorry, too, about all the trouble. I've been . . ." his voice faltered . . . "you've come closer to me than anybody I've ever known."

"Thanks, lad." The train was in.

"Well, good-bye."

"Any message for anyone?" asked Brutus hopefully.

Mark looked straight ahead. "No message, Brutus."

He swung to the steps, the train whistled, moved. Brutus stood looking after it . . .

#### CHAPTER 15.

**I**GOT Mark off to a ranch yesterday, Sharley. I thought he'd better try it there for a time."

Her face quivered, but her voice was steady. "That's fine, Brutus. I'm glad."

It was their first real talk for some weeks. During the dark days that followed Swan's death, Brutus had wished to spare Sharley the sight of Mark as he then was. So he had telephoned Sharley.

"We're fighting it out over here, Sharley. I'll let you know the outcome later."

She had understood and had stayed away.

"He'll come back in the spring," Brutus now said confidently, "a new man. Or rather, the old Mark we knew and loved."

She was sitting on his desk, her slim hands clasped about one knee, and she shook her head—a slight, quick gesture. "I don't seem to be able to count on anything any more. Not even myself. A part of me is dead."

"We don't begin to live until something within us dies."

Brutus was making squares and triangles on a paper, and he gave this his precise attention while he got together the exact words he wished to say. "We had all loved Mark, made things too easy for him, and in a way that makes us to blame. Besides, Mark had never known," said Brutus slowly, "that other kind of love. Only," he did not know the creass that went into his voice "only—your love. Your kind. Can you see?" he then summed up, not looking at her, but occupied with his squares and triangles,

"how it was much better for Mark—for you—that this should happen now instead of later—after you'd married."

"Married . . ." a flutter in her throat.

"Everything is just as it was before the earthquake. Understand this, Sharley—a man goes through a sort of baptism of fire. But love and passion are not the same. And this affair with Swan in no way remotely touched his deep abiding love for you. I wish I could make you see that!"

"But it's I, Brutus. Something has happened to me. It's all grown so cheap—I keep remembering . . ."

**H**E finished a square very painstakingly. "Love is forgiving—forgetting."

Her voice was a low cry. "Is that all it is? Nothing but cheapness and tawdriness and excusing what one does not excuse, and accepting a second-hand best? Is this all there is to the beautiful thing we took to our hearts and called love? Isn't there anything in life that comes up to our hope of it? Why do we have high ideals—if we do we build up these bright images if there is no human counterpart for them?"

"Child—child . . . don't ask me. I'm not an oracle . . . Just a grim man." His voice shaketh and something in it . . .

She sat regarding him, and thinking that all his tenderness, his shyness, his queerly eager enthusiasms were somehow very wistful and pathetic. He had passed a hand over his brow and left a streak of ink, and that too was pathetic.

Sharley lifted her shoulders in a gesture of rising upon her own wings. "Well, there it is! There must be. I've got to believe it. There are people who would never do small thing. There are people who are steadfast as the hills—who look at you out of their clear and honorable thoughts. I have known them. I have known ones. I have known you, Brutus."

He kept his gaze anchored out the window on the old willow tree—the tree with the broken heart.

Winter shut down. Brutus's forty acres lay flat to the earth, bowed before the icy blasts from the North. In the town, the houses with their wintry roofs sent up columns of smoke to meet a grey and cheerless sky. Horses, tied to hitching posts about the Square, had put on their winter coats, and stood, tails to the wind, heads down—enduring and patient.

Brutus went in each morning to get his mail. He stood in the little cold post office with a hopeful heart and fished his letters out of the box, and glanced through them before taking a step. Then he went along back to Cloverdale. He had had two short notes from Mark and one post-card from Austin. That was all.

Mark's letters, written after much insistence on the part of Brutus, were worse than no letters. Despondent and bitter. He could tell nothing from the scrawled, dejected lines. But Brutus consoled himself by believing Mark only remembered to write when the blue devils were hard on his heels. And this had been only twice. Austin's post-card had said: "Landed safely. Hope everything is o.k. at home. Please have my mail forwarded . . ." and gave him an address.

Each day Brutus came into town with hope—and went along back empty-handed.

They meant a great deal to him, these cousins. These tall and handsome men in whose veins ran the identical blood that ran in the veins of Brutus. He had come to think of them as "brothers" and not cousins. They had welcomed Brutus warmly, had camped at Cloverdale, had come to him in their hours of trouble, had opened their hearts to him. He had believed that a real tie of kinship existed between them. But to them Brutus had been merely an incident.

But there was warmth and cheer at Cloverdale; firelight on the backs of his books and on the old oak-panelled walls. There

was an egg nog on a small silver tray, and his pipe and slippers just so, and Noah lugging in a huge back log. Hitting it over cautiously with hands that shook with age, standing to watch each small licking flame catch and blaze and crackle, and pronounce his work success.

"Mandy say would you lak a peach cobbler for yo' dinner, aub? She got sum mighty fine peaches what she can herself off dem Elbertas in de spring."

The little boys were in school, but in the short interval between four o'clock and night they trudged over and threw their muffers and caps on his floor, and toasted their toes at his fire. All their thoughts now were of Sandow and the spring racing season, and what word they could get out of Derek about this.

Brutus had found books about the Arab horsemanship and he read passages aloud. Sid perched on the step-ladder and listened. Timothy sprawled on the floor, his eager comic face lifted, drinking in every word for was not Sandow an actual kinsman to these fleet and fiery steeds, with flame in their nostrils and courage in their hearts?

And Brutus would watch him, over the page, and think—"another one growing up, believing in things."

**S**HARLEY would join them, sitting back in the shadows, eyes on the fire—quieter Sharley than she had been in the spring, more thoughtful. And they talked of the time when they should go up to see Sandow in his first real effort, for Mr. Ferren was getting him ready for the Juveniles at the Spring meeting in Lexington, and Brutus had promised to take them.

Sharley was steadfastly keeping her mind on this.

"It's so nice, Brutus, to have something to look forward to."

In March Frenzy was ill. Timothy said she was "sick-a-bed in a chair." She refused to go to bed. But Sharley knew she was really ill because she moaned and said the chickens bothered her with their noise, and they kept coming to the door and stretching their necks and looking at her "dat dey knowed sumptin'." And Frenzy would fret and say, "Git away fun dat do' wid yo known looks, rooster."

She complained about the wind—the March winds that blew and blew and blew. "I keeps hearin' dem gallopin' hooches."

It was a superstition among the negroes. They said that whenever trouble was ahead, the Dexter horses rode back—racing the tracks of the wind.

Sharley, sitting up late with her one blustery night, caught herself absorbing something of Frenzy's uneasiness. She could not fight off a premonition of approaching disaster. She thought of Mark as she had last seen him—his face flushed, the look of hurt in his bloodshot eyes, his clothes unkempt. And she remembered the happy, light-hearted boy she had loved, and it seemed to Sharley that she could not bear this.

She thought of Derek, for Derek had been strange again recently—had come and gone with a silent turtleness; uncommunicative and sulken.

The vast house was like a cavern; unlighted, echoing. On such a night all the ghosts came out of the walls and paced the floors—driven and tragic ghosts, held prisoner here in their walls, and the high winds calling to them.

She started through the rooms, glancing nervously at each door as she passed it. When she reached the front hall she thought she heard a sound at the window in the living-room, and stopped. Although it was cloudy, the night was bright, and looking through the dark space Sharley saw a face pressed against the window-pane.

For the moment she could not move. Then reaching a hand backward she touched the telephone. It would summon Brutus in three minutes.

But now there was nothing at the window.

Hadn't it been the wind blowing the cape jasmine bush? She had come in nervous from listening to Frenzy's dark prophecies, half expecting to see a face at every window. And she had seen one. How foolish to call Brutus out of bed because a bush had slapped the window, or a tramp had looked in, thinking this old shack empty and trying to find shelter before the storm broke.

Sharley found a stick and propped it crossways in the upper part of the window, making a large noise about it. And locking up the front door with a table she went along to bed.

When Derek came home at the end of the week she told him about it. They were at the breakfast-table when she remembered.

"I think I'll have Shad and Frenzy move inside, Derek. I don't like to be always bothering Brutus about things, but the other night I was downstairs late, and I thought—it may have been that bush by the side window, but it looked like a man trying to get in."

He lifted a face drained of every ounce of color. "Did he say anything?"

"Of course not. He went right off—just a tramp thinking this was a deserted house, and I made a big noise and frightened him right away. I could have called Brutus if there had been any cause for alarm. But I don't like to be flying to him about everything—he's helped us in so many ways, and I think as soon as Frenzy can be moved I'll have them in the little room off the kitchen."

He said, "Yes." He tried to finish his breakfast, but it was a mere pretense at eating.

Brutus was never more surprised in his life than when Derek walked in.

He said, "Why, hello, Derek. Come in. Happy to have you." Hoping he didn't look too thunderstruck.

He swung a chair forward, bent, and mended the fire, speaking casually about the weather. Then he sat down, beaming his friendliest.

**D**EREK also sat down. He had his cap in his hands, and he twisted and turned it, and pushed his shabby shoes backward under the chair and out of sight. The boy was a mere shadow. His face, even at close range, was shocking.

Brutus offered him a cigarette. He felt that Derek wanted it, but he said hastily, "No, thanks." Brutus smoked, leaning back in his chair. He asked about the coming racing programmes. Sandow. This year's Derby prospects. The horses that had emerged on top after the winter meets. This struck a spark, but when he thought Derek was going to talk the boy had withdrawn again.

Except for a few "Well, yes, I suppose so." "He acted badly at the post." "No, sir, no rating." . . . Brutus could get nothing out of him.

Brutus tried other tactics. He purposely let the conversation lag, giving Derek his chance to say what he had come here to say. For Derek had had a purpose in coming. There was trouble on his face.

The room grew embarrassed with silence. Derek looked up, cleared his throat. The dreadful need to speak rose in the boy's eyes—pushing with him against that wall of habitual silence. Brutus felt his own heart pound in sympathy, felt his lips trying to help shape the words across that barrier . . . it was important . . . it was necessary. . . . It rose higher and higher in Derek's eyes—any moment now he would speak.

Then the curtain dropped. Derek's face was white. The moment was gone.

At length Derek rose, fingering his cap, his face shut—wan.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Converse."

Brutus went with him to the door, to the steps, and then to the hedge.

"Perhaps he'll come back," said Brutus.

hopefully, watching him walk across to his own house.

But Derek didn't come back.

Later, Brutus saw him trudging back to town, his little bundle of clothes over a shoulder. Brutus watched him with a heavy heart. He knew now that he should have spoken himself. "I can see you're in trouble, Derek. Perhaps I can help." Why hadn't he asked?

All his life he was to regret that he did not.

#### CHAPTER 16.

**T**o have lived all your life for one event—and now to be riding along to it!

There had never been anything to equal the bright day—the sharp, the magic air. Sid and Timothy were in high spirits and went shouting at everything. They had on little new shirts that Sharley had made them, green; and they wore tan sweaters with zipper fastenings; and boots, not shoes, upon their feet. And Timothy had stuck into his cap—the feather of God! And they said among themselves that it would be only a little race to-day, among little horses, but it would lead to memorable things.

They saw an old horse in a field—an old stock of bones—and Sid said, "Howdy, cow."

This was great wit, and they held their sides and roared.

Timothy said, "He looked just like Aunt Berta." And they roared again.

As they passed through the little towns they pointed and shrieked about everything. "Oh, look that building over there says, 'Cat and Flea Hospital!'"

"It did not." It said, 'Canine and Feline Hospital!'

"Well, I thought that was just an elegant way of saying cat and flea."

When the morning got to Winsboro they were hungry, and out came the pocket sandwiches. Sid said, "I read somewhere that they were catching up lots of wild horses in the west and canning them." He held up his cornbeef sandwich. "This may be one."

Timothy's jaws went slack on a generous bite, and he got white about the gills and couldn't finish his, so Sid got them both.

Sharley reproved him. "Sid, was that nice?"

"Delicious," his mouth full.

Sharley said to Brutus, "Wild, Brutus. Absolutely wild."

They stopped at a farm house to ask about directions, and Sharley admired the flowers growing in the yard, and the farmer said to Brutus,

"Here—take a bunch for your wife, and the children."

How they laughed over that, rattling along to Lexington. How Sharley laughed. How Brutus laughed. Yes, it was a fine journey.

And now the magic town began riding towards them. It came up out of nowhere to a position on the dim horizon—a shadow city with inch-long spirals of smoke marking the place where it stood. Signs along the highway began insisting enthusiastically on this or that hotel; the city said welcome at every curve, and the road itself became smoother and more rapid, whisking them faster and faster upon its ballroom surface. Little straggling houses came out to meet them, and a service station, and at last the end of a trolley line.

The boys held a heated argument over the exact moment when they crossed the city limit line, and when the car bumped on something, they were satisfied.

"There—that's it. We're in. This is Lexington!"

A year ago, at Louisville, forlorn, unknown, unfriendly, they had stood outside the charmed gates of Churchill Downs and watched a great event sweep on without them. To-day they were of the élite. There were club house tickets, and Mr. Ferren himself to play host.

The advent of the trio provoked a small sensation, for these were the children of

Gordimus Dexter whose name was a tradition. People who had known their father crowded around; many of them had been entertained at the Dexter home in the days before the famous stud was dispersed and auctioned off at the Lexington sale paddock.

There was distinction in the grave girl and the two small boys, and the fact that they were the owners of Sandow shed a glory upon them, for already the turf writers were mentioning him enthusiastically.

Brutus hovered like a faithful watchdog. Sharley kept including him, seeing that he met all their old friends, appealing to him for an opinion. "That's true, isn't it, Brutus?" "Yes, if Mr. Converse thinks it best."

Brutus was very proud—very happy.

The dream went forward to include the long stables, the horses in their stalls, a low whinny, a hoof pawing wood, black boys and blankets and tack-rooms; all of it new and yet familiar as if it returned to them from some dear experience of the past.

"There." Timothy had found his horse. Had darted forward, and had his arms about the neck of his darling.

They all crowded up, petting him, crowding him down, admiring and exclaiming over him.

Derek was guarding the stall until time for the ponies to be taken to the paddock. Sharley had been so happy, until she saw Derek's face, and the old fear shut down. He stood unsmiling and unresponsive, answering her questions shortly, and could not meet her gaze.

She turned impatiently from him to join the little boys and Brutus who were making a fuss over Sandow.

The black groom said, with a flash of white teeth, "Disahere boss goin' to make a tempesta, Miss. Him she can fly!"

Sandow was to run in the last race, and they saw him again when, twenty minutes before that race was called, they went down to the paddock.

Timothy had brought sugar in his pocket. He said, "Here, Sandow . . . here's some starting sugar. I brought it all the way from home in my pocket."

Sandow nosed his pocket, whiffed, but flung his head up and would not eat the sugar. They were all of them surprised at this.

**T**IMOTHY said, "He's just excited. I'm excited and I'm eight and don't have to run, and he's only two and got to run."

Sharley turned to Brutus, "Do you notice anything, Brutus?"

He had been eying the colt keenly, and he wasn't sure, but it seemed to Brutus that he drooped, holding his head down in a spiritless way new to him. But he said reassuringly, "When he gets the track under his feet he'll be all right." To himself he was thinking, "If this is temperament, he isn't going to be much of a racer."

There was the call, "Riders up."

Timothy spoke earnestly to the jockey. "Don't hit him with the whip. He wants to win."

Sandow got past the judges, but Brutus thought he saw them watching him.

The race went by in a sort of trance—they were so excited, so apprehensive, so torn. The bugle called them out. Standing by the clubhouse rail they saw—as so often in their minds they had seen—the little horse stepping towards them on his way to make history. Eyes blurred by the enormousness of this moment, they saw again the Dexter silks shine in the sun—the black wings on a garnet field.

Sharley wanted to put her arm around Timothy, she was afraid he was going to faint. The pallor of his face was alarming.

Timothy, you're going to be sick. You'd better go over there and get on that grass."

He licked his dry lips. "I'm all right, Sharley."

But he couldn't watch. He had taken his pale face in a pale hand.

The harrier snapped and the field swept under the wire.

**B**RUTUS' anxiety about the colt's courage was unfounded. Sandow could race. He had heart. As they left the first quarter it was evident that there was only one horse in the race.

The crowd was with him. They stood on their feet and shouted, as he moved like the wind across the track, never in trouble, gaining at each nod. At the far turn something happened. Sharley was not sure what; she believed the jockey had pulled him up too quickly and had thrown him off his stride. But he recovered and came on.

The crowd was roaring its delight.

"Look, Timothy—don't miss this. It's all right . . . he's going to win . . . he's coming in . . ."

Oh, the darling, coming on . . . coming faster and faster . . . leading the big chestnut by a length, by two, by five. And then within a nose of the tape Sandow stumbled and went down on a knee. The crowd caught its breath in a loud groan as the chestnut thundered behind him, nosed forward, drew even. But Sandow was up, was coming on—was sweeping in victory.

Brutus was down again, Brutus. There's something wrong. Let's go."

Sharley had Brutus by the arm. "He's down again, Brutus. There's something wrong. Let's go."

The crowd packed about the fallen horse and there was no chance of getting in. The stewards were ordering people back, but they surged ahead.

Brutus said, "Keep the boys here. I'll get in and find what the trouble is."

As he elbowed through he heard the verdict. "He broke a leg in the fall."

Brutus bent down and spoke to Ferrer, who was on his knees by the little horse. "Is that true?"

"I'm afraid so. The horse has been doped." His voice was harsh with feeling. "He made the race blind."

When Brutus came back, Sharley spoke.

"Find Derek, Brutus. We'll wait here."

But Derek was nowhere to be found. He had vanished.

They had come back home. Brutus had wanted to stay in town over night, but Sharley said they might as well get back. There was nothing to wait for now. There was nothing to wait for any more.

All the way home no one spoke. Sharley was on the back seat with Timothy because she was afraid for him, and Sid sat in front with Brutus. Sid was the only one who showed signs of grief. He dug his fists in his eyes and sobbed quietly and once he said, "What will we do now, Sharley?"

Sharley did not answer, because she did not know.

From Timothy never a sound; only that stricken face with its extraordinary freckles. But when they were nearly home he spoke again.

There was accusation in his husky voice. "Sharley, if ever I get up to God I'm going to ask Him why." Timothy, who had started out so confidently that morning with the feather of God in his cap.

"Oh, darling."

Brutus wanted them to stay at Cloverdale, but Sharley made it plain that they wished to be alone. No one could help them—not even Brutus.

So he took them home, stood a moment looking at the three little statues of stone, and then he left them.

At eleven o'clock Sharley came to him. She appeared a mere wraith in the study door. "Brutus, stay with me for a time. Just—just walk up and down outside here with me. The little boys are asleep at last. How wonderful, Brutus, to be able to go to sleep."

"You ought to be in bed yourself, Sharley."

She was shaking. He got an old sweater and put her into it, as if she were a small child, and buttoned it up about her throat. "You're not fit to stand. Won't you lie on my couch for a little?"

"No—no. Inside the house—it's terrible."

They walked up and down across the lawns. "If only I could stop shaking."

"I'm going to put my arm around you, Sharley."

"Yes, do, Brutus."

Up and down. An hour wheeled its silent stars westward.

"Brutus, he did it. Sold out. He killed Sandow." The dreadful knowledge had been between them all the while—walking up and down with them. And she said, "Timothy knows."

"He hasn't come home?"

"No."

"Should I go back to Lexington in the morning to look for him?"

"Look where, Brutus?"

"Yes, where?"

Up and down.

The faces of the stars were new. These were the stars of watchers through the nights. Of people in distress. Of wild, unreconciled grief that waits and waits, and cannot sleep. They must be the bravest stars of all . . . the brightest . . .

"You must go in now, Sharley. You've got to rest."

She clung to him. "Don't leave me, Brutus. I'm wild to-night. You'd better stick by. I'm afraid—afraid . . ."

"I'll bring my book over to your place and read. You go along up to bed, or lie on the couch in the living-room. I'll sit right there all night. Any time you need me—want to speak to me—I'll be right there."

She agreed to this.

Sharley went up, promising to lie down and try to sleep. Brutus settled to read. He drew his chair close to the door that opened in the hall. At a quarter of three there came the sound for which his ears had been straining—the shrill ring of the telephone.

#### CHAPTER 17

**A**TT the first whirr of the telephone, Brutus had the receiver off the hook and his hand over the bell.

He spoke into the instrument quietly, anxious not to awaken Sharley; took the message; hung up. When he turned she was at the foot of the stairs. She too had been waiting for this.

"Tell me, Brutus."

He came toward her—stood close. "He's been injured."

Her hands pressed together over her heart. "Was it trouble with someone?"

"Run down by an automobile. He's in a hospital in Lexington."

No one asking if this was serious; she knew. "We should have stayed there all night. You wanted to. I was the one who insisted on coming back."

"But if we'd stayed they mightn't have been able to locate us, and we can get there in two hours. We must go at once."

Sharley was standing on the second to the bottom step, and she looked down at Brutus in a piteous confusion. "I can't seem to think very well. You'll have to tell me what to do."

"You'll need a heavier dress and a coat. He asked for Sharley. While you change I'll call Shad and make a cup of coffee. Jason will get the car ready and then he can come here and sleep the remainder of the night in the house with the boys. They needn't know until morning." He glanced at his watch. "We should be there before daylight."

Brutus drove swiftly. The lights of his car cut a path through the night, and the darkness went slipping and wheeling backwards to either side of them. His car, old and noisy, was like an alarm through the country. Here a light appeared at a farmhouse as they roared by, and here dogs at a gate rushed out in frenzied barking, and here a nightwatchman in a small village swung his flashlight and shouted at them in the name of the law. But they sped on.

Brutus, the most careful of drivers, bent

## THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

grimly over the wheel and pressed the accelerator down to the floorboard, pulled forward by the awful urgency of a pair of eyes that had looked at him and tried to speak and could not. They had said at the hospital, "He's dying. He wants his sister and an old servant. There's something he has to tell them."

A wooden bridge rose up and rattled its loose planks dangerously at them, and a sharp, unexpected curve almost hid them in the ditch. He remembered the very bump in the outskirts of town that Sid and Timothy had called the city limit line. They were over it. They were in Lexington. If only they were here on time.

**H**E must make inquiries in the sleeping town, and twice they took the wrong direction, losing invaluable minutes. At last, thank God, a turn in the street revealed the lights of the hospital strung out before them, and they swung through the big gates.

An attendant was waiting for them and answered the mute inquiry of their faces. "Still living." An elevator carried them to the upper floor, and here again a nurse was waiting. She put an arm about Sharley, and—Brutus and Shad following—they went down the dim hushed corridor with its faint and unbearable odor.

At a turn in the corridor a man stepped abruptly in front of Brutus and put a detaining hand on his arm. "Mister," Brutus looked into a pair of wild eyes. "Mister I couldn't 'uv helped it. He threw himself under my cab." He was a taxi driver.

Brutus lifted his hand in warning, and motioned ahead. "His sister." He put his hand on the man's shoulder, pitying him. A young physician stepped into the hall, spoke with Sharley and the nurse, and came on to meet Brutus.

"He isn't able to talk but I'm going to let him. He's in such agony to tell something—keeps asking and asking for her."

"It won't cost him his chance of recovery."

"It can't cost him what he hasn't got."

Sharley and the nurse had gone through the door, and the doctor beckoned Brutus in, and he and Shad stood together just inside. The form on the bed was so slight as scarcely to be visible under the sheet. His head was bandaged; his eyes, one arm. Sharley had slipped down on her knees by the bed, and put her face against the dark thin cheek.

He did not move, but the faint quiver of the muscles of his face told them that he knew she was there. Shad bowed his old head and the tears flowed unchecked down his ebony jaws.

Stillness. Derek's lips moved ever so slightly, but not sound came.

Sharley spoke. "I'm here, darling. Don't try to talk. You'll be better soon."

He seemed to be sinking. The doctor and the nurse moved forward, busy with a hypodermic. Brutus caught himself praying that the boy's lips might be unsealed; the memory of that wracked young body, fighting to speak, was something one could not carry through a lifetime.

Very slowly color returned to the ashen face. They waited. When he spoke it was with surprising strength and clearness. "Sharley—Sandow was not ours. He belonged to Uncle Horace. He came back."

"Ah..." That day at the Derby, last spring, he recognised me... faced me. He'd grown a beard and no one knew him. He wanted the colt. He said the mare, Sanskrit, was his—he'd always been his... and any foal of that mare's was his. He had papers in his pocket to show that this was true... I saw the papers... and I looked it up in the registry... I kept buying him off... all I made... I would have gone to the authorities but he said... this wasn't true but he could say it was and make trouble... he said it was father who had

got into trouble, and he had shielded father because father had a family and he didn't . . ."

From the door Shad spoke. There was aggression and dignity in the shakier voice. "Hit wasn't so! No sick transaction as dat took place. No mo' sick transaction as dat took place dan anything on earth!"

The words reached to Derek. He made a sign with his free hand. "I think he's an outlaw. Shad would know . . ."

"Yassuh! He was ruled off'en ev'y track in de country."

Derek's voice was growing fainter. "Sharley, go to Mr. Converse... ."

"He's in the room. Derek. He hears you." Brutus stepped closer. "I'll take care of that, Derek. I'll see that no one bothers them."

After a time he spoke again. "He kept dogging me—wanting us to hand the colt over to him... said if I didn't he'd go to court... put the blame of the old trouble on father... get himself vindicated... It would have killed the boys to give up Sandow... I only wanted... I thought if Sandow lost this one race... if he didn't look so good... he'd let us alone... I thought it was better to lose one race than the horse..."

"Yes, yes, darling. Don't talk any more. Don't worry about it. You were right. You were beautiful. We never doubted you." In these little smothered, broken sentences there was a ring of triumph. He wasn't yellow! He had done it for them!

"Then I saw Sandow go over... and I was wild... ."

"Darling... darling... ."

The room was still. The slight form on the bed was still. Sharley kept an arm across his shoulders, not moving, her face in the pillow. By the door Shad stood, speaking with mute, soundless, wracked grief.

Once again the hand lifted in a signal to them... but that was all.

Light was washing the sky. The dawn winds blew with a sudden gust into the room, and the sounds of the day were in the street below—horses' feet on the pavement. Or was it a faint echo of hoofs on the wind... ."

## CHAPTER 18.

**B**RUTUS was alone at Clarendale. The houses to either side of him were boarded up. The one to the east—the one with the rosy walls and the brilliant blue roof, and the exotic gardens, had a For Sale sign. The garden grew in neglect and confusion; the hedge, once so trim and secluded and ordered, tilted wild arms to any passer-by; encroaching weeds smothered the roses, and the lily pond was filled with dead leaves and an unhealthy slime.

The house on the west also was closed. The windows that had never known a lock were boarded up and the old insecure front door was nailed. The steps sagged in peace; and the row of Doric pillars, dappled with splashes of moving sunlight, that filtered through the century-old trees, leaned in the wind and dozed.

This house was not asleep; this house had passed on. Voices might echo through it, might beat against the hollow, empty walls, but never again could anything sink in. It stood, a period to an age and a people—evidence that a generation of men had passed, and an order was ended.

Aunt Berta had come with kindness and a bursting heart and gathered them all up and taken them, with Sharley and Frenzy, home with her. In their bereft and broken state, Sharley and the little boys had flown home to her arms—all they had left now.

At the last, Sharley, going into Derek's room and facing the painful scene belowings, the threadbare suit, the old cap, the little heart-breaking souvenirs he had treasured—Sharley had got to crying. She had never cried before, and now she could not stop. Quiet, hushed, awful sobs, going on and on. Aunt Berta had paced the floor, and finally Sid had come to Brutus.

"She's been crying five hours, Brutus." His too-old eyes looking unhappily into Brutus' from a pinched and woebegone small face. "I think she'd better maybe stop. You come."

Brutus came. He walked along by the side of his little friend. A small boy can suffer, and this one had. On the morning of Derek's accident when Sid and Timothy awoke to find Sharley gone, Timothy had started right out for the city on foot. He had covered four of the sixty miles before a constable stopped him for questioning.

"You could never get that far, little man."

"I don't see why. I got this far." His eyes burning their urgent entreaty into the eyes of a dusty, perplexed country constable. Finally he had persuaded Timothy, and brought him home. And before the morning was over Brutus and Sharley had returned to them.

Even Brutus could not get Sharley to stop crying. And at last they had come away and left her alone with her face buried in the old blue coat with the shiny elbows.

Aunt Berta's car, loaded with their various belongings, stood on the drive—Aunt Berta in front with the chauffeur, Sharley and Timothy and Sid on the rear seat. Brutus inspected again the straps that tied the luggage to the running-boards. The gears ground, and the car was moving.

**T**HEY pressed their faces to the glass and waved and waved... Then the car turned into the road, the faces faded from the glass, and the line of dust on the highway vanished.

Once more Brutus was alone.

He moved, a solitary figure on the face of the earth. He felt the dust settle across his shoulders; the little precise, scholarly habits of his former dull life returned to him; and the ancient volumes of books crowded up to receive their own.

The tortured faces of youth had pressed close to him. One by one, these young, in their hour of disillusionment, of broken faith and shattered images, had come to him. They had stood before him, appealing to his more mature experience for a word, a sign that would save them—Sharley, Mark, Derek, even Timothy. . . . How could he tell them it was youth they were asking him to save for them—and the condition of youth is to die.

Brutus went back to his writing. He sharpened all his pencils very carefully and laid them in a neat row. He opened a new box of paper and set a block of this under his hand. He sat down in his chair. He could not write. He had nothing to say. The tragedies about him—beating through him—had robbed him of words, of theories of the fine and graphic shadings of analysis; had faced him with the poverty of his genius.

He shut the door upon his work, and taking his hat and stick, set off across the pleasant meadows. Little ghosts were everywhere. They leaped from the stone wall and hailed him, scampering at his side, glancing up with bright adoring faces. On the fence that surrounded the paddock a thin, slight figure sat, watching a pony gallop in a field.

Brutus plunged on. He would go to the lake. But at the boat dock he heard a faint halloo, and looking back he saw her flying towards him—saw the sun strike its fire from all that brilliant mass of hair.

"Wait for me, Brutus. I'm coming." His hand dropped from the boat prow. No, not the lake—not here. And he knew that he could not bear it here much longer.

He thought, "I'll go back to the city. To the Library and the Museum and the room at the top of the flight of stairs—and the peaceful detachment of crowds."

Yet Brutus lingered. He hadn't an idea for what. In May he had said, "I'll go in June." And now he said in the autumn. His cousins would be returning then, but they would not need him. They would have found, out of their own necessity, the answers to their lives.

Fay and Austin were returning the latter part of October. Brutus had got this information on a postcard—one of three which was all he had ever had from Austin. Mark also would come in the early autumn. At first Mark had written short, bitter notes; and then long introspective letters; and presently brief satisfying ones. He had never mentioned Sharley. Only in April, when Brutus wrote him of Derek's death, Mark had said: "Poor devil, he was never meant for happiness. But I wish I could go back down those scatterbrain years and meet Derek on the road, as so often I have met him, and stop and put my hand on his shoulder and call him brother. . . . Ouch! Brutus, it's hell to live."

As for Sharley, she had not written him one line. Nor had the little boys. Other people might have thought that strange, but Brutus in his queer, mixed head understood. The Dexters were not talkers; what had they to say to paper? And they were not bound by the accepted conventional things. He wished he knew if all was well with them.

He could not write, but he sat down each morning at his desk with a fine show of energy, importantly assembling the furniture of his trade—the pencils and paperweights and notebooks; the bottle of ink and the blotters; the wastebasket and erasers. And having got them all together, he folded his hands upon his desk in a gesture of wrung, inarticulate grief, and sat gazing at nothing.

And it was thus that Sharley found him when, on a day in late September, she slipped through the study door.

## CHAPTER 19.

**S**

## HARLEY!

In the impetuous, unguarded moment all his heart rushed up into his voice.

She stood before him, and continued to regard him, her eyes misted over with tenderness.

The wind from the door had scattered his papers, and Brutus began hastily to collect them, because he could still hear the broken cry of his voice, and he didn't dare speak again. He put the papers back on his desk, and a paper-weight on top. Now he went towards her.

She caught his hand and dropped her forehead against the rough stuff of his sleeve, and for a time they stood like that, Brutus looking far away—blinking and blinking his eyes behind the horn glasses.

Presently she lifted her face, and the old brightness was there. She had pulled through—plucky little heart.

"I'm so happy to get back. So happy."

"You're looking splendidly, Sharley. The sun is becoming."

"Oh, but I am splendid, Brutus. We've had such a fine summer." She hadn't an idea of letting sad memories spoil this first visit. "In the water all day—the boys are quite wild. Boats and fishing and surfing. . . . But night before last I thought I heard the birds go over. . . . they were going home, Brutus. . . . and I, too, had to slip back."

She moved about the room, touching this and that, turning her head with the little darting bird-like motion to smile at him over a shoulder. Good old room. Nice desk. There's not another in the whole world like it. The way the chair squeaks when you sit back, Brutus. I've thought of it a thousand times. I've sat on the beach with all the roaring gulf before me—and heard it. Come and sit down and squeak now, and I'll perch on the sermon." Her eyes building their little fires for him—eyes that were like Timothy's.

He sat down, quite overcome by all this. And Sharley sat on the desk—hands clasped about her knee, bright hair flying.

"And how is the sermon, Brutus?" Then she saw the blank sheets of paper, and little pencil squares upon them, and oblongs and triangles. A word written, and retrace again and again. "Not so good?" "Not so good."

**B**UT he spoke light-heartedly. This was no day to be sad. This was a day with banners in it; a day to shout in—to throw your very best hat away in. There might never come in all his life another such day.

"The boys are black as Indians. You won't know them."

"Where are they?"

"Shad has them chained and gagged in the kitchen because I said I was going to see you first. I knew when those pirates got to you that they would possess you, take you away from me—men are that way, clawish. And all summer I've looked forward to this first day with you."

"Have you, Sharley?" He wished she would not say these things that made his eyes mist, and his voice treacherous.

"I didn't write, Brutus. I couldn't. I knew you'd understand."

"Yes." They skipped a lot then that pushed up in their thoughts, and Sharley hastened on to speak of their summers—of the old house on the gulf port, the boats and outboard motors, the crabbing and fishing and swimming. "Did you ever go floundering, Brutus? You go at night and you wade in the water with a lantern that throws the light down on the floor of the ocean, and you have a long spear in your hand. The flounders come in from their hard day of floundering and they lay their heads down to quiet sleep, and you come along with your spear and jab them. It sounds heartless, doesn't it? But perhaps they don't know. I'll tell you what, let's, Brutus. . . . let's go down to the lake."

She wore a brown skirt and a flaming sweater and a little brown tam on the back of her bright head. Aunt Berta had done things for her, he saw. She had been sweet and boyish in the old whipboards, but she was exquisite now; and she swung along through the meadow with the easy grace of a little young nymph.

Brutus, pathetically happy, waked beside her—a seven-toed giant, striding巨人 through his domain.

They found the skiff and floated out. Now Sharley rowed with energy, and now she shipped her oars and drifted. Their placid faces looked back at them from the clear surface, and the shadows of the trees passed under their prow, and a golden leaf span by a thread, and made up its mind and let go, and was carried away by the current.

They pushed past the cliff and the high rock warming itself in the late afternoon sun; and here a bridge curved over a gully; and here a steeple drifted in the clouds; and here a big tree leaned down to a little tree.

The sun went, but the West was blazing. The lake lapped against this gold, bringing it down to burnish the wide waters. Time to go back. They fastened the boat in silence. Silently they came up the ravine and into the path and across the meadow.

When they reached the fence that surrounded the old paddock, Sharley stopped and moved over to it. She stood with her arms resting on the top bars, her eyes full of memories that would no longer stay back. Brutus took off his hat and stood beside her.

In a steady voice she was speaking of Derek. "At first I was very bitter—very hard. It seemed unforgivable for a young boy who had not had the chance to prove himself to be snatched away—to be taken when he was under a cloud. He could never speak for himself to all those people who must have known that day. . . . Then I remembered how all the Dexter men had been unhappy from within. He was one of them. They couldn't find peace. They had success within them, but they couldn't find it of themselves. And, Brutus, when you have succeeded inside you and are a failure outside, it's so much worse than if you expected nothing for yourself. You grieve yourself to death. And Derek would have retrace again and again. 'That's what. . . . I can't. . . .'"

He thought about this for a time. "It's the objective that counts, isn't it? Not what a person does but what he aspires to . . . what he means, even though," his voice rang with feeling, "even though he never gets anywhere near it!"

"I don't understand. Are you giving us all success? All failures success?"

"No," he said. "It's the—. . . 's still the objective—the vision within the man. And nothing can cheat him of this—even failure can't."

Far down the lane the cows had halted at a gate, and a boy let them through the bars, his voice, speaking a single word, came close to them in the scented dusk.

She said, "Thank you, Brutus. You have a gift for rescuing us. You've rescued Derek for me."

They moved on.

At the gates to the upper pasture there was a quick wild shout, and two tornadoes hurled themselves against Brutus, smothering him with their arms walking on his shoes, shouting and shouting at him.

"Brutus, we've come back to pack the furniture and things."

"Look, Brutus, I made this for you—a whistle."

"I brought you a star-fish."

"I can swim. . . ."

"Aw, he's got the crawl stroke. But, looky, I can fend out like this, see here, Brutus." Sharley's voice, half apology, half pride.

"Wild, Brutus. Absolutely wild."

He was grateful for the dark.

## CHAPTER 20.

**I**T did not seem a coincidence, or strange, when two days later he had a wire from Mark, asking him to meet the night train. This was as it should be. Things were working out for them at last.

And it was a different Mark who stepped off the long train from the West, dropped a lot of bags and grabbed Brutus by the hand.

"Well, well," said Brutus, grinning, "a product of the West. Hard as nails—brown-tailed by a good inch or I'm a horny-frog. I'd forgotten how good-looking you are, Mark."

"But I wasn't," said Mark with a flash of the old spirit. "I've improved." And he asked, searching Brutus' face, "Have you been ill, Brutus?"

"You're accustomed to western giants. I never was anything to look at. Here—give Jason the bags."

"Howdy, Jason—how's tricks?"

"Dey's illustrate, Mister Mark—illustrate," said the delighted Jason, leaping into action.

They found it too cool on the terrace for their after-dinner cigars. Noah lighted the logs on the hearth in the library, and bustled importantly about pulling the curtain, bringing the table and the light nearer, happy at having company again. Noah had been lonely, too.

"Anything mo', Mister Bruce?" Hoping there was.

"Nothing more, Noah."

"Buckwheats fuh breakfas'. Mister Mark?"

"I'm getting Jason to take me into town to-night, Noah. But I'll be back in a day or two for buckwheats. Tell Mandy."

They talked and smoked. A feeling of pride hummed in the chest of Brutus. He was immensely pleased with everything Mark said. The boy had grown—oh, immensely. This was the man he had known Mark had it in him to become. He was calmer, more settled, more thoughtful.

He talked of the West.

"It's an amazing country. You think of it as long stretches of monotonous unproductive land, and then you go there, and it bursts on you. Frank's cabin is the last word in luxury and comfort and beauty, inside and out. Oriental rug, good pictures, books, rare china, a perfectly beautiful concert piano. The old cowpuncher plays. He'd sit down at night there in his old rough clothes and boots, and let his fingers wander over the keys. . . . and it rained down on

you from the smiling. Brutus, I wish you could see his ten-thousand-dollar barn. There's money in blooded stock." He fell into a glowing description of the ranch, the life there, the financial possibilities.

Brutus was happy, sitting in his corner, listening.

"If it's got you like that you'll be going back."

"That's just what I plan to do. I've a little money coming some day and I'm going in with Frank. We've got it all worked out."

"I thought you'd find it lonely there, Mark."

"At first, yes, but there's plenty to do to take a fellow's mind off himself."

They sat silent for a time. Mark reached back and snapped off the one light. Their feet were in the circle of firelight, but each man had his face to himself.

Mark asked, after a time of thought, "Do you hear from Austin? How are things there?"

"You can't tell much by postcards and that's all I've had. They'll be back in another month."

A long silence. Brutus knew that Mark had leaned closer. He felt the air pound with the weight of what was coming.

Mark asked, after a time of thought, "Do you hear from Austin? How are things there?"

"You can't tell much by postcards and that's all I've had. They'll be back in another month."

Brutus didn't answer at once. He had been expecting this all the evening but now he couldn't be sure of his voice. He wished he might try it out before speaking. Instead he must make the blind plunge.

"Sharley? They're here."

"Here!"

"They came only two days ago. Sharley is getting her affairs straightened out—having the furniture packed to be shipped to Mrs. Brannin's. She's closing the place and will sell if she can."

Mark's voice when next he spoke had slipped almost to a whisper.

"Brutus, have I a chance—over there?"

At the words something within Brutus—not hope, not anything so definite as that—but rather a light that had burned for him secretly and unbeknown, went out. "I don't know about that, Mark. If it were anyone else I'd say you hadn't. But Sharley is the straightest thinking person I ever knew. For myself, I can understand how this was bound to happen to you. Still I'm a man. I don't know if a woman . . . any woman . . ."

"You mean Brutus, you don't entirely condemn me? That you can comprehend what I went through? Can understand?"

"I can understand."

"That's the most that's happened to me yet. If you can, perhaps Sharley . . . I don't hope, of course . . ."

**A**ND after another long silence, "If you get the chance—she's got faith in you, Brutus—if you just say to her—that you can understand. Find out if she'll see me. I can't go there without a word from her."

Sharley was hard at work, clad in the old overalls; she was sitting on the top of a big wooden box, swinging a hammer like a boy.

She waved the hammer at Brutus and invited him to come along in and bang some things. There was a towel tied around her head, and she slipped this off, and gave her hair a vigorous shake, and the brightness of it came out into the dismantled rooms.

He stood in front of her. "Mark came home last night, Sharley."

"Mark! Last night!" She sat looking at him, lips parted. Then, "Did he ask about me, Brutus? In her straightforward way."

"Very much he asked about you."

"Why didn't he come then?"

"He wouldn't presume to until he had word that you wanted him—would be glad to see him."

"But of course, Brutus." She spoke quietly, almost sorrowfully. "I've been his friend always. I still am."

"His friend? You still care for him, don't you, Sharley?"

She waited before speaking. "I don't know. I'll have to see Mark before I know. But I've got to be honest with myself, Brutus . . . It wouldn't be fair to Mark if I were not." Abruptly she slid off the box. She creased the door to the mantle and put an arm out to the rough beam, and leaned her face against it. "Oh, Brutus, he was my life. I had been as sure of Mark as of the moon and the stars and the sun. And in a day, without a word of warning, without one word to me—he went."

"Yet never for a moment of all that tortured, mistaken time did Mark cease to love you. This thing was a madness that possessed him. It's all over now. And he's come back to you a finer, stronger man than the Mark who left you. He made a gesture with his hands. "All of this that I'm saying will be unnecessary when you see him. But I wanted to say it."

**S**HE turned round and faced him. "We change, Brutus. We can't go back to things. Without my knowing it or intending it . . . I'm sorry to say this—but—so many flocking there, the silly, self-conscious faces . . . and Mark has joined this undignified parade."

He stood frowning and looking at the floor. How could he tell her—make her understand? "There was something almost hypnotic about Swan Jouette. I wish I could make you see this. Perhaps no woman can understand—yet it was very real. It was even—it could even be beautiful. And no man could come within her power and not feel it. How then could Mark not—a mere baby, inexperienced and guileless?" She lifted her face swiftly. "But you didn't Brutus—you didn't."

The words struck him full in the face—and presented their opportunity. He saw how he could tell her—the thing he had never meant to utter, and that now in its strange remoteness, seemed hardly to be true.

He paused as if to gather to himself a strength.

"We were to be married."

He missed the first look of shock on Sharley's face because something he had not counted on—something that rose within his chest, like the bursting of his heart—shook him, almost staggered him, and momentarily blurred his vision.

And when he did see her she was already a great way off. In Sharley's eyes he was taking his place at the very end of that undignified line. But it was more than that to Sharley. One more security gone; the last stronghold toppling.

She stood wordless, among the shrouded pieces of furniture, while these things wrote themselves in quick succession across the plastic, sensitive features—then she turned away from him so he could not see her eyes—to spare him that.

And in spite of the difference in her, and his shattered world he spoke with an attempt at light-heartedness. "You'll see him then, Sharley! Shall I send him over-night?"

"Yes, do, Brutus. To-night."

From her great distance she sent him a little brief smile. He picked up his hat that lay by Sharley's hammer on the box. And then he went very quietly through the door.

An hour ago he had heard Mark's car on the Dexier drive. It comforted his heart to picture Sharley's surprise and joy at this new upstanding Mark. He believed they would be very happy. He hoped he could persuade Mark to live, at least part of the time, at Cloverdale. He liked to think of that; of Sharley within these walls he loved; of the little boys running wild over the happy acres of Cloverdale. They had given him something—these gallant, charging youngsters. "If only I might have had Timothy." But in a way, of course, he did have him. And perhaps some day . . .

The dogs were barking in the yard and Noah shuffled through the hall to speak to them. Brutus thought, "I might as well tell him. Get that over." And called to Noah.

The old darky came in and stood his respectful distance. No power on earth could have made him come closer or sit down in Brutus's presence.

"I'll be leaving shortly, Noah."

Noah stood turned to stone. "Leavin' Cloverdale, Mister Bruce? Leavin' . . ."

"Leaving Cloverdale."

"For keeps, sub?"

"Yes."

Stark tragedy on that wizened black mask. Another face to follow Brutus . . .

Noah continued to stand by the door. He kept looking at Brutus. There was something he was making ready to say. But when he spoke he seemed to have started a totally different line of thought.

"Yo' grandpa be known whut he was a-doin', Mister Bruce. An' he known this: Money now—well, it's a sorter test of a puson—the withoutness of it, or havin' it."

"Yo' grandpa he loved Miss Sharley better dan anyone, an' what can he do fur her to fix her up right, an' provide fuh futur? They ain't never had no luck wid money, an' besides dat, dare wuz dis same Mister Horace whut have always made all de trouble, and how come be mountin' come back, and tak it all 'way fum 'em? She need a solid head. Perhaps Mister Mark he got dismiser head, and often so, well and good. But hit's goin' to be proved, to be marry Miss Sharley. Yo' grandpa he didn't believe much in Mister Mark, 'cep as a good appearin' and jolly young man—but yo' can tell dat to a young lady whut's in love, can you? No, sub. Yo' can'. So he done what he done," the old eyes burned into Brutus's eyes their imperative message . . . "An' all de time, Mister Bruce, yo' grandpa had his plan."

**B**RUTUS heard him in amazement. It was incredible this thing that the old negro had just told him. It wasn't true. It was the childish fancy of an old man.

Noah turned and shuffled out of the room. The dogs were quiet now. The ten o'clock east-bound whistled for the crossing. He heard Mark start his car, and ease out. They would be going for a drive. He sat listening to Mark's car as it climbed the hill and went over the bridge, his heart going along with it.

So intently was he occupied in this that he did not hear his door open, and when he looked up Sharley was standing by his desk.

She had on a little gay frock of yellow and tiny gold sandals; and an evening wrap also of gold, was across her shoulders. She was very happy. He saw that at once, and his stricken heart rejoiced. He thought he had never seen a countenance so lighted. All of Sharley's troubles were smoothed out at last.

He said in a confusion of emotion, for it was hard to look at her thus: "Why—where's Mark?"

She stood regarding him, with such tenderness in her eyes that Brutus was quite blinded, and thought he could not long endure this.

She said, "He's gone." A ring of finality in the words, her eyes still upon him in strange and lighted mist—those straight, seeing, truthful eyes of Sharley's building their little fires of love, of worship, of understanding before the bewildered and incredulous Brutus. "He's gone, Brutus . . . and—I saw your light . . ."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, as have no reference to any living person.)

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